

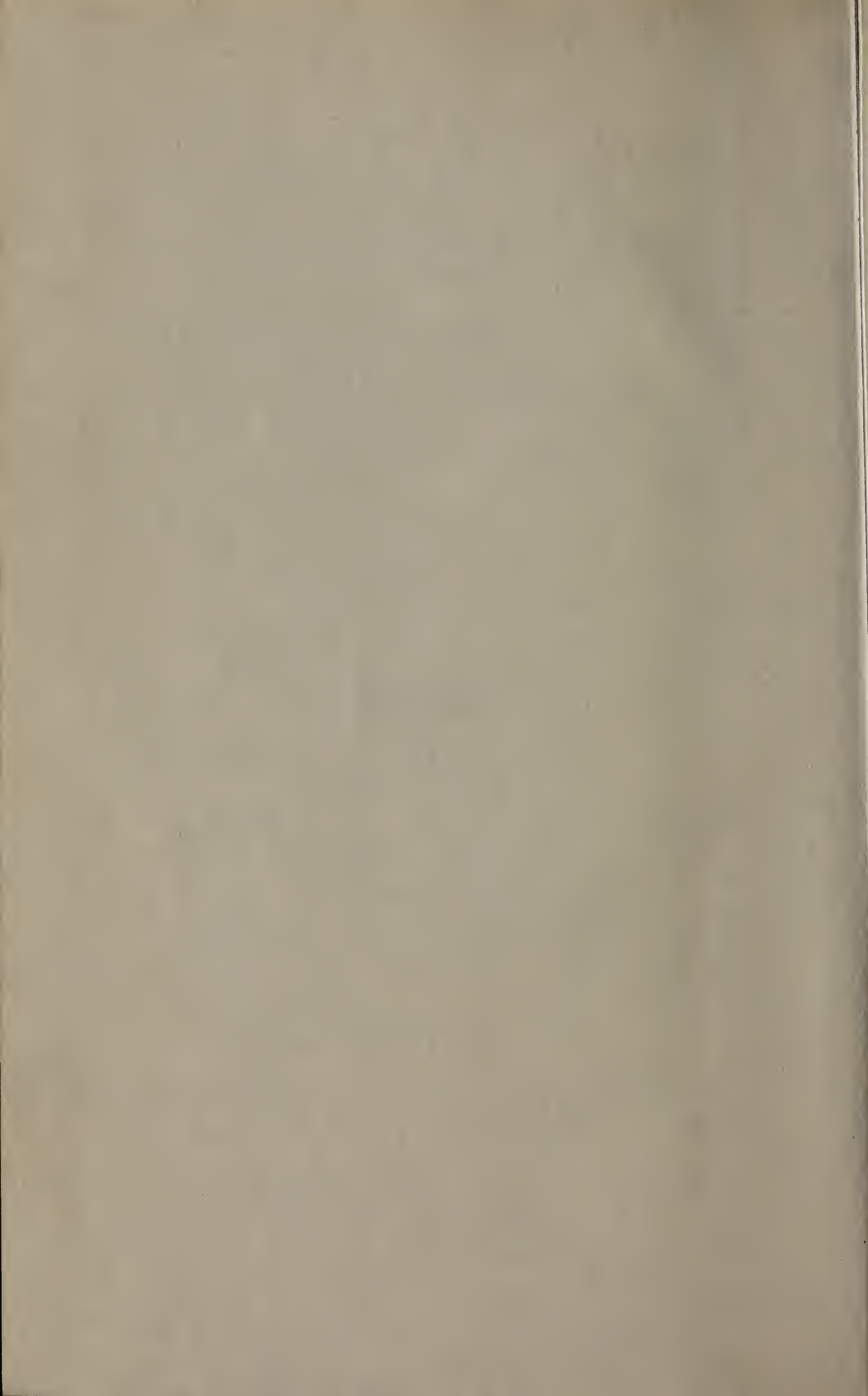




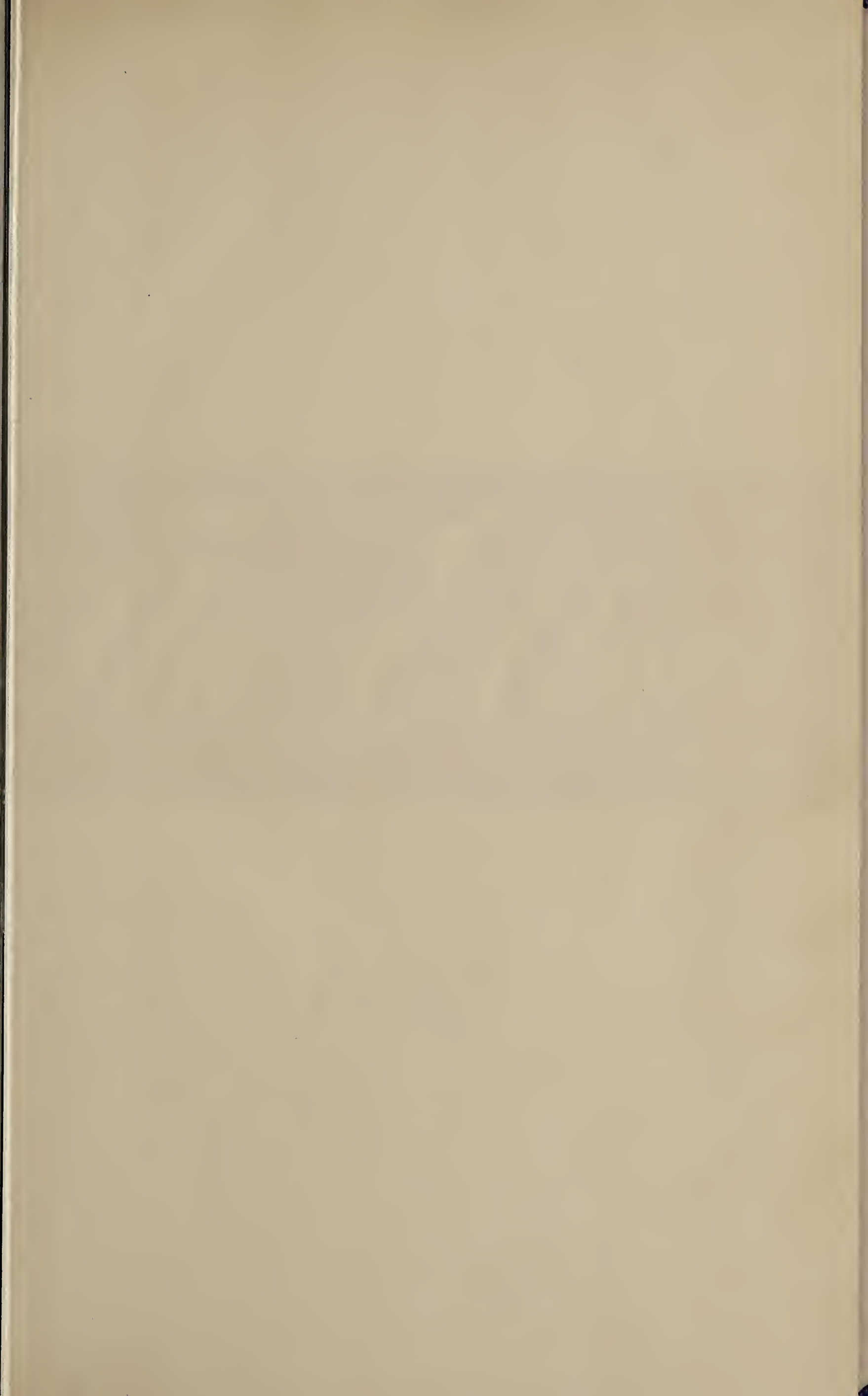
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# *The Ethos*

1952



**Best Wishes**  
**of**  
**The Senior Class**

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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



## BLIND DATE

*Helen Docherty, '53*

“WELL, Sue, this is it! The zero hour has arrived!

Jane suddenly thought of a million witty things to say, but she knew that it was no use. Her desperate flippancy wasn't fooling anybody one bit, least of all, herself. Why didn't she turn around and go back home? That was the sensible thing to do. Home was where she belonged, home with her books. As she meekly followed Sue across the threshold of the gym Jane almost moaned audibly in despair. A maddening little cloud of steam settled on her glasses, marring her vision.

“Darn these glasses, anyhow,” Jane stammered as deft strokes of the index-finger dispelled the mist.

“Now, first of all, we'll have to find Charlie and Mary,” Sue observed with the cold calculation of a general planning battle strategy. “Did Charlie say he knew these fellows? We're going to have a great time finding them if he doesn't.”

“Who cares! All that I need right now is a nice big handkerchief,” muttered Jane as she plumbed the depths of the hidden recesses in her pockets in search of a Kleenex tissue. “We never should have gone to the game this afternoon. These sniffles make everything just dandy. I wish I had stayed at home.”

“Don't be silly, Jane, this is fun. We're doing Mary a favor and who can tell what will come of it? This may be your 'Enchanted Evening' and Joe doesn't mind if I go out once in a while. Harvard Medical can swamp him with work but it's not going to ruin my social life. We might

as well walk around, though. We look rather obvious—standing here in the doorway. Let's see what the dance hall looks like."

"No, Sue, I'm not moving from this spot. Mary said that she'd meet us right inside here and I refuse to make a complete spectacle of myself. I still wish I hadn't come."

The gym door was constantly yielding now before the press of laughing couples. Gay chatter about the game and cocktail party after filled the hall as beaming escorts relieved their sophisticated dates of rich beaver and squirrel coats. Now and then eyebrows would arch as one of the couples spotted the two lonely figures by the wall. It seemed to Jane that their piercing glances signified only one thing. They knew that this was her first big date—and a blind date at that. A sophomore in college and her first date! How they must have laughed afterwards and how ridiculous they must have thought her.

"The poor fellow," they would say. "Blind date! That's a rich one! When he sees her he'll wish he were blind."

Jane suddenly hated their spontaneous gaiety and yet her heart ached to be a part of it. She hated her glasses, last year's camel-hair coat, the disgustingly plain velvet skirt and white silk blouse that she had worn. Yet as the soft strains of "No Other Love" enticed the dancers inside the hall she, too, longed to spin and whirl to the rhythm of the orchestra.

"Hey, come out of it, Jane," whispered Sue as she tugged at Jane's sleeve. "Charlie and Mary are over there at the checkroom. They see us! They're coming over, so smile for heaven's sake!"

The sight of her best friend crowded all Jane's fears into the background. Mary's blue taffeta, set off by a rhinestone

necklace, was perfectly appropriate and stunning. Only Mary, her constant companion at St. Mary's could have persuaded Jane to go to the dance when Mary's cousin had sent an S. O. S. to the college for two dates.

"But Mary, I've never been to a college dance before. I wouldn't know what to do," Jane had argued, but all in vain.

"Well, it's about time you stowed away the books and started to have some fun, then. Please come, if only for my sake. Sue's a good sport. She agreed right away and Bob will be terribly disappointed if his roommates from Long Island have to miss the dance."

When Mary pleaded with those big brown eyes no one could resist.

"Greetings, fair damsels," Charlie quipped as he and Mary approached. "Bob decided to go home for the weekend but I have your anxious escorts well in tow. And now, without further ado, if I may tear myself away from your ravishing company, I shall summon the lucky sophomores from their waiting post. I go, but I return," and with a melodramatic bow Charlie was off on his mission.

"That's what I like about Charlie," Jane laughed. "Always kidding!"

"You-uh-haven't seen our dates, by any chance, have you, Mary?" Sue always put first things first.

"Charlie introduced me to them a little while ago. They're terrific fellows. I just know you're going to have a wonderful time. You both look lovely. They're both good looking and what a sense of humor! Oh, they're coming now."

Mary gave Jane's hand an affectionate little squeeze and Jane tried desperately to hide her misery in a smile.

It had all seemed so natural. Charlie handled the intro-



ductions in typical fashion—which meant, of course, that he mixed the names and had everyone in rare spirits when he finished. Jane's heart skipped six or seven beats when the tall, handsome fellow with the blonde crew-cut stepped forward and took her coat. As they strolled into the dance hall together she felt that he really wanted to be nice to her and she was frankly, wonderfully amazed.

Jane felt that she was skimming over lakes of frozen crystal on winged skates as she rhythmized Jack's steps. She smiled to herself as she remembered her qualms lest she should fall all over her partner. It was pleasant to listen to his easy flow of conversation about his family, school-life, and the game. Jane felt that she had known this Jack Coady all her life. She was very glad she had come.

"I suppose we should join your friend and Dick," Jack said when the first set of dances had finished. "I think they have a table at the other end of the hall. You know, it's great to walk on these floors without basketball shoes."

"Oh, do you play?" Jane asked, intensely interested in anything that involved her Prince Charming. They had reached the table before Jack had a chance to answer.

The process of getting acquainted began all over again when the couples were seated. Jane was quite at home in the discussion of courses and they had all laughed as Jack and Dick "rendered" their Greek songs. Sue, however, was strangely quiet, not at all like her usual poised, gay self. A few times when Jane had sought to catch Sue's eye, she had found her staring quite wistfully at Jack. Jane had dismissed the idea as pure imagination until the orchestra struck the downbeat for the second dance and Sue made her startling suggestion.

"Why don't we change partners for the next dance? You

wouldn't mind, would you, Jane?" she purred, and Jack looked slightly dismayed. "We'll meet right here afterwards. Come on, Jack. I'm anxious to see if you dance as smoothly as you talk." Sue had borne him off before anyone could register a reaction.

Jane hadn't really noticed Dick until Sue paired them off. He was shorter than Jack by about three inches, and his hair wasn't blonde but straight and black and he didn't smile at all. They didn't say much to each other as they danced, but Jane sensed at once what Sue had resented in Dick. It was a certain sense of superiority, a scholarly air that made his slightest remark heavy with meaning. He was very polite, of course, but they were uncomfortable with each other, and Jane craned her neck continually to watch Jack as he listened enchanted, to Sue's flattery.

The third set of dances ended and still Jane sought desperately for a glimpse of Sue and Jack. They hadn't come near the table and she tried to convince herself that it was Sue's fault. She tried hard to forget Sue's shining blue eyes and blonde curls. It wasn't fair! Sue had Joe! Why couldn't she have let Jane have this one night of dreams to store away. It had always been like that, ever since grammar school days. If Sue wanted something she took it, ruthlessly, selfishly, without a thought of others' feelings.

When the orchestra leader announced intermission Jane was almost in tears. She and Dick strolled over by the refreshment stand and when he left her to buy some "cokes," Jane suddenly turned and almost ran the length of the floor to the hall. She stopped only to get her coat from the check-room and flew down the gym stairs. She was going home, home where she belonged. Home with her books.



# WHY CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS MONTH?

Marion Misch, '52

FEBRUARY has been set aside as Catholic Publications Month to emphasize Catholic writings, and remind us to read Catholic magazines. But many people wonder why literature should be divided into Catholic or non-Catholic, or why it should occur to us, as we pick up a magazine, that the people who wrote it belong to a particular religion. It does not seem to have anything to do with art. Who, listening to a lovely bit of music, bothers about the composer's creed?

The attitude is that we should be above all this as far as writing goes, because literature and religion are two different fields.

But literature is art because of the *way* it says things, and Christian or not because of *what* it says. It does not only please by beauty, it influences by ideas. Those ideas may be true or false, they may support what is bad or good.

On the negative side of this, we avoid blatantly immoral writings. We do not clutter our minds, for instance, with the garbage of the so-called historical novels being written today. On the positive side, we try to read what is true, and what is at least not evil. This is the main reason for reading Catholic books, and supporting Catholic publications. They are based on positive moral values. They will not trip us with false ideas.

Just what makes literature Catholic is a disputed point. But simply because a poem comes from the pen of a man who goes to Mass on Sunday does not make the poem either



Catholic or literature. The poem could be amoral slush. That an author is a Catholic does not mean he is talented. It does not even always mean that he is good.

Perhaps the safest definition is that literature is Catholic which is based on the morally good, and the true. This would include writers like C. S. Lewis as well as Thomas Merton, because (for instance) *The Screwtape Letters* urges spiritual values based on the idea of the personal God. *Seeds of Contemplation* does the same thing, in a different manner.

There is one more common objection to Catholic writing, especially in this country. People think it is not interesting or particularly artistic. Why read a second-rate magazine which happens to be Catholic, when you can spend your money on *Time*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *The Ladies Home Journal*? Disregarding for the moment the very questionable merit of the last two, such publications as *Commonweal*, *Integrity*, and *America*, will not offend anyone's taste with poor writing, or with dull material. Not one of those uses the Catholic Church as a crutch. They are fine magazines in their own right, they are fine Catholic magazines too.

As to books, the Bible is still the world's best seller, and the *Divine Comedy* has never been surpassed. However, if you are looking for modern works, Hopkins and Lowell will give you excellent poetry, Paul Claudel's plays would be worth your while, and you can find biographies with Chesterton, novels with Graham Greene, and Evelyn Waugh. The list of good Catholic authors could go on and on.

And Catholic Publications Month wakes you up to this good reading, reminds you of the up-to-the-minute magazines that you may be missing, the interesting novels you have put off taking up. It is a poor excuse to vilify C. P. M.

as an opportunist to sell what Catholics happen to write; on the other hand, it is an invitation to open our eyes to the vivid, the beautiful, the good, the true, and see.

## WHY SHOULD ANYBODY STUDY LATIN?

### I.

#### *The Chief Practical Reasons*

The purpose of this essay is to point out the advantages of a subject which most seem to have passed by. When we began to think of learning in terms of practicality, we were presented with the exaggerated importance of the sciences, the social studies, and all of the "ologies" upon which the modern education places such insistent emphasis. Understandably, we haven't thought much about our old high-school friend (or was it our worst enemy?), Latin.

The Latin language, although it ceased to be the conversational medium of any one race many centuries ago, has come down to the present day as a vehicle of very important and precise communication. It is the language of the Mass, and that of the Encyclicals. It is the language in which the precious goal, A.B. degree, toward which we have worked these four years will be expressed. It is not, I'll admit, the easiest way to fulfill language requirement; it demands a great deal but what we receive in return is more than worth the effort. As regards Latin, a little knowledge is not at all dangerous because its mastery is not a matter of years, but of a lifetime.

Every type of mind will find something satisfying in the

study of Latin. For the scientist, there are the Latin and English equivalent expressions which, in their interchange, present as much of a problem as any mathematical equation. For the historian, there is Rome, spread out before her in matchless pageantry. Her boundaries never change; her policies are not affected by the UN; every phase of her development has a definite beginning as well as an end. For the philosopher there is much opportunity for meditation upon the mind and morals of men. What treasures there are for the literary mind! All the loose threads of ancient civilizations, all the important tenets of Greek thought are caught up and given expression in Latin literature. For all who study it, Latin offers the deep personal satisfaction which comes of doing something that is admittedly difficult; a rooted cultural background; and the training in perception and appreciation which few other subjects afford.

At Emmanuel, the Latin courses are so arranged that they include every important classical author. This year, St. Augustine's *City of God* was introduced and has proven most interesting. The study of Latin has been the most rewarding experience of my college years; I wish that you all might share it.

Mary E. Murphy, '52

## II.

### *Dipping into the Aesthetic Reasons*

At the exhibition of the Vienna Art Collection at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts last year there were displayed such famous paintings as Coreggio's *Jupiter and Io*, Titian's *Jupiter and Danae*, and Rubens' *Feast of Venus*. These paintings would be meaningless to a person with no knowledge



of Greek and Roman mythology. Any person can learn mythology by reading Bullfinch's *The Age of Fable*. A deeper knowledge of the gods and goddesses of these ancient peoples, however, comes from the reading of classical literature. In the Greek and Roman classics we discover the minds of the great writers, those who interpreted current thoughts and beliefs. No aesthetically minded person should neglect the reading of these classical writers: poems with such a wealth of tradition as Vergil's *Aeneid*, *Georgics*, and *Eclogues*, and Horace's *Odes* and *Epodes*, where we find, roaming in a cloudy Olympian world or descending to the creatures of earth, the delicately drawn legendary figures of ancient paganism. We find in these pagan tales certain pathetic remnants of the true history of man up to that time, as in the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha who were spoken of as the only human beings remaining after a world-wide flood, which narrative is beautifully told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. Though these writings may be read in translation, a truer understanding of the pagan mind is to be had by reading them in the original, for in the original we get the genius of the language. I think most of us would agree that Shakespeare's soul could not be entirely captured in any other language but English.

A very definite value from the study of classical languages is that of word association. For example, the word "pagan" which has been used several times in this article has an innocent origin. It is the English form of the Latin word "paganus" which meant simply "a country-dweller." The people who lived in the far-off rural places were among the last to be converted to Christianity, and so the word "paganus" came to mean a clinger to the old religion. The word "trivial" has an even more curious history. Old friends,

when they meet at a crossroads or "trivium" (place where three roads, "tres viae", meet) are apt to chat about inconsequential things. These conversations came to be known as "trivialia," which, transposed into the English "trivial" means of small matter, inconsequential. A great many of the Latin derivatives in our language have equally interesting associations, and when a person becomes aware of these associations, his speech becomes more exact and his reading more meaningful.

The living spirit of Rome breathes fire from the pages of her dedicated writers. Macaulay says of Romulus in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*:

Thou wast not made for lucre,  
For pleasure or for rest,  
Thou who hast sprung from the war god's loins,  
And tugged at the she-wolf's breast.  
From sunrise unto sunset  
All earth shall hear thy fame;  
A glorious city thou shalt build  
And call it by thy name,  
And there, unquenched through ages  
Like Vesta's sacred fire,  
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,  
The spirit of thy sire.

We see Rome as a glittering-eyed wolf and we see her in all her martial glory in the pagan Latin literature which has come down to us.

These three rich harvests which can be gleaned from the study of the classics: a knowledge of mythology the way the ancients thought and felt it; an insight into the backgrounds of many English words; a grasping of the spirit of the centers of the pagan world: all nourish our appreciation of the art of noble Rome.

Marie Sally, '52



# SUDDEN END

*Jeanne Burgeois, '52*

*Men have hearts  
Which, beating, send  
The ripe blood coursing  
Without end.*

*Until that day  
Of final peace  
When Death steps in  
And says, "Heart cease!"*

*I thought that only  
Death could will  
A heart to be  
Forever still.*

*But you have usurped  
All his power  
And stilled my heart  
In this black hour.*

*I am a robot  
Since you've gone,  
A lifeless thing,  
Automaton.*



# AUCTION

*Mary L. Fanning, '53*

OLD delivery trucks chugged along the dusty road, as shouting children pushed their bicycles up the small hill toward the old farmhouse which lay just over the crest. It was a crisp fall afternoon, and the country house looked very sad with its heavy oak doors swung wide open, and all its contents on the grass. The windows looked gloomy without their usual organdy curtains, and little pots of ivy. The old pump was still. Not a single drop of crystal water was to be seen. Its handle had been used for the last time a few months before, and now it hung cob-webbed and rusty. The rain barrel on the west side of the house needed to be tipped. Bess, the old collie had loved to drink from it when she returned from the pastures at sunset with her master. The amber rays of the sun on the water in the barrel made shadows dance on the fieldstone foundation of the house.

The squash and pumpkins were not piled in the yard; the long ears of corn were not tied to the big brass knocker on the front door; the scent of crushed apples from the small cider mill was missing from the air. Who had neglected to pick the russet pears from the crooked tree in the side yard? The bushel baskets were under the trees, but empty. The only sign of autumn on the farm, was the carpet of fallen leaves.

The inactivity on Peter's farm was because of the owner's death. It was a shock to everyone when Zeb died last July. Since then, Emmy, his wife, had made her home with her only daughter Jennie, in Oakhurst.

Many well-meaning neighbors had hastened to her with advice as to how to keep her farm, but a farm without a man in charge, is like a cow without a pasture. Emmy had weighed her problem well, looked at it from all sides, and decided that obstacles exceeded advantages. Furthermore, the difficulties would be too much for a woman of her years.

After much deliberation, and legal advice, she decided to auction. It would be best to settle the estate before the snow began. And now the day had come. Now the auction of her cherished possessions was to take place.

In the crowd that flowed up the road, Emmy plodded listlessly. Her face was drawn and pale, her eyes dim and sunken. The silver of her hair gleamed in the sunlight. By the expression on her care-worn face, her thoughts were far away. All alone she plodded.

Sooner than she expected, she arrived at the driveway, and turned to go into her yard for the last time. Trembling, she steadied herself by leaning against the weather-beaten mailbox whose little red wooden flag had been down since she went to Oakhurst.

There was a deafening racket from the crowd in the yard. Though her eyes were dimmed a little by tears, she could still see the outline of the crowd, busy unfolding their collapsible chairs, and pushing roughly towards the auctioneer's platform. Shrewd farmers and antique dealers stood in groups discussing the articles. Moving men hauled things from the house to the barn, from the barn to the platform.

Now a hubbub rose as Mr. Thompson mounted the platform. His heavy pounding of a mallet on an old board brought the crowd to attention. The time had come. The first of her belongings was going to be sold. At last Emmy got up her courage, and wandered silent and unnoticed into



the yard. She didn't bother stopping to talk, but went to the house. She roamed aimlessly through the empty rooms, while her slow footsteps echoed, touching the walls lightly as she passed. Each threshold seemed to bring up a memory of what had happened in the rooms long ago. In the kitchen she could still smell her bread baking in the shining black stove that used to be near that wall. With every room it was the same. Memories just as haunting, just as vivid.

Slightly dazed, she wandered out into the warm sunlight. As she blinked a bit in the light, she decided to sit on the bench under the pear tree. Nobody would see her there. It was out of the way, yet close enough so that she could hear the auctioneer, and see what was being sold.

Quite a few things had gone by now, she realized as she settled down on the bench. They must have been small things; they always begin with small things.

A tree-like coatrack was next. At the sight of it, Emmy almost shouted a bid—Zeb's hat seemed still to be perched on the top branch of it as she looked. And how many times had she told him not to hang his wet raincoat there?

"Well, Emmy, this here tree ain't any better than the one outside the door—in fact worse—this one's skinnier. But I'll try."

He always said the same thing. Now that third arm down, that was for Aunt Phoebe's old raccoon, whenever she'd venture over on a stormy day. On Christmas Eve, so many friends would come, and their coats would be piled so high on the rack, that they looked suspended in air. Now the Lemm's down the road apiece would have it. I hope they use it well, thought Emmy.

Emmy had to stretch her neck to see what was next. The old birdcage! She had forgotten about it, it was so long since



she'd had a canary. It must have been stored in the attic with some other things. Automatically at the sight of it, she looked towards the kitchen window. She remembered herself peering out curiously, watching Zeb hop out of the truck with a peculiar little bag in his hand. How careful he was. What could be in it? It couldn't be eggs, because they had their own. Finally, he manoeuvred into the kitchen at a snail's pace. She could still hear his deep voice.

"Bet ya don't know what I got here! It 'ud take ya till the Atlantic runs dry to guess it. It's fer ya birthday. I know! I'll give ya some hints. It sings as sweet as you talk; it's colorin' is bright like yours, and it runs quicker'n you can from the barn to the shed."

Funny, how clearly it all came back to her after so many years. Then as a Mr. Swanson walked to his truck with the cage, Emmy heard the chirp of a bird somewhere. It sounded like Zeb's canary.

The sun streamed steadily through the branches of the pear tree as Emmy sat there. There was a tangy smell of burning leaves. Emmy remembered how she used to love to stroll through the fallen leaves with Jenny, when Jenny was little. How carefully they looked for red maple leaves without any holes that Jenny could mount for school. Meanwhile . . .

"What do I hear for this? Come on, folks! As long as ya got two feet ya oughter own one, every industrious woman needs one. Come on, men, bid for your wives. What do I hear? Did I hear someone say two fifty down there in back? Will anyone make it three? Good! Do I hear four?"

After a fashion, Emmy gathered her senses, and realized that it was her sewing machine that he was yelling about.

"My sewing machine," she said softly, "many's the hour

I spent sitting in front of that. Why I'd pump so hard and fast, you'd reckon my feet were stuck to the metal apron." And one by one, came the procession of things she had made.

"Saints above," she recalled, "I never realized my Jenny was such a big girl 'til the day she came home from school, and said that Harry Whitings had invited her to a dance, and one where she'd have to wear a long gown. My, but that yellow dotted Swiss was beautiful. She looked radiant as she left for the dance with Harry. I can still see her standing there in the parlor, blushing, with that sweet dress on, and her dark brown braids glowing in the lamplight like a halo wrapped around her head. And she was picked queen. My machine, she thought as Mrs. Dee put her money down, and had the moving men carry the sewing machine to her truck.

Pressing cool old fingertips to her throbbing head, she thought, my how time flies. How time flies, and death approaches. Everything is measured by time. If man's hands worked as steady as the hands of a clock, there'd be little evil in this world of ours. If man could clasp his hands in prayer, as the clock does at twelve, God would bless him for it.

Slowly, eyelids dropped over dim, blue eyes, and the grey head bent. Leaning against the tree trunk, she fell fast asleep.

In the meantime, stove, and icebox, piano, and bedroom set, mirrors, dishes, and rugs, were being bid on, and sold. Last, but not least, came the property itself, and the house on it. To get higher bids from those interested, Mr. Thompson suggested a look inside. To his surprise, the door was locked. Emmy had locked it automatically when she came out.



They found her under the pear tree. Quietly, Mr. Thompson spoke to her, and she awoke, startled.

"May I have the key to the house, Mrs. Peters? We're ready to tour it."

Slowly, Emmy opened her black faille pouch, and took out the key. She followed him to the house, unable to dispel her feeling of ownership, to help herself get used to the shock of losing the place.

The bidding among five men was quick, sharp. Then the auctioneer introduced Emmy to the new owner. Feebly she acknowledged the introduction, turned, lovingly rubbed a bit of dust from the mantle and proudly walked through the front hallway, out the front door, and into the cool evening air.

## THE APOSTATE

*Ione Malloy, '53*

*"No God!" he cried, and waited a reply.  
But only common sounds of love and strife—  
The soldier's march, the mother's lullaby,  
Returned his silent prayer. "Then all of life  
Is but an empty tune played on a fife,"  
He cried. "There is no God!" The Heavens remained  
Unstirred; the tiny sparrows sang; the wife  
Cleaned house. But bitter agony constrained  
The truth. The soul and not the Heavens had been profaned.*



## HEIDELBERG

Joyce Cooksey, '52

*High above the old, deep-throated river,  
Out of a shroud of mist the castle rises,  
Terrible in ruin—  
Grey relic of mankind's most glorious hour.*

*The castle and the river: only these remain  
To tell of pride that gave a people being,  
To raise unequalled altars to itself;  
And of a power that mounted high its shores,  
Now crumbling in the mist.*

*There is no past; no longer rings  
The student's Gaudeamus in the streets;  
In vain do ancient spires seek the sky  
Where life and learning ruled with double sway.*

*Only these remain: the castle and the river—  
While power drags out its death by depthless night  
And pride mourns at the feet of squandered strength.*

# THE HUNTED

*Nancy C. Hughes, '53*

NIGHT was blowing in from the ocean. The marsh grass rubbed wispily and sand carried by the wind scraped the dust road clear. A gull blown in with the coming storm, sobbed high overhead, white against the gray-black storm clouds. The souging of the freshening wind dulled the slapping sound of a pair of running feet. A dust rabbit silently left his diamond prints in the road, startled by the ominous sound of man.

The footsteps continued, accompanied by heavy breathing, tearing from tortured lungs and throat, answering the plaintive cry of the gull. A man was running down the dusty road into the storm, toward the sea. He turned jerkily to look over his shoulder. His hair, blown by the moaning wind half covered his forehead and eyes, as though trying to hide them from sight. He turned front again and tried to quicken his now staggering steps. The keen scent of the sea struck his hair back and his face came up sharply. His shoes were kicking up dust now before each step as he found his toes heavier to lift from the ground.

The road dipped sharply to the left. Because he knew none other he followed it, running faster because of the sharp downward slope.

Now he heard a new sound, the breathing of the sea. He looked fearfully behind him once more and ran indecisively onward. But then he started, and burst into a loping, gasping run as the sound of automobile tires crushing sand came through the curtain of wind. Ahead the road widened and flattened into a small parking area. Quickly his eyes

searched to the left and right for another road, but there was none. Close to the marshes now, he saw a dark hulk to his left and making a shadowy mooring line from it to the parking space was a darkened path through the gray marsh. He slowed now and as he neared the dark structure he saw it was a bridge over a sea-fed creek. He held onto the bridge railing and trembling with fatigue, looked once more to the dust road he had just come down.

Far away he saw the twin lights of a car picking their way down the winding road. He moaned and began to feel his way across the groaning bridge. Once up the initial incline, he found the hand rail had been broken off and he was forced to grope the rest of the way on his hands and knees. When the bridge pitched down to the sand, he was unprepared and slid forward, his pant knees shredding on the sand covered boards, and his hands picking up big and small splinters. He cursed sobbingly and carefully crept the rest of the way, using only his elbows to spare his throbbing hands. He lay for a time in the yielding sand, breathing brokenly. Then he heard nearer the slow progress of the car.

Terror rose in him and he propped himself up on one elbow, straining to hear. A car door opened and he heard shoes on sand. An arc of light swept the grass before the bridge.

"Are there any other roads?"

"I don't know, maybe he turned off somewhere."

"He probably wouldn't need a road running like that. He'd just get away from that place fast."

"There's no place here but the ocean."

Again the light silhouetted the marsh grass.

"He could've just let us get by him and gone back up the road."



"I don't think so, he was running too fast."

He lay and thought he should have hidden in the scrub growth beside the road and let the car pass him.

"I think he just conked the guy and was scared. I think he ran 'way down around here and maybe he got lost."

They knew!

"A storm is coming up. There'll be no more down here tonight. Besides, I've got to call home."

Again the light swept the grass.

"Well, we'll mark the entrance and set up the blocks; we'll get him in the light, tomorrow."

Abruptly the door closed, and he heard the engine idle then roar as the car turned and started up the hill. He raised himself, and saw the two red tail lights watching him, while the searchlight on the front of the car waved left then right like a cat's tail. And he lay in the sand alone.

He must have slept, because when he suddenly started, the sky was horribly black and the wind now filled the whole air. He pulled his right leg up quickly; he had been lying partly in water. The tide was coming in. Hurriedly he pulled off his heavy, wet shoe and stocking, and wrung out the cuff of his trouser leg.

He began to wonder now what he should do, tonight and tomorrow. He looked at his watch but he couldn't see the hands. Should he light a match? Suddenly, he had to know the time. He knelt over, his back to the road and sheltering it with his cupped hands he struck a safety match; nine-thirty. Well, he'd wind it to keep it going. Then he remembered, had it been going before he wound it? But it was too late, as he had already turned the crown, and it was ticking when he held it to his ear. Helplessly he looked at it and tried to reckon how long it had been since six-thirty. Only three

hours? It was possible. But was it? Panic rose again, but he thrust it down and turned to the problem of what he should do.

His mind felt tired and his head light. Maybe he should sleep again. He carefully wound his watch, so that it would run until he awoke, then wrapped his handkerchief over it to keep sand from stopping the works. Then he pulled on his damp stocking and his wet shoe. He tied the laces and tried walking. Heavy, but protection against the abrasive sand. Then he walked through the sand 'til he came to the dunes. When he had struggled to the top of the nearest one he found they were almost five feet across the top. Sharp saw-grass grew all over the dunes as high as his knees and in some places as high as his thighs. He walked to his right to a small hollow, and carefully bending the sharp grass to left and right out of his way, he fashioned a protected hollow where he might sleep undetected. He lay down and in the darkness he thought of what he had done; then he fell asleep.

A sharp beseeching scream woke him, and he looked into the red-rimmed eye of a herring-gull. Angrily he threw a handful of sand at the bird and it rose screaming all the while. Too late he remembered that a bird may arouse suspicion and immediately he sank down again to wriggle cautiously to the land side of the dune, and look toward the road. He could see no one. He wriggled back to his hollow. In unbandaging his wrist, he bent his hands and immediately he remembered the splinters of the night before. He looked at his watch—seven o'clock. He had maybe an hour before any organized search of the marshes was made. Very carefully he teased most of the smaller splinters from his hands, but he had to let three of the larger ones more



deeply imbedded stay where they were. Cautiously he looked at the road again. Still no one. Then he crawled to the ocean side of the dune and rolled down to the sand. He went to the edge of the water and removed his shoes and stockings, and folded up his pant-legs. Wading in to knee depth he bathed his burning hands in the salt-water. He carefully ripped the handkerchief into halves then putting one piece in his pocket he ripped the remaining piece into halves again. With these he covered his hands and then dipped them into the cool water.

As he waded ashore he glanced up the beach. Walking far away was a solitary figure. Fear goaded his heart and thrilled his nerves. He watched the figure until he knew it was coming toward him. Was it the police? He hurried ashore and quickly drew on his shoes and stockings. His right shoe was stiff and unyielding, but he jammed his foot into it. What if it wasn't the police. If he should run the person might get suspicious. But what would anyone be doing on the beach at this hour? Casually, he turned and looked at the walker. Even now he couldn't tell what the person was wearing or what he looked like. Just then the person bent over, then straightened up again. Someone collecting odd shells! He turned slowly and walked a few paces. He limped rather badly. The wind was still strong and the waves were very high. Suddenly he was desperately thirsty and hunger pains rolled in his stomach. He looked at the sky, searching for the promise of early rain to drink. The storm clouds were racing by quickly though, and the ceiling hung high. Off to the north was a patch of blue sky and it seemed to widen even as he watched it. He laughed bitterly and thought, all this and heaven too. It didn't look like rain.



He continued down the beach, every now and then stooping over and picking up a shell. He used these times to check behind him and see if the person was still there. He looked at his watch; almost eight-thirty. The police might even now be closing in on the beach. He stooped and looked back again. The beach was vacant. He turned now and deliberately searched the whole stretch of the sand. There was no one in sight. He sighed happily. It wasn't the police after all. He crawled awkwardly on his elbows and knees to the top of the dunes, wriggled himself to a vantage point and looked in the general direction of the parking lot. It looked empty. But then he saw a black toy car pull into the space. His heart jumped and he felt his mouth become dry and shriveled. Police!

He crawled back to the beach and looked desperately for some place to hide. To left and right stretched the white naked sand; in front of him the uncompromising ocean; behind him, the dunes. Then he saw the ocean outlet of the creek. Tide was full and the water filled the creek to the tops of the muddy muscle-covered banks and even the lower part of the marsh grass growing thick on each side of the creek was under water. Quickly he went to the mouth of the creek. Thousands of small royal coach crabs, waving their huge white claws, scattered in all directions. But he felt some shells crush under-foot as he hurried to the bank of the stream. He looked at the quiet full-tide water, then immediately he pulled off his shoes and stockings. At all costs he must save his feet and his shoes. He stuffed his stockings tight in the toes of his shoes, then he hastily buried them in the loose dry sand of the dune top. He hurried to the edge of the dry sand again. His footprints wouldn't be noticeable in the dry sand, but some of the

damp sand left by the already receding high water would give him away. From a standing position he leaped tremendously and landed running in the water of the creek. After three steps he looked back to see if his footprints were discernible. He waded thigh-deep in the water. He hadn't rolled up his pants because he realized it was a futile effort. But now as they weighed heavily on him, he wondered at his wisdom. Ahead there was a bend in the creek and a smaller branch turned off to the left, away from the way he had come down. He hesitated briefly, then waded cautiously down this fork. The marsh grass was taller than his head by about a foot for the most part, and more in some places. Odd bits of seaweed and plant material drifted lazily by him and once he saw a blue crab swimming sideways toward the ocean. He shuddered then for he hated to walk in the not too clear water amidst creatures he could not see. He limped now from a cut from a muscle shell which had lain open at the bottom of the creek.

Just ahead he saw a small incline in the creek bottom, leading up to a hollow in the marsh grass. He waded toward it and looked it over from all angles. He stood back and studied it from the middle of the creek. It would be all right for him to hide in. Approaching the shore he looked for a muscle-free place to climb up to the firmer marsh land. There was a place of black mud. He started to climb out, but the mud wouldn't support him and he sank ankle deep in the black stench before he jumped backward to the solid sandy creek bottom. He waited to gather himself together and quiet his jumping heart. His nose wrinkled and his face contorted as his stimulated sense brought the terrible odor of the black ooze to him. He felt nauseated. He calmed himself and looked once again toward safety.



Alarmed, he noted that the prints of his two feet were deeply etched in the slimy bank. As sick as it made him, he forced himself to obliterate them with a muscle shell. Then he tried again to climb out, this time holding on to the tough marsh roots to pull himself forward, but the ooze sank from him and he had to retreat once more. Now fear jumped within him. His heart pumped wildly and his stomach contracted. Then he had an idea.

Quickly he bent some of the thicker marsh blades down to form a mat to support him. He grasped others to pull himself up by and gave a final effort. The mat held and his great pull toppled him face first onto the damp marsh ground. His face was scratched by the blades and his hands burned from new cuts. He rearranged the grass after carefully washing the mud from the mat he had made. He crawled a short distance from the creek now so that he couldn't be seen from there. Every blade of grass that he touched, he put upright again. Finally he pulled some of the grass down and made a mat to lie on while he waited.

Faintly he heard them shouting directions for the search. Then it was quiet for a while then more directions then more silence; this time for a long time. Suddenly he was aware of a new sound, the lazy vibration of a small airplane. They were looking for him from the air! Panicked, he crawled from his mat into the straight grass. It came over his shoulders and might conceal him. But he realized that they would probably have field glasses and could fly very low to distinguish any suspicious object. He looked at his watch; eleven-thirty. People should be down bathing now. He would become a swimmer. He eased himself down into the water the same way he had gotten out and cleaned off the marsh grass as before. He cleaned all the black mud



from his hands and feet and then he started to swim to the ocean. It seemed much longer now than he remembered it this morning, and the sun which was shining through the cloudy sky was fire upon his back. He heard the surf and quickened his stroke. With the ocean in front of him he felt suddenly weak and remembered he had neither eaten nor drunk for almost twenty-four hours. He staggered through the shallow water of the creek outlet to the open ocean then he walked out waist-deep to hide his under-shorts from discerning eyes.

He swam toward the small knot of early bathers on the public beach. Some children, around ten or twelve, were playing in the water, trying to swim, so he put them between him and the shore. Two young men strolled in from the parking lot and after he had looked at them once, he looked again. They didn't seem anxious to start swimming but they seemed to be watching everyone on the beach. Police!

He moved over more directly behind the children. One of them was out farther than the others. He backstroked out a little more so as to be free to swim in any direction. He'd play the waiting game as well as they. His attention was drawn to the child who had come nearer to him. She was frantically trying to turn around and turn in. She was obviously out over her head and in trouble. He watched her disinterestedly. Then he saw that she wasn't really swimming. She was panic-stricken, just striking with her arms in any direction, gulping helplessly. He still hesitated, hoping she would somehow get in far enough to touch bottom. He saw her swallow a great gulp of water and choking, go under. He contracted himself and dived forward under water. He didn't open his eyes because he never could in

salt water or any water. He groped blindly and felt a tensed hand. He grabbed and pulled, pushing himself upward at the same time. His head broke water and he dragged air into his lungs. The girl's dark head came up just in front of him and he took a firm grip on it. Letting her float behind him, he swam and walked to shore. He pulled the unconscious girl up on the sand. He heard one of the children scream, then one of the mothers. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the two young men approaching. He placed the girl in position and began artificial respiration. Doggedly he bent forward and back keeping his head front, but watching the two young men out of the corner of his eye. They were not too near, but they seemed to be waiting for something. The child was sick then coughed. Slowly she returned to consciousness, and her mother came running up to rescue "My baby." He bent forward, back, then forward and back again. Then he jumped to his feet, but his great exertion after his long fast had drained all his strength and before he had gone far, the two men came up on each side and took him in custody. He struggled and then he grew quiet and fainted. He came to, sitting on the beach. One of the young men said, "You all right now?"

He looked at the young man blankly.

"You see we thought you were someone else. A fellow was killed up on the main road and thrown out of his car, seems someone else hitched a ride and conked the murderer; evidently to rob him, got scared, and beat it."

"Yeah, we had the murderer, but he got away. We thought you were him when we saw you had under-pants on and when you started to run, but he was shorter and a little darker."

He sat and thought of nothing.

"Listen, that's the siren. I guess they got him. You sure you're O.K., mister?"

## POINT OF NO RETURN

*Helen Docherty, '53*

*I wore your love like a gay silk scarf  
And I laughed at the wind and the rain.  
I laughed and I knew, when the sun shone through,  
That I'd take it off again.*

*The sun awoke and he set to work  
To drive out clouds with light.  
And I thanked the sun and I waved the scarf  
I'd return to you at night.*

*I wear your love like a faded scarf  
And I cry to the wind and the rain.  
The rainbow's hue arched clear skies of blue,  
But you came not back again.*



# THE TALE OF A CAT

*Dolores Burton, '53*

*To mournful Muse, thy muted music bring;  
Of mocking Nature's traitorous tricks I sing:*

*How she the cat to chase his tail has taught  
And basely placed it where it can't be caught.*

*Great battles won this chieftain sharp of claw;  
Swift flies, sly mice, proud birds have felt his paw.*

*His tail, a foe unconquered, plagues him yet  
Because in good round turns, they've never met.*

*And now it waves behind with jaunty grace,  
He turns, but cannot meet it face to face.*

*He uses tooth and claw to no avail,  
Withal remains aloof the intrepid tail.*

*Cruel Nature saves the tail despite his leaps,  
He sheathes his claws, he blinks his eyes, and sleeps.*

# THE WHITE GLOVES

*Ione Malloy, '53*

MARTHA glanced at the clock. Five minutes of three. One more hour, and I'll be through for the day, she thought, and sighed wearily.

"Run these checks for me, will you, Martha?"

"Right away, Chet."

She smiled. The boys were scrapping again with Chet about how much work they did.

"Let me see your settlement sheet. That'll show you who does the work around here."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Bet I know who'll win this battle," she called out to no one in particular.

Chet was the oldest teller in the bank, capricious and pampered. He was always getting little presents from the customers.

"Look," he cried out, his wiry face puckered and flushed, "two today." He triumphantly wagged a dollar-cigar at his opponents.

\$500.00; \$48.75; \$22.00; \$18.75. There was not a sound now in the bank but the steady clicking of the adding machine, and the clinking of money as the tellers totaled their figures for the day.

"What's this figure, Jim? A nine or a six?"

"I'm sorry, Martha. I should have marked it. It's a six."

"Thanks."

She expected as much from him, but she didn't say so. He's so young, she thought. She watched Jim as he moved

about the cage, humming a popular tune. "Like a caged bird," she said.

"You won't get anywhere here without a college education," Chet had told Jim bluntly when he first came. "The bank-board's tighter about promotions than the layers of an onion."

Martha bobbed her graying head and smiled punctiliously, mocking their important condescension.

Chet came out of the cage.

"Here's my settlement, Martha," he said, hugging her around the shoulders. "Any women call me today?"

"Nothing but purely business calls, and you know it." Her voice was stern, but her eyes were warm with kindness.

"Is everyone settled all right?"

"You're the last out tonight, Chet."

"Good."

Martha checked off Chet's name, and copied his figures on the large settlement sheet. Then she picked up a book, and began to read. But her eyes and head ached from pounding out thousands of figures on the adding machine all day. After taking several peeks ahead and discovering that the hero would not marry the heroine for at least one more chapter, she closed the book, folded her hands, and waited for Mr. Clark, the manager.

Mr. Clark hurried from the outside room, his cold blue eyes shining, his flabby face moist with perspiration.

Martha frowned. He was wearing his white gloves.

"Here you are, Martha. That's everything."

As he passed her the loan teller's settlement sheets, he knocked her desk, and the papers scattered to the floor.

"Oops, that was clumsy."

Won't he take them off even now? Martha asked herself,



as Mr. Clark bent down and began awkwardly picking up the disordered papers with his white-gloved hands.

Martha waited angrily. The white gloves always upset her. There was no real need for Mr. Clark to wear them. He wouldn't get his hands that soiled, or, if he did, he could always wash them. But, as long as Martha had known Mr. Clark, he had always worn the white gloves when he came back to the teller's room. They had grown to be a symbol of the bank and everything it stood for; money and a false society. Tighter than the layers of an onion, Martha mumbled to herself.

Martha disliked Mr. Clark intensely. She disliked him for his continual boasting about his son, the way he joked with the tellers about women as if they were the baby-food a child drools out of its mouth; and she disliked him for his white gloves.

"I received a letter from my son today, Martha. He's passed the bar."

"That's wonderful, Mr. Clark."

"Yes, I'll send a picture of him out to the newspapers tonight. A boy as young as that doesn't realize his talents. It's up to a father to look out for him."

"Has he come back from camp yet?"

"No, he still has a couple more weeks. He should be home by the end of August."

Mr. Clark gathered up the papers and fumbled through them, checking them off on the settlement sheet with a large crayon which he manipulated carefully and clumsily, as if it were a long pole. A vague uneasiness relaxed Martha's bitter resentment. Where would it all end? How could a man his age continue in such falseness, barely skimming the fathomless ocean that is life?

"Well, I guess that's everything."

Martha took her blue hat and gloves out of the drawer, and put them on roughly. She was angry: angry for all the Chets and Jims in the world; angry at her own puny insignificance; angry at the white gloves.

"You go on vacation tonight, don't you?" Mr. Clark asked.

He knew she did. Why did he ask? All talk, all talk, she thought.

"Yes, Mr. Clark."

"Well, have a good time, plenty of rest and relaxation, and forget all about us for the next two weeks."

He unlocked the door. Two minutes later, Martha was so deep in plans for her vacation that she forgot to stop in the bakery-shop to buy bread for dinner.

The early morning sun beat steadily down on the old, smoke-caked downtown buildings. Martha stepped briskly along. A warm, happy smile curved the corners of her lips, and her thoughtful brown eyes sparkled like deep, clear water.

Three minutes late. A cold feeling of dismay stole over her. Monday, money, debit and credit, all over again.

"Hi, Tom."

Martha waved to the policeman.

"How does it feel to be back again?"

"You know, the first day back from vacation is always the hardest day of the year."

"Where are all the tellers?"

With a last mock-envious reflection on Rusty stretched out on the green grass at home, drinking in sun like a sponge, Martha passed behind the iron grill to the back of the bank.

The tellers' cages were all empty. They were gathered

about her desk looking at a newspaper. They didn't hear her come in.

"Here it is on this page."

The men bent over the newspaper.

"That's awful."

"Tragic."

Martha pushed her way into the group. Chet handed her the newspaper. Where his finger pointed, she read:

Michigan City, Ind., Sept. 1.—A man identified by state police as Roger Clark, 28, of 739 Glendale Road, Rockland, Conn., was killed today in an accident five miles east of Lake City, on U. S. Route 21. His automobile struck a freight train at a crossing.

Clark was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Clark with whom he lived. He was driving to Cleveland to visit some friends after having spent the summer as a teacher and counselor in a camp, his father said.

Martha gasped. Not Mr. Clark!

"He was just talking about his son last night," Jim said.

Martha remembered the last time she had seen Mr. Clark, proud, cold, clumsily checking off the settlement sheet with a big, black crayon, boasting about his son. She knew what she would do if it were her son who had been killed.

"I wonder if he'll wear his white gloves when he comes back?" she said.

Chet and Jim turned on her. She was joking. But big tears stood at the edges of her eyes.



## THE TURNING TIDE

*Maribeth Dumphy, '53*

*My fickle love like vascillating tide  
Rolls in on roaring, raging waves,  
And sweeps its shores on every guardless side,  
Embracing all, it loudly raves  
Of constant faithfulness, and deathless love.  
Arriving home, it flows no more.  
But seas were made to ebb, and flow, beloved,  
My sealyke love subsides to seek another shore.*

## BIRTH AND DEATH

*Mary Eunice Gorman, '53*

*In death there is an end and a rebirth:  
The snow of cherry boughs yields scarlet fruit,  
The spring is born of winter's barren earth,  
And every shower of yesterday transmutes  
Itself into the morrow's living things.  
And every regal lily browns and dies  
So that each lovely daughter flower brings  
White splendor forth to gleam against the skies.  
No birth awakens life without a loss;  
No child is born but in its mother's pain,  
No Easter morn without Good Friday's Cross;  
In death alone can man his heaven gain.  
Man dies; his death an end to worldly strife.  
Man dies; yet lives unto eternal life.*

# LOVE STORY

*Mary E. Gorman, '53*

MARIE had never been more lovely than she was this day. Isn't it funny, thought Dick, that today I am losing her as a sweetheart for the rest of my life. White became her. It gave her an ethereal look that suited her delicate features and shining blue eyes. The filminess of the veil was almost a halo around that black hair that curled into ringlets in damp weather. Today however, the sun was shining brightly and it lay in soft waves above her face.

He knew it was an idealistic thought, but as he looked at her in the soft candle-light, he felt that this must be the way the seraphim look as they sink to the heart of God . . . radiant, joyful, yet awed at the solemnity of the moment. Then his beautiful Marie began to move slowly in grace and dignity down the chapel aisle.

Life was funny. He and Marie had been sweethearts from the time they had been old enough to throw mud at each other. They were pals in grammar school. What a block she could throw in tag football; and she looked so fragile, as if the first strong wind would blow her over. But Dick had known, almost from the beginning, that behind that innocent looking exterior Marie had a will of steel. Remember the time he'd fallen in the well and she'd grabbed him and hung onto him over an hour? Stubborn little kid, she just wouldn't let him drown. Even then they had been sort of a team, but such a difference after the next hour. They would never be the same.

In high school everyone had expected them to have that

tentative awkward romance of adolescence. He'd carried her books, asked her to parties, and been ribbed unmercifully about her by the gang. In fact, for two whole weeks senior year they had "gone steady." This was the time of the first kiss. It was a kind of mixture of tenderness and fright that had been over in an instant. He laughed to himself as he remembered.

This was also the time of The Quarrel. Even now eight years later, it brought back to him all the boyish agony that makes tragedy out of the tiniest incidents.

Marie and he had gone to the Graduation Dance in the High School Auditorium. For weeks they had planned. He bought her her first orchid. She wore white then, too. As they entered the room, she'd turned to him laughing:

"You look very handsome tonight, Dick, even if I do say so myself. Let's hurry and dance so that I can show you off to the admiring crowd . . ." Then it happened. Mark Doren came up and said belligerently:

"Come on, pal, take off. This dance is Marie's and mine. Gee, Honey, do you ever look terrific!" As a kid Mark had always grated on his nerves, he thought, but never more than this; and it had shown rather obviously. Marie, he figured later, had consented just to save trouble. But at the time he'd been too mad to reason anything. She had preferred Mark to him. To pay her back, and make her jealous he'd spent the evening with Liz Mc Allister. It was all right during the dance, Marie was too much a lady to show her feelings in public. The trouble started when they were on their way home. He could never remember afterwards just what they said. All he recalled was Marie's vowing:

"I never want to see you again as long as I live!" as she slammed her front door.



As he looked at the lovely young woman in the shadowy dimness of the Church, he thought how much shared sorrows bring two people together, and how much of the woman was in Marie even at seventeen. They both had recognized how silly it was for them to quarrel, how wrong. But he'd been humiliated and stiff-necked, avoiding her house like the plague. Sneaking in and out of the back-way, looking beyond her if they met at Mass, he had passed most of the summer before he knew it.

It was early in September, and he was cutting the lawn when she'd suddenly confronted him:

"Dick Rogers, you know as well as I do that you're being childish. The worst part of it is that you're not only making yourself unhappy, but me as well. Please Dick, let's both say we're sorry and be friends." She'd looked so darned cute and determined that he just couldn't resist; so he'd grinned and asked her in for a coke. But even here, so many years later, he could still feel that summer's coldness; and he thanked God that he'd never again have to face the heart-aches of growing up.

Marie was half way down the aisle by now. What a thing to be wasting thought on at a time like this, he told himself. Dear Heaven, but she had grace; she looks like a princess going forward to meet her prince. She'd always been Queen in his heart, he thought; then quickly told himself, shut up, you dumb jerk, Marie wouldn't like it. She was gay and lighthearted, but loathed over-sentimentality. Gay—he remembered the fun they'd had after the quarrel was patched up. College vacations had been especially good. They'd been great friends then; growing together, laughing together, maturing together. They were a very close-knit crowd in those four years—Mark Doren and he (they had been friends two years, Mark had turned into a pretty nice



guy), and their roommate, Bill O'Connor, had gone around with Marie, Alice Richards, and Liz Mc Allister. Bill and Alice had paired off. But he and Mark had sort of alternated between Liz and Marie.

Funny, he thought again, who'd have thought before the war that things would be turning out this way today. They were really a crazy crowd. The Hallowe'en they'd gone scavenger hunting and Marie had to rescue Bill from that irate farmer. Poor Bill, he'd really tried to get those tail-feathers; but it had taken all of Marie's charm to save him from the shotgun. At the time Marie had sworn she could swim out to Sailor's Light. Dick had been really scared when she faltered and began to sink. He had raced out to get her, his heart thudding against his ribs. When he'd finally fished her out, white and shaking, she'd looked at him innocently and said:

"Isn't the water nice today. Just right for a brisk swim."

He'd loved Marie, in one way or another, for as long as he could remember: she was his playmate of childhood, his "steady" in boyhood, his Friend in college years, and in the war, his fiancée. After today everything would be changed.

The war. . . . It seemed like yesterday that Bill, Mark and he had been listening to records that winter's afternoon. Liz had been teasing Mark about his red tie:

"My dear sir, I should like to call it to your attention that your somewhat loud cravat is distracting my mind from the genius of Mr. Miller."

"What mind?"

"The man thinks he's funny, Marie."

"Funny? My dear girl, I am hilarious. Kidding aside, Liz, I figure to wear bright colors as long as I can, 'til my uncle insists on olive drab."

"You really think the draft will catch up to you, then, Mark? Bill, what about you?"

"I don't know, but some fellows are enlisting. They seem to think we'll be caught unaware." Marie had cut in then to ask him his status. He remembered his feeble attempt to be humorous:

"When my mother goes, I go." They had all laughed but Alice. She and Bill had been engaged then and it was hard for her to be light about anything that touched her so vitally. Only a few hours later their world had suddenly collapsed.

It was hard to believe, here in the hushed stillness of God's house that the war had ever been. Peace was all about him like the muted music of the organ. Did men ever slaughter other men in hot jungles, did bombs scream, bullets rattle, carbines whine? Had he ever been hot and scared and lonely? Or was it just a bad dream? It might have been if Alice weren't trying so hard not to cry in the third row. It might have been if Bill weren't buried out there in some God-forsaken little island. The war . . . Marie . . . their love. She'd never wavered an inch in her desire to be near him; he'd done it, refused to get married, because he was afraid. The only thing he'd left with her was the cold, hard stone on her left hand. So many wasted years, and now . . . Dear God, be merciful to the follies of man.

He glanced over at her mother, so sweet and misty-eyed. He wondered what she thought about it. Is she sorry things have turned out this way, or is she happy in the knowledge of Marie's own happiness?

And Marie, most of all Marie. Was she remembering the day he came home? He'd never been so lost; darkness of soul could be so much worse than physical darkness. He'd been such an uncomplicated kid; his life had been so normal. His love so sure. Then the chaos, the desolation, and the



hate; he'd lost his balance. Sure he was a hero, so was Bill, and what had it gotten them?

He had hardly gotten off the train when she was in his arms:

"Dick, darling, you're home." Breathless, laughing, . . . his beautiful Marie.

"Great, the hero is returned so the world is all right. What no brass band? Where are the medals? All his pent up bitterness and frustration released itself. Something about the look in her eyes reminded him of a determined young girl seven years before:

"I'm the only medal you'll ever get, and the brass band you hear is my heart singing, and the world is a wonderful place because you're here and I love you, so there." How could he lose with a girl like that? For the next few months, she'd been his lodestar, his guide and his love. Marie was . . . Marie.

He smiled and felt Mark's quizzical glance at his shoulder. Smiling at a time like this! Feeling Mark beside him, seeing Liz, Marie and Alice, he wished, as he had so many other times that Bill was here. The sense of the triumvirate was so badly needed now. Then it dawned on him that Bill was here, with his Captain. And today he would have all banners flying. Today, for Marie. So many memories.

He had heard that men's whole lives flashed before them as they are about to die. He wondered if their love stories passed before all bridegrooms awaiting their brides at the altar. He was leaving his sweetheart behind him at this moment, as the prelude is left behind, so that the story itself may begin.

She had been his sweetheart, his beautiful Marie. She was that no longer. As he took her hand before the Altar of God, he knew that "From this day forward," she would be his wife.

## YOUTH

*Barbara Heard, '53*

*How quickly blooms the flower of youthful days,  
Then quickly withers into crumbling age,  
As fiercely flashing storms in August rage,  
Then yield before the sun's disarming rays;  
As rising waves roar on their mighty ways  
Then meekly lap the shore they would engage;  
Thus swell the lines of youth on one short page  
Of life, quenched all too soon, a fleeting blaze.  
Then may I thrill to youthful wonders now,  
While still my youth I firmly clutch to heart  
And feel within, its anxious surging power;  
May I rise up to feats my dreams endow  
With hope; may youthful loves and fears impart  
A wiser mind, a greater soul to flower.*

## LOST SUMMER

*Rosemary Seibert, '53*

*Was it only yesterday  
That you and I  
Laughed at the playful waves,  
Watched a sail blow by,  
Just yesterday?*

*And now you're gone.  
Such little things,  
A sail, a wave, to bind  
My bright, soaring wings.*

# THE LONELY OF HEART

*Nancy Foster, '53*

“I WAS wondering which comes in faster. The Atlantic or the Pacific?”

“I beg your pardon?”

Five or six of the girls were sitting on a bench or on the boardwalk. The dining room had been unbearably humid and stifling that night. As soon as they were finished serving they changed from their uniforms to their bathing suits, and went swimming. The water had been cool, refreshing, but frightening, as they rose and fell with the rhythmic coming and going of the waves. They just lay on the water, on their backs, rising and falling, holding hands because the water was so treacherous. All around there was darkness, pitch black except for the reflection of the moon on the water.

They had come out stimulated by the wetness which clung to their bodies in hanging droplets. Two of the girls went into the service bar to see if they could bring out something to drink. The rest were waiting and laughing and joking on the bench.

Jane was the first one to hear him. She had noticed somebody walking up from the edge of the water, coming towards them.

I said, “I was trying to see which comes in faster, the Atlantic or the Pacific. I’ve seen the Pacific at Malibu Beach, and so I was trying to decide—. I think the Atlantic comes in faster.”

“Oh.”



Jane looked at Anita who was shrugging as if to say, "I never saw him before."

The man noticed this and said to Jane,

"I'm all right. It's just—. I've been all over the world, you know."

Jane was ready to reply, "no, I didn't know," but something stopped her.

He wouldn't dare to try anything right in front of the hotel, like this, and besides, the other girls were there. In spite of herself, she was interested by his approach.

"Have you really been all over the world?"

He half grinned. "I did nothing but travel for eight full years. My Dad wanted me to go to college, but I wanted to travel. So I did. For eight years. Never worked in all that time."

"Did you ever work your way across, on a tramp steamer or anything?"

"Never. After eight years, my money was all gone and I came back to the States. Now I'm working in this hotel here." He nodded towards the hotel across the street.

"I never did go to college."

"You certainly don't regret it, do you?"

Disbelief made her voice rise.

"Well, what am I today? Nothing. A Maintenance Man, when I might have been Manager."

Oh, great, thought Jane. She hated every aspect of hotel work. She couldn't see anything enviable in any job there, never mind the Manager's.

"Well," she said, "I'd never be bitter about eight years of travel. Tell me about some of the places you've been. You must have seen everything."

He started to talk and kept on for over an hour. He told

her interesting stories about places he had lived and things he had seen. He said the only two countries he had never been in were Russia and Palestine. He was born in Wales, but was brought to Philadelphia when he was a year old, and grew up there. He asked her where she came from and when she said Boston, he replied:

"I lived there for a while. You must go to college. I never went, you know. I used all my money traveling. The only ones who sail around the Horn now are the Danes. Did you know that?"

"No. Why are they the only ones? Why don't other sailors?"

"They have the strongest sailing vessels, and the hardest sailors. Do you know where a fellow would go if he wanted to marry a rich gal, or an old widow who had more money than she knew what to do with?"

"I suppose we assume that the man knows what to do with it?"

He didn't laugh. He seemed to have forgotten what he was saying.

"Where would this man go to marry?"

"Oh. Oh, yes. Well, Brookline, Mass.—right where you live!"

"No fooling! I never knew that."

"Sure."

"I don't live in Brookline, but my school's almost in it. It's full of Jews now."

"Really? When I knew it, all the old Bostonians lived there. But Jews aren't bad. I met quite a few over the years that I liked."

"They've ruined Brookline, they say."

"Well, they're apt to do that. I guess they don't care for their property when they're all in together."

By this time the two girls had come back with something to drink. They put a bottle in Jane's hand and she paid for it. She didn't drink anything while he was there, and she didn't offer him any. All the others were singing now, and every once in a while, one of them would nudge her. She ignored them.

"Did you say you go to college? You're lucky. There's really nothing like a college education. If I had one, I wouldn't be doing what I am today."

"Personally, I think you know far more than I ever will, if I don't travel, college or not. Another girl here, and I, have plans for going abroad next summer. We won't be able to go far, but, at least, we'll get across. I don't think there's anything in the world like traveling. If I had the choice you had, I'd have done exactly what you did."

"Don't be too sure about that, you feel that way now, but I don't know—."

Finally he said he'd leave so she could join the crowd.

"Perhaps I'll see you around."

"Yes. I hope so. I've really enjoyed talking to you."

After he left, the girls began to kid her.

"Who's your friend, Jane?"

"Boy, nothing like meeting a mysterious man on the boardwalk."

"He was lonely."

That was the first time she met him. She thought about him quite a bit that night. He was small, shorter than she. He had spoken rapidly and brokenly, hardly working his mouth, which was like a slit in his face. His body kept moving in little jerks all the time that he was speaking, as



if he were quite unsure of himself. There was something about him that Jane could not put her finger on, but he seemed terribly lonely, and she felt sorry for him. She couldn't even explain why to herself.

Days, miserably long, hot, tiresome days plodded along. The hotel was crowded and the girls hardly had time to breathe between meals. Jane went to the beach in the afternoon if she could. She hated to stay in her room. It was on the top floor of the house, a wooden building that was built some time when American architects went crazy and designed in the last of the Victorian, not quite the beginning of the Modern phase. The hotel and the house attached to it were physical monstrosities.

On the fifth floor, the sun beat down relentlessly and made the room stifling, the low-slung eaves helping to keep in the heat. Usually, Jane would take off her uniform, changing to a pair of shorts, and sit on her cot. Immediately, she would fall asleep for two, or two and a half hours. She would wake up sticky, hot, and furious with herself for having wasted the afternoon.

About five days after she had met the man on the boardwalk, Jane ran into him again. She had made one of her infrequent visits to "The Zoo." "The Zoo" was the name applied to the employees' so-called dining room. The nickname was quite apt, Jane thought, since the food really was fit only for animals—wild ones. She generally relied on the dining room for her meals, but went down to "The Zoo" once in a while for a glass of milk or a dish of ice cream. She was standing in line when a man stopped and said to her:

"I thought you had gone home."

Jane looked at him, frowning. Then she smiled.

"I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you at first in the light.

No. I haven't gone home. Why did you think that?"

She knew that here was one person, at least, whom she hadn't told about her loathing for the place.

"When I didn't see you around, I thought perhaps you had. This is no place for a college girl like you."

And, then, he was gone. She saw him frequently after that but only for short periods at a time. She would meet him in a hall, emptying a barrel, or in the linen room, where he would be getting his orders for the day. He always looked embarrassed at these times. Jane would try to pretend that she couldn't see what he was doing. He would say something like:

"Here comes my college-friend."

He thought she was his superior in every way because she was going to college. Jane would bend over backwards at these encounters to show that there was no difference between them. He was so nice, and so little, she almost began to feel motherly about him.

Jane never willingly spoke of him to anyone but her roommate. Even then, she would just say, "I met him again today."

Some of the other girls who had been on the boardwalk that first night would still refer to him, though, especially Anita. They would be walking home from the movies, crossing through the well-kept lawn of the hotel, just to show what they thought of the place and everyone in it, and Anita would say, out of a clear sky—

"Well, I met this man on the boardwalk one night and he said, 'I wonder which comes in faster, the Atlantic or—'."

Everybody would burst out laughing and ask when she was going out with him.

One night, three or four girls were in the room with Jane

and her room-mate. They had taken off the uniforms and were sitting around in their slippers, smoking and talking.

"Would you kindly blow that lovely smoke in some other direction? I'm slowly being asphyxiated."

"How were Mama and the three witches tonight, Anita?"

"They're crazy. They argue during the entire meal and tell poor Mama that she's eating anything but what's in front of her. I brought her some scrambled eggs tonight. I had an enthralling time in the kitchen, too, because you know how the chefs love to cook eggs at night! I brought the poor old lady her eggs and one of the daughters said, 'Look, Mama, here's some nice chicken. Wasn't Anita nice to bring you that? Eat the nice chicken. It looks delicious.' I turned away. Mama looked at me and stuck her tongue out at me. Oh, I love my job."

"Is Jane here?"

"Yes, come on in, Ruth. Join the happy throng."

"There's a man downstairs who wants to see you."

"Is it Carl? If it is, I'm not going. I can't stand him any longer."

"No, it's not Carl. I never saw this one before."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. He said he wants to see you right away."

"I'll bet I know who it is. Did I tell you I saw him again today? I was going down to the kitchen and met him on the stairs. He said, 'Whenever I see you, I wish I had a daughter just like you.'"

"He must be crazy."

"Either that or he has some line."

"I know it. I'm beginning to wonder if it is a line or if he means what he says, really."

"What else did he say?"

"Honestly, I didn't know *what* to say. What are you



supposed to do when somebody says something like that, anyway? Then he said, 'If I had married, I'd have a daughter just your age now, and she'd be in college, too.' "

"He certainly has a bug on college."

"I know it. Imagine wishing he had gone to college instead of traveling the way he did! Well, I'll go down to see what he wants. Kids, what if he ever asks me out?"

"Who'd ask you out?"

"No, I mean it. I've heard a lot about these hotel people. I'll die. I won't know what to do."

"Tell him you already have a father."

Jane changed into a pair of shorts and started out the door. "If I don't come back in five years, send a searching party for me."

"Hurry back and tell us what he wanted."

The ugly looking wooden stairs creaked under her sneakers. The heat rose and curled around her legs, clinging to them, and making them sticky and moist. A fly buzzed around an open barrel on the landing. The Puerto Ricans were in their rooms. One of them was playing a harmonica while the others sang. It was a sad song about the islands and a girl. Their liquid Spanish was the only softening note in the harsh atmosphere of the stairs.

She clumped down the four flights and opened the screen door into the driveway. It banged behind her. She could see him in the dark. He walked over to meet her under the light. There was another fellow standing near him.

"Did you want to see me?"

"Yes. I was downtown today and saw this. I thought you might like it." He held out a little package to her.

"Here, take it."

She looked at it.

"Go on."

She saw the other fellow watching curiously. She looked

at the little man. He was beginning to get nervous. She held out her hand.

"I don't know what to say. I—thank you. Thank you very much. But—you really shouldn't have spent the money. After all, you're working, too. But, thank you. Thank you very much."

"I don't care about the money. I saw it in one of the shops and thought you'd like it."

"Really, I can't get over it." She looked dazed. "I don't even know your name, Mr. —."

"Shirley. Shirley Willard."

"Thank you very much, Shirley. My name is Jane Martin."

She turned to go up the stairs. He was grinning, happy. He said, "I don't care what you do with it after it's empty. You can fill it with Scotch."

She ran up to her room, and flung herself down on the cot.

"Girls, wait, just wait till I tell you."

She told them the whole story, and then opened 'the package. It was a small bottle of Coty's 'L'Origan' perfume. It was in a gold container.

"That cost at least five dollars," someone said.

"Plus tax!"

"Well, you certainly can pick them, Jane."

"Why didn't I listen to his tale of eight years before the mast that night? That's what I get!"

"And, *this* is what I get" said Jane. "I didn't know whether to accept it or not, but this other character was watching every move and I didn't want to embarrass Shirley."

A couple of nights later, Jane was out with one of the bell-hops. He said that that day Shirley had been vacuuming the rug in the lobby. One of the guests was watching him and, finally, went over and spoke.

"Aren't you Shirley Willard?"

He looked up and flushed. "Yes. How are you Bill?" and just seemed to vanish. The guest said that they grew up together in Philadelphia, but that he hadn't seen Shirley for fifteen years or more. He knew all about his traveling, and how he had spent his father's money.

"It was just like something you'd see in a movie or read in a story. He must have felt like a fool."

"The poor guy," Jane said softly.

The next time Jane met Shirley, she said, "I'm going home next Monday."

"I'm glad. You'll need a good rest before going back to college. Hit those books and learn all you can. You've no idea how much it will mean to you. I was going home myself. I got a telegram from a friend of mine. She's going to have an operation. I was going to Philly, but she says it's not that important. I called her up. Do you know what one of the men here said to me?"

"No. What?"

"He said that if I left now I'd miss the \$30. bonus. Can you imagine letting down a friend for \$30? I mean that just doesn't go with me."

"I can't imagine you doing it, Shirley. Where will you be this winter?"

"I got a letter yesterday from a fellow I know in California. He says there's a job I can have out there for the winter. Maintenance in a hotel."

"Still in a hotel?"

"Yes. California's beautiful. I spent three years out there some time ago. Have you ever been there?"

"No. But I'll get there some day. I'm going to do a lot of traveling if I ever get the money."

"Well, don't forget what I told you. Get all you can out of those books. Maybe I'll see you again before you leave."

"Yes, maybe."



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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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From *Golden Screen Magazine*  
"Glamorous Gregory"

What is the best thing that ever happened in a young girl's life? In my life? Wait till you hear! The editor of "Golden Screen" sent me—your own little old reporter—me—to interview Gregory Clift!! Doesn't that name *do* something to you, girls?

I was introduced to HIM at the studio lunch-room which has gorgeous elephant skin walls and table tops. And, girls, he's ten times handsomer than he looks on the screen! I thought I'd die when he shook my hand. Well, here are the important facts about *that* man. He was born in the cute little town of East Hanibal, North Dakota. He decided at the age of seven that he had enough of school, so he ran away from home. (Ed. note: And just look at where he is to-day! Who said "education is an admirable thing?")

He likes his eggs boiled nineteen minutes. He says any girl is naturally beautiful, and he just loves them all. (Ed.

note: What's happening to your hearts *now* girls?) When it comes to music, Gregory, (oh, that name) says that he likes nothing better than to sit by a crackling fire with a glass of Seven-Up in his hand, and listen to his favorite chamber music, preferably as played by the New Zealand Philharmonic. His favorite book is the Bible, and he has a little pocket edition he *always* carries with him.

In regard to his three wives he says, "They were all wonderful girls, but they didn't appreciate me. I'm still looking for the right one." (Ed. note: Don't give up, girls!)

*Nancy Foster, '53*

From *The Ladies' Home Friend*:

### RECIPE NOOK

#### *Molasses Taffy*

Cousin Beth from Sticky, Idaho, has submitted this recipe for molasses taffy. Run to your cupboards like Old Mother Hubbard, girls, and we'll begin. Using the biggest kettle you can find—

Take:

2 quarts of milk (Preferably from "Golden Guernseys" because they glow in the sun.)

5 lbs. of brown sugar ("Ivory" brand. But, please girls, don't beg your hubbies to go to Africa for it. Your neighborhood grocer might have it.)

1 lb. of white sugar

22 pinches of salt ("Domino", you know the song; now try the sugar.)

1 quart of black, black molasses (I said black!)

Pour these ingredients into your kettle. Now for the beating, or should I say tug-of-war. An egg beater or mixer

will be useless. So—get someone to help you. With tennis rackets or similar instruments pull back and forth with the taffy between your rackets. When your partner falls from exhaustion or you've been strangled by this delicious candy, it's ready to eat.

If you're not successful you used the wrong brands of food. Oh, I almost forgot. Boil your ingredients from 20.5 minutes to 27.3 minutes. Happy cooking, ladies!

*Mary Fanning, '53*

\* \* \*

From: *The Sunday Twilight Post*  
*Postscripts*

### RETURN

The weary world awaits the hush of night  
As setting suns display the close of day.  
Exultantly, I thrill to new delight  
When kindly stars shine forth to guide your way.  
My lonely, yearning heart, in search of peace  
Awaits your presence, dear, for sweet surcease.  
My memory-haunted mind turns to the past  
And garners laughing days we two have known.  
And, oh, when welcome footsteps sound at last  
My heart dons wings, and flies to you alone.  
One piercing fear destroys my perfect dream:  
If you bring a guest for supper, dear,  
I'll scream!

*Helen Docherty, '53*

\* \* \*



From *Good Housekeeper Magazine*  
*Reupholstering Made Easy*

Are you satisfied with the present condition of your parlor? Do your children pull the extra stuffing from your overstuffed chair and use the springs for slingshots? Does hubby come home at night and twist your arm until you force Fido to put down his pipe and get off the only chair? If these problems are thorns in your side, weep no more. Dry your little beady eyes and read this article (if you cannot read run to your nearest air raid shelter and have the warden read it to you). I shall tell you how you can completely refurnish or repair your parlor. *The first step:* Rip the entire stuffing from every chair and sofa; that's right, all of it; but don't throw it away. Sweep it into a corner and later we will use it to give a new twist to the ceiling. *The second step:* Take your love seat (for those who don't have a love seat, you are out of luck. Better start re-stuffing) and saw off the legs. Now twist the legs so the feet point in instead of out: it's the rage in New York, pigeon-toed sofas. *Third step:* Collect all the milk caps you can find, and put them in paper bags. (This will form the basis of the new stuffing.) *Fourth step:* Line the bags up and between each bag place a spiraled railroad tie (these will form the springs). Bind the bags and ties together with tar-coated turkey legs. Now you are ready for the covering of the sofa. Saw one arm from the sofa to give it that casual air, and when sister has the boyfriend over it is easier to knock him over and pin him to the floor to get that proposal. Buy twenty-nine yards of roman-striped turkish toweling. Drape the toweling casually over the sofa and let the ends flow over the floor. (In a pinch this can substitute for a rug.)

Fasten the material to the sofa with fifteen inch steel spikes. These spikes can substitute as a hat rack. Add a drape of braided dog hair to the back of the sofa and voila! a startling new love seat! One to add dash to the room and reflect your own revolting personality. For new ideas on the rest of those old frames write for my free booklet with five thousand pages of illustrations on "Reupholstering Made Impossible". My booklet is entirely free to you. All you need to do is enclose \$19.73 to cover mailing cost.

*Maribeth Dumphy, '53*

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*From Today's Lady*

*Are Your Children Barbarians?*

Does little Bartley insist on wearing his football helmet to bed? Does little Meggie entertain her friends in your latest Dior gown? Does Gregory insist on making peepholes in the wall with his toy screwdriver?

Oh modern mother, if your children perform these or other juvenile feats, you're in for trouble! They are started on the long road to utter irresponsibility and savagery. Dr. Leonard Goonfaddle, noted child psychologist, offers this advice:

"Train your children from birth. Teach each one a different language from his earliest days, and when your little darlings are able to articulate, they will converse in different languages and be unable to understand one another. This will prevent squabbles and vituperation. Give them constructive playthings. Once a week, cook a massive heap of mashed potatoes and conduct a sculpturing contest. Let the prize be an intellectual one; perhaps a book of basic Chinese. Your two year

old son won't appreciate it now, but it will be one of his dearest possessions when he gets older. Teach your offspring to be cosmopolitan. Once in a while, give them a gala Spanish supper, and allow them to eat their enchiladas with castanets instead of forks. Or perhaps an Indian feast will delight them, where, dressed in festive deerskins, they will be permitted to pound their own corn at table. Lastly, do not paper your living room walls. Supply your small sons with paint and brushes, and let them express themselves on plaster. This will be doubly advantageous: You will be spared the expense of wallpapering; and the paintings will guide you in understanding the childish but profound thoughts of your children."

*Jeanne Burgeois, '52*

## CURRENT BOOKS

*God and Man at Yale.* By William Buckely, Jr. Henry Regnery Company; Chicago. 1951. 235 pages.

*God and Man at Yale* is an exposé of the philosophical and religious attitudes fostered in general at Yale University, a collection of the author's opinion about them, and a demand that they should change.

Mr. Buckely says in his preface, that his purpose is to show that at Yale, the customer (that is, the trustees, and the parents of students, who foot the expenses of the college) is not getting what he pays for, since the customer at Yale is Christian in his outlook, individualist in his economy, while he pays for an education which is predominantly anti-Christian or indifferentist, and collectivist as to economic theories. William Buckely's further purpose in exposing



Yale's troubles to the world, is to indicate that if this is the case at one of the most conservative institutions of learning in America, the situation is probably worse in colleges throughout the country.

In general, each department of the undergraduate school is fully discussed. Particular professors are singled out as teaching from an indifferent or anti-Christian point of view, textbooks are analyzed. Special attention is paid the religion and economics departments, and the same compliment extends to their professors and texts.

Mr. Buckely's conclusions are that the average student who graduates from Yale has developed no positive interest in religion, and may have lost what he had before coming to the University; that the average student furthermore goes out with collectivist economic theories. He makes his points well, and in general draws no conclusions without proof that is quoted in full. Perhaps proofs are too complete: individual professors are attacked, particular lectures are torn to shreds under Mr. Buckely's sharp dissecting knife. This has provoked a controversy in which the question is no longer, who is right or wrong, but who is going to apologize for hurt feelings.

Certainly William Buckely has an excellent idea in subjecting universities to a critical inspection of what is being taught in the name of education. But his point of view, that the harm is great only if the trustees object, is weak. Anti-Christian teachings attack truth, and the only grounds for attacking *them* should be truth.

Further, Mr. Buckely defeats his own purpose of raising general alarm, by confining his study to one institution. In the preface, he apologizes for that, saying that the ideal would be an exhaustive survey of the same factors of all

major American colleges and universities, and giving for excuse the urgent need for his information to reach the public. That he is aware of his error does not mitigate it. Many people will be offended by so recent a graduate's attacking the university which taught him the better part of what he knows.

At least, this is a sincere young man, who writes in an incisive style well-adapted to his analytical work.

Marion Misch, '52

*Saint Augustine, Letters.* Volume I. Translated by Sister Wilfred Parsons, S.N.D. New York: Fathers of the Church, Inc., 1951. 420 pages.

Now, for the first time, all the extant letters of the great African saint, Augustine, have been gathered together in an English translation to be published in four volumes. The letters have been translated into vigorous English by Sister Wilfred, Head of the Latin Department at Emmanuel College. Sister Wilfred's first volume is the twelfth in a series entitled *The Fathers of the Church*, which has for its aim a more widespread knowledge of the great writers of the early Church. This aim is to be fulfilled by translations which are pleasant reading, as well as valuable source-material, and Sister Wilfred has fully recognized this aim in her rendering of the letters of the author of *The City of God* and *Confessions*.

Letters in the fourth century were not slipped into envelopes and deposited in the nearest mail box. Very formal epistles were written on parchment, but for the more informal letters papyrus, rolled or folded flat like a packet, was used. Letters were carried by travelers and sometimes went over a long and circuitous route before they reached their destination. A misunderstanding occurred between



Saint Augustine and Saint Jerome, when a letter from the former failed to reach Jerome in Bethlehem, but, through the carelessness of the carrier, was circulated around Italy and read by many people there. The length of the letter depended upon the length of time remaining before a traveler's departure, and Saint Augustine often apologizes for a brief letter by explaining that the courier is in great haste.

From Saint Augustine's correspondence, both to and from his many acquaintances, we see suddenly spread before us a broad panorama of the Church at the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth. This is a Church whose members include a great number of converts with a boundless enthusiasm for Christ and His teachings, and a great desire for the conversion of all those who are not yet Christians. Sometimes the enthusiasm of the newly converted presented a problem, as in the case of Publicola, who begs Augustine as Bishop of Hippo to settle his difficulties. Publicola is concerned about such questions as whether a Christian, when he is offered meat which has been offered to idols, commits a sin in eating it, even though he is not aware of its idolatrous consecration. Also, Publicola wonders if it is sinful for a starving Christian pilgrim to take food which he finds placed before an idol, when he is not sure that the food has been consecrated to the idol. Saint Augustine carefully and kindly explains away these scruples in his letter to Publicola. Sister Wilfred explains in a note that Publicola's knowledge of Latin was limited, and his constructions awkward, and her rendering of his earnest but painfully forced sentences is amusing.

In the pages of the *Letters* come to life such varied persons as the saintly couple Paulinus and Theresia, who had given up all their wealth to live a humble Christian life, and the young reprobate, Licentious, who wrote a long and imitative poem to Augustine, and is reproved by the saint for not be-



coming a Christian in these words: "Where shall I find a tongue of gold and a heart of steel?". Many of the letters show Augustine in his long and difficult fight against the schismatic Donatist sect.

Though only the first volume has been published to date, Sister Wilfred has completed three-quarters of her task, having finished three out of the four prospective volumes. From the description in her comprehensive introduction of some of the letters to come, it is sure that the following volumes will be as captivating as the first. Sister Wilfred's English style is zestful and clear. It is fortunate that Saint Augustine has so sympathetic a translator.

*Marie Sally, '52*

*The Abbe Edgeworth.* By Mildred Violet Woodgate. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 200 pages. \$2.50.

Perhaps there is no better way to probe into the true fiber of a man and the times in which he lived than to examine his personal letters and memoirs. It is this method which Mildred Woodgate uses to reveal the fascinating life story of the Abbe Edgeworth and the turbulent years preceding and following the French Revolution. This stormy, chaotic period provides a dynamic setting for this historical biography. The subject's life, from his early childhood spent in persecuted Ireland, to his years as the private friend and confessor of Madame Elizabeth, sister of King Louis XVI, his subsequent escapes from the ravenous guillotine, his perilous departure to England and his role as chaplain to Louis XVIII, all combine to give the reader both historical facts and genuine reading enjoyment.

Miss Woodgate, having travelled extensively in France, and possessing an avid interest in French culture, society, and history proves herself more than adequately qualified to

write accurately and unbiasedly on the romantic life and times of Abbe Edgeworth. Her purpose is evident: to bring to the fore an obscure, overlooked figure in French history. She has succeeded admirably in her endeavor.

The completely detached view which Miss Woodgate evinces in her portrayal and presentation adds immeasurably to its worth both as a biography and as a guide to the spirit of the times. She chooses simply to give the public the facts. There are no reams of flowery embellishments to page through and thus sidetrack the reader from the main point of interest. Miss Woodgate treats her subject from a purely objective viewpoint.

Miss Woodgate has achieved an artistic balance of history, romance, and biography in the *Abbe Edgeworth*. There is a certain magic and charm in her work; not the charm or delight one might derive from a current novel or detective thriller, but the magic of witnessing history being acted out by people who actually lived these events in reality.

The Abbe Edgeworth's story is inspiring not only for its historical worth but because it portrays the life of a humble priest who sacrificed his own position of honor, his own personal ambitions and aspirations to place higher those of his fellowman, and his monarch.

Mary K. Burke, '53

*The Stork and the Jewels*. By Raymond Leopold Bruckberger, Dominican. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1951.

*The Stork and the Jewels* is in Father Bruckberger's own estimation a parable; and for its timelessness, the simplicity that is the mark of its profundity, and the universal beauty of its theme, the tale is indeed a parable. But it has just



enough of the fairytale touch to give it an appeal to the romantic and the young that it might otherwise lack.

The story is a simple, flowing narrative of the adventures of a boy and a stork, who is the eventual shaper of his destiny. The characters are few, but skillfully drawn so as to retain their personalities and at the same time keep their symbolism completely evident. It is always a difficult task to portray a child well, but Father Bruckberger's keen perception of the child's soul is particularly evident in his characterization of the "boy" and his childlike love of animals. Yet he has not limited himself entirely to the young, but has traced knowingly and skillfully the boy's growth into manhood with all its idealism and temptations.

There is, oddly enough, only one character in the short narrative with a proper name—Matilda, the boy's childhood acquaintance, and the designing woman in his young manhood. What first appears strange, actually adds to the force of the plot, since Matilda is the symbol of all the narrowing things of earth that are temptations against the Will of God. The only concretely named character represents the concrete materialism that defies the Holy Ghost.

It is a tribute to Father Bruckberger's Christianity that he can weave a modern fairy-tale, replete with a fairy-princess and a secret destiny of love after the pattern of Grimm, with the personified animals of La Fontaine, and the desert tribesman of a new Ali Baba, yet never lose his essential theme from the book of Deuteronomy, that makes the story a distinctly Christian parable:

As an eagle that stirreth up her nest,  
That fluttereth over her young,  
He spread abroad his wings, he took them,  
He bare them on his pinions.  
Jehovah alone did lead him,  
And there was no foreign God with him. 32:11-12.



The blend of fairy-tale mystery with realism, the Christianizing of the pagan elements that mar so many great fables, and the power of the symbolism that receives its power from what it has left unsaid, combine to give *The Stork and The Jewels* a universal appeal and depth that is faintly reminiscent of the parables of Our Lord.

Mr. Lauck's translation is well done since it captures both the thought and the enchantment that characterizes Father's style without becoming in any way stilted or cramped.

There is a need for Christian fairy tales for the young mind especially; yet there is also a need for the older intellectuals to return to the simplicity of ideal that is found in the depths of the parables of Christ. In the *Seven Miracles of Gubbio* that is almost classic, Father Bruckberger began such a work. It is our hope that he continues to produce his legends that we may have a Christian Aesop for posterity.

Mary E. Gorman, '53

*Sketch Me, Berta Hummel.* By Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, O.S.F. Indiana: The Abbey Press, 1951. 94 pp. \$3.00.

In the preface to *Sketch Me, Berta Hummel*, Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, O.S.F., states that her purpose in writing the life story of Sister Maria Innocentia, better known as Berta Hummel, was to teach people to have a deeper appreciation for Berta's simple yet captivating and inspiring art. The book was difficult to write owing to the many impediments that hindered Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, O.S.F., but by careful investigation of first-hand evidence from Sister Maria Innocentia's Religious Superiors, immediate relations, teachers, and close friends, Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand,

O.S.F., was able to give a concise and inspiring biography of the life of this noted contemporary artist.

With great enjoyment the reader learns of the peaceful and happy life Berta Hummel spent as a child. Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, O.S.F., in her simple style, tells of Berta's schooldays and eagerness to perfect her talent. Berta often entertained her friends by sketching their likenesses on paper, and many entertaining incidents are related of the harmless pranks Berta played on her friends through her sketches.

At the Munich Art Academy, Berta achieved high honors and was fast becoming world famous for the touching simplicity of her sketches, when she decided to dedicate her life to Religion. The influences of her new life on her art were many, and the section of the book dealing with this phase of Berta's life is, if possible, even more enjoyable and uplifting than the preceding sections. The story reaches its climax with a very poignant description of Berta's death.

The background of the book is brilliant with minute pictures of Berta's homeland, with detailed descriptions of her parents and friends, and with excellent explanations of her drawings and figurines.

*Sketch Me, Berta Hummel* is more than just a biography of a contemporary artist who gave up a worldly career to become a nun. It is the inspiring record of a woman who developed and used her God-given talent to produce universally fine art for the further glorification of her Lord.

Mary J. McGonagle, '53

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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



## SECOND FIDDLE

*Ione Malloy, '53*

DOWN the labyrinthine way of my life, ever since I was ten years old, the avenging violin, fit retribution to my pride, has pursued me.

In defense of myself I can say that I never really did want to play the violin. The possibilities for harmony, counterpoint, fuller and richer tones, and, incidentally, the social prestige which the piano offered, were much more attractive to me. In addition, I lacked the temperament so intrinsically necessary to the aspiring violinist: I didn't like to be alone.

Long and laborious hours of practicing scales were no effort to me. After I had played an exercise through several times, the whole seemed to vibrate with the beauty and proportion of a masterpiece. When the etude centered on flats or minor tones, I gripped my violin tighter under my chin and, with quavering vibration drained from the printed exercise a depth of sorrow. But it was the bodyless tragedy of the single tone unaccompanied by harmony that finally broke my spirit. The deep, sad tones heightened my loneliness, and made me long for my fellow man.

Even when I was ten I know I felt this way; for, of all other closet-skeletons which are most hilariously introduced under the most uncomfortable circumstances, my younger brother delights in telling of the times when I drew him aside to my practice chamber and, bribing him with a dish of peaches to which I had no more right than he, persuaded him to sit with me while I played.

When I was older, and my brother a little wiser, I discovered one day a new recourse as I was sitting at the bottom of my bed with my exercise book propped up on the vanity before me. Looking up once rather melancholily from my music to the emptiness of the room about, I chanced to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Never before nor since have I looked upon myself with so much pleasure. My reflection was to me then like the discovery of a familiar personage in a Miltonic mythological simile; like one lone light blooming in the darkness; like the way Adam, all alone on the earth, must have felt when God created Eve. Ever after my discovery I didn't mind the lonely quality of the single tone. And, as a motherless six-weeks old kitten will purringly curl up against a fur mitten as a substitute for its mother, so I seemed to derive a certain comfort from my own shadowy reflection in the mirror.

The very hallway of the room, the very position in which my mother and I were standing when we reached our decision about the violin, is impressed on my mind. Mother stood against the banister-railing and, in the calm voice she uses to ask such trifles as "Why don't you arrange all your courses at school in the morning, so you can mind the house in the afternoon?" or "Why don't you drop English and take something practical like shorthand?" she asked: "Would you like to take violin lessons?" The following morning, with my lunch bag and twenty-five cents in hand, I set out for school on my career as a violinist.

The teacher, Miss Ray, was a very fashionable person. Her hair was thin and graying, but scrupulously frizzed and welded into curls; her face was pretty and youngish, but rouged and greased with cold-cream. Unfortunately she took a greater interest in my personal appearance than in



my virtuosity. After many months, however, I did master the open strings. Several months passed, and I could play the scale on all four strings successively. And one day in June, ten other students and I stood on the platform of a vast assembly hall before a parents' audience and, after an introduction from Miss Ray, drew ten three-quarter bows across ten small-sized violins, in an attempt to play what collectively and summarily might have been distinguished as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

In due course of time I received several distinctions. In the sixth grade I was promoted to the orchestra whose honor it was to serenade the school as they marched into the assembly hall every Monday morning. In the front corner of the hall there was a victrola with several well-known marches, "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and Schubert's "Marche Militaire" which, I thought, would have brought the school much more spiritedly into the hall than our anguished tones. This matter was a real point of scrupulosity to me. But, I reflect now, the principal was probably trying to encourage the fine arts, as yet in their most primitive form.

The second honor I received was admittance, in the eighth grade, into the Junior Symphony Orchestra. Here there was ample comfort for me in the society of mankind, and I promptly became secretly devoted to a young second violinist. But, unfortunately, this romance came to a dismal end. One day I was kept after practice by the conductor until all the other students had gone. When I finally left the building, I discovered that the boy I liked was already at the car-stop, while a street-car was just coming into view. Anxious, in my dog-like devotion, to board the same street-car as he, I rushed down the hill and darted across the tracks,



almost underneath the wheels of the car. Frightened to an abrupt stop, the conductor snarled furiously at me, clanged his bell warningly, and passed righteously on without stopping. My swain, in angry revenge, fortified himself with snowballs and, aiming them at me, with swift thrusts dealt the death-blows to my love.

Thus I was shuffled or trundled through second-violin parts like a sack of potatoes for several years, meticulously putting in my eighth-note "um-bah" at the prescribed moment. The second-violin part, I was consoled, was very valuable to the orchestra because it gave balance and body to the whole. But my artistic talent was becoming cramped and thwarted from lack of exercise. My knowledge and love of music, evidenced by the fact that I spent skip-school days in music shops listening to records, had by now far exceeded my virtuosity. I had begun to understand the thought of a composition, not just the vague emotion it conveyed. The day, foretold by my elder brother several years before, had come: I now preferred concert music to "The Indian Love Call."

But, looking back, the more I have learned about music, the more unfathomable it has become to me. All the arts, literature, painting, sculpture, ballet, seem like second-nature to us. Michelangelo's statues are mighty in thought and execution; Rembrandt's paintings are deep in human compassion. So with the other arts; but they are all within our intellect's grasp. What is there in us that our souls should repose gratefully in a succession of ordered, modulated, harmonized tones? Is there any one faculty of the soul to which music especially appeals? Of all the arts, music appeals to that which is most godlike in us. "Music hath

charms," Shakespeare said; and that is about as far into the essence of music our intellect can go.

Yet, in contrast, music described in a concrete way, by adjectives such as "gay" or "thoughtful," or by comparing, for instance, a crescendo to "stretching an elastic band," has always been a deep source of pleasure to me. Music, thus, became a charming part of our everyday world. I have often found it interesting to think of what a gay, sprightly world we'd have if everyone became so suffused with the spirit of music that, instead of expressing his thoughts by animal or plant similes, he used the imagery of music. Once, I remember, I heard a conservatory student describe an abstract, philosophical day-dreamer as a "tri-tone." Upon my expressing surprise, she explained: "A tri-tone is a tone that of itself must be resolved, or leave a composition unfinished and unsatisfying." The Dominican "Et cum spiritu tuo," which ends on *ti* instead of the usual *do* would be, I think, a mild case in point.

My violin rests in a corner now, with the scornful words of a violin-maker of my long-ago-past hovering round its decaying form: "When you grow up, you'll be just like the rest of the women in the world. You'll marry, and that will be the end of your playing." I take my violin out sometimes, though, to accompany my father at the piano, or to teach my little sister some songs. They're both such an enthusiastic and appreciative audience that, just in their happiness, I have reward enough for all my suffering as second fiddle.

# HIERARCHY

Marion Misch, '52

*There's masterpiece in bees as they build wide  
Their intricate combs of wax to hold the store  
Of mellow honey. Each silken layer's side  
Presses to silken side by logical lore.  
Well, so with poets, and feelings they have sought  
To garner from the laden stalks of days,  
Then change by alchemy of love or thought  
To nourishing wealth, are stored in structured lays.  
But the poet's a man, who lives as well as sings.  
Now who's to count the merit of the money  
If couplets break, and art, for higher things,  
And life is fed on formless, spilled out honey?  
Blame not the bee devouring half his good,  
And wax is shattered to reveal the food.*

# DEATH IN CHRIST

Ione Malloy, '53

*The yawning, wet-mouthed earth sucked eagerly  
Against the soft and yielding frame; and Time  
With measured step inched forward, by degrees  
Devouring his prey, exulting: "Mine!"  
A stubble heap remains: no love can stun  
The crumbled body now. The seasons whine  
With lonely sway about the grave. Yet One  
Intones softly still: "You're Mine, all Mine."*



## DECISION

*Maribeth Dumphy, '53*

Sylvia Marseau had always been an obedient daughter, but then Mrs. Marseau was a woman who inspired or rather demanded obedience. Mr. Marseau died when Sylvia was still in her pre-teens. He had left Sylvia and her mother in comfortable circumstances, a six room home in the better section of Meridan, and a sizable income with enough for Sylvia's future education, which she never received. Sylvia very seldom got what she wanted. Mrs. Marseau always had an objection. When Sylvia was six she pleaded tearfully for a dog. Mrs. Marseau refused "to be nursemaid to a dirty flea-bitten mongrel." Sylvia accepted her mother's decree in heart-broken silence. When Sylvia was thirteen she wanted to have a party for all the girls in her class. Mrs. Marseau could not see why Sylvia wanted "to invite some of those common little foreigners to her home." Mrs. Marseau would not welcome to her home people beneath her social level. When Sylvia was seventeen she had wanted to go to college. Mrs. Marseau could find no logic in sending her daughter to college, spend hundreds of dollars on her education only to have her marry and let the education go to waste. Instead Sylvia attended business school for one year and went to work at eighteen.

Sylvia was now twenty-two. She was not what is commonly called a pretty girl although she had clear gray eyes and a cloud of blue-black hair framing her oval face. She was soft-spoken, shy.

Oh dear, Sylvia thought as she closed her desk for the

night, this is Tuesday night, another night at the movies with Roger. Last week it was Elizabeth Taylor in "A Place in the Sun." This week it will probably be a western.

"I hate westerns" she muttered.

"What'd you say honey?" The voice came from Jenny at the next desk.

"Oh—er nothing. Just thinking."

"Oh—h sign of money in the bank."

Sylvia gathered her hat and bag, and joined the parade of babbling girls to the street unobserved. She listened to whom Joisie is chasing; what Thelma said to Mary; what time Jimmy would call. Outside, Sylvia took a deep breath and continued to follow the parade around the corner to the bus stop.

Sylvia alighted from the bus at the corner of Mission and Salisbury Streets, walked half way up Mission Street and turned in at the white Cape-Cod cottage. Upon entering the house Sylvia was greeted with

"Is that you dear?"

"Yes mother."

Mrs. Marseau appeared from the kitchen wiping her hands on her flowered cotton apron.

"Roger called and said to be ready on time. Some Jeff Arnold is having a party. I have laid out your green taffeta dress. Better hurry dear. Your supper is all ready."

Promptly at eight Roger arrived in his '41 Ford. After a brief greeting to Mrs. Marseau and a briefer one to Sylvia they left for the party. During the drive to the party Sylvia noticed how confidently Roger handled the wheel. Roger did everything confidently. Perhaps too much . . .

"This Jeff Arnold is a grand fellow, Sylvia, you'll like him."



"I don't think I've ever met him. Have I?"

"No. He is someone new at the office. This will be a good opportunity for you to meet some people. You should really try to get out more and meet people, Sylvia dear."

Yes I should, she thought, but how? In that office where all you meet are bald-headed insurance agents? Where all the girls talk about are men, clothes, and the latest rage on the screen? No, those weren't the people she wanted to meet. She wanted to meet gay, exciting people, people who have travelled, people who have had adventurous experiences.

Roger parked the car outside a tall apartment block. They rode up to the eighth floor in the elevator. As soon as the elevator opened loud laughter and mixed voices announced the whereabouts of the party. The door was opened by a huge man in a gray pin-striped suit. He removed the cigar from his mouth, slapped Roger on the back,

"Hiya Rog old boy, come on in. Who is the girl? Not bad."

"Sylvia, this is Jeff Arnold, Sylvia Marseau."

Sylvia noticed as the man stared at her that his eyes had a slightly glassy stare.

"How do you do Mr. Arnold."

"Call me Jeff honey. Come on in and join the party. What do you like to drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Sylvia trying to slip away from the arm he had placed around her shoulders.

"Come on, have something. Don't be a prude."

"Take one and just hold it in your hand dear," whispered Roger.

"But I don't want one."

"Just hold it, you don't have to drink it" Roger insisted.



Before she could answer Jeff placed a highball in her hand. He turned to Roger and said,

"Com'ere a minute Rog I want you to meet someone."

"Excuse me Sylvia, I'll be right back," Roger threw over his shoulder as he followed Jeff.

With the drink still in her hand Sylvia edged along the wall to an unoccupied corner. Before she was halfway there a voice called above the din,

"Sylvy honey, I didn't know you were here. All by your lonesome?" Jenny came towards her at a slightly unsteady gait.

"I want you to meet someone Sylvy. He's all by his lonesome too, aren't you honey?"

She turned to address the young man she had safely fastened on her arm.

"This is Robert Cassini. Robert be pleased to meet Sylvy Marseau, my fellow slave at the office."

The young man inclined his head and in low clear tones said,

"How do you do, Miss Marseau?"

"How do you do," said Sylvia a little uneasy under the steady gaze of his thickly browed eyes.

"A—are you a friend of Mr. Arnold, Mr. Cassini?" she asked somewhat timidly.

"No, I came with a friend who has business relations with him. And you?"

"N—no I came with a friend too."

"Well then we are in the same boat. Terrible party isn't it?"

"Yes it is," laughed Sylvia.

From there they discussed parties they had been to, books, rising prices, the past war, the opening football season.

"Oh dear! it's eleven-thirty already," cried Sylvia, "I didn't realize it was so late. I really enjoyed our talk Mr. Cassini, I mean Robert, I forgot."

"I can drive you home, my car is right outside."

"No thank you, I'll find Roger, he's the one I came with. Come to think of it where is he? Oh, there he is over there."

"Well, thank you so much for an enjoyable evening. I hope we meet again, in fact, I know we will."

There was that steady gaze of his again. It disturbed Sylvia more than she would admit. Here I am acting like a silly schoolgirl, she scolded herself, I've only met him a few hours ago. With a final good-bye she went in search of Roger who had disappeared again.

On the route home Roger began to upbraid Sylvia for spending the entire evening with "that man."

"Don't be silly Roger. I didn't know anyone else; and I didn't see you breaking your neck to pay any attention to me. You stayed in the other side of the room entertaining those two blonds."

"I couldn't get away. I tried to . . ."

"Let's consider the matter closed, shall we?"

The next day at five-thirty Sylvia emerged from the main entrance of the insurance building, fumbling in her purse for her carfare. She felt a jolt and the purse closed on her hand.

"Ow," she exclaimed.

"Excuse me — Why, Sylvia Marseau, what a pleasant surprise!"

Sylvia looked up into the dark lean face of Robert Cassini.

"Why hello, what are you doing here?"

"Well, I might as well confess," he smiled sheepishly,

"Jenny told me where your office was and I was just on my way up to ask you to have dinner with me."

"Oh no, I can't. I—uh" Sylvia groped blindly for an excuse.

"You might as well say yes, I'll hound you till you do," Robert said.

"I'll have to call my mother."

They headed into the lobby of the building to the public phone.

Oh dear, what will I tell mother, Sylvia thought, she will never understand nor approve.

"H—hello mother? This is Sylvia. Roger came to meet me, we are going out for dinner" she said. "Yes, I'll be home early."

Dinner with Robert became a weekly affair, then twice a week. Sylvia made sure Roger didn't call the night she was out with Robert. Mrs. Marseau received various excuses; dinner with Roger, with the girls at the office, working late, or any other Sylvia could think of on the spur of the moment. Sylvia would always steal silently up the stairs, past her mother's bedroom door. But, there was always her mother's voice calling, "Sylvia, is that you?"

Robert often took her to his home where his mother welcomed Sylvia with a wide smile and a warm "Hello Sylvia, mia cara Sylvia." Mrs. Cassini took great pride in her son Roberto who was the best bank teller in the United States. Then she would tell Sylvia cherished memories from Roberto's childhood. Robert would sit there, beamingly embarrassed.

Sylvia never asked Robert to her home. Although he often wondered why, he never pushed the matter. On May twenty-ninth, on the way home from dinner at his house,



Robert proposed to Sylvia. "I—I don't know Robert. I'll have to think about it," was Sylvia's answer. She thought the reception it would have when she announced the fact of her engagement to Robert to her mother.

"Take all the time you want dear, but don't take too long," Robert conceded.

When she arrived home Sylvia tiptoed to the stairs, as usual. Mrs. Marseau stepped from the parlor and stood between Sylvia and the stairs.

"Where have you been," Mrs. Marseau raged.

"Mother, I——."

"And, don't tell me out with Roger—because he called earlier. Why did you lie to me? Answer me," she demanded.

Slowly and falteringly, Sylvia told the whole story. When she had finished, Sylvia stood meekly waiting for the axe to fall.

"Marry him! Marry him! You know how I feel about foreigners!"

"But mother, they are lovely peo——."

"I will hear no more about it. You will keep away from him. Do you hear? Keep away!"

Sylvia fled up the stairs.

The next morning, Mrs. Marseau called Sylvia's office and said Sylvia was ill and would not be in to work for a few days. The following nights the phone rang sharply at seven. Mrs. Marseau answered all calls, saying Sylvia was not at home.

A week later, Sylvia returned to work, more quiet than ever, speaking to no one. As she turned the corner for the bus that night, she caught sight of Robert coming towards her. Quickly she turned in the opposite direction, but it was too late. He had seen her.

"Sylvia! Sylvia, wait a minute!"

Robert caught up with her in a matter of seconds.

"Where have you been for the past week? I've called every night, but you were never home. I even tried the office but they told me you were out sick. What is it?"

"Oh Robert," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. He took her in a back booth. There she poured out her story between sobs. When she had finished, Robert again took her firmly by the arm and guided her down the street to his car.

"We'll have this out right now."

"What are you going to do Robert?" she said, half afraid.

"I am taking you home now, and I am going to have a talk with your mother."

"No, no, Robert—you mustn't. You don't know mother."

In spite of her pleading, he drove her straight home, climbed out of the car with her, and rang the door bell. Mrs. Manseau looked at him and said, "Well."

"How do you do Mrs. Marseau. I am Robert Cassini."

"Oh, I see."

"Mother, I didn't want him to c—."

"Never mind Sylvia. He is here now. Come in Mr. Cassini."

"Sit down Mr. Cassini. What can I do for you?"

"You know what I am here for. I want to marry Sylvia."

Mrs. Marseau, without turning her head addressed Sylvia.

"You had better leave the room Sylvia."

"Stay Sylvia, you are primarily concerned," said Robert.

"I said, leave the room Sylvia, and close the door."

Sylvia hesitated, then rose and left the room.

She waited in the hall, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes,

thirty minutes. Then, the door opened and Mrs. Marseau's voice called,

"Come in dear. Mr. Cassini is just leaving."

"I am not leaving without Sylvia," came the reply.

Robert said gently, "Sylvia, your mother and I do not see eye to eye, and we never will."

"You must make your choice Sylvia—your mother or me. You can't have both."

"You can't have both" echoed and re-echoed in her ears.

"Don't force me to make a decision, please Robert!" she cried almost hysterically.

"You must."

The room was silent except for Sylvia's sobs. Shadows crept silently into the room as if to listen to her decision.

Mrs. Marseau turned suddenly, kind eyes upon her daughter,

"Sylvia dear—you can't leave me now. I need you. I need you Sylvia. Don't leave me. I am all alone in the world. What would I do without you?"

Sylvia turned toward her mother, her mouth slightly open, as if to speak. Then she closed it.

"Darling," pleaded Robert, "This is your choice, but let me say this, I can't promise you wealth, comfort and easy living for the rest of your life, but I can promise you this—love, devotion and freedom. Do you understand? Freedom to make up your own mind, use your own judgment. Can't you see what she has done to you? She has lived your life for you,—told you where to go, what to do, made up your mind for you. Now is your only chance for escape. If she succeeds now, she will always . . . "

"Stop it! stop it!" cried Sylvia.



"Oh Robert, I love you, but . . . " she started to run to him.

"Sylvia!" cried her angry and astonished mother.

"It's true! It's true! I have no mind of my own! And I can't start now. It's too late. It's too late."

She fled from the room and up the stairs. Mrs. Marseau gave Robert a triumphant glance and left the room. Robert turned slowly toward the door, opened it, then closed it—cutting off Sylvia's muffled sobs.

## WANDERER

*Jeanne Burgeois, '52*

*You saw my house through rain of windswept night,  
Oasis in the stony, mud splashed mile,  
And knocking at the guarding oak you asked  
To just come in and warm your hands a while.*

*You eased back in my chair and stretched your legs,  
And blew your pipe smoke at the musty air,  
Then each small breath you breathed filled all the room,  
And seemed to sing a silent love-song there.*

*Daylight: To the waiting road you went  
To life, to death, with stoic, placid trust,  
And left me snug and safe with glowing ash,  
A rumpled rug and footprint in the dust.*

# MY MYOPIA

*Helen Docherty, '53*

THERE are actually some people who pity me. They walk past me superciliously, measure my lenses at a glance and conclude, with an air of condescending pity that I must be almost blind. You see, I wear glasses, horn-rimmed, thick-lensed spectacles which most people consider a handicap. On the contrary, I consider them an inestimable boon. In this modern age of schizophrenics and dual personalities I might be inclined to think of myself as a misfit were it not for my glasses. But I, too, lead a double life. Men may drown off Utopia but I have a round trip ticket to a wonderland of my own: Myopia, thanks to the possession of a pair of glasses.

At the tender age of ten I first suspected that I was not "as the rest of men." My arithmetic mark plummeted to an all-time low and since everyone realized that I was an unusually brilliant child, my scholastic plight was blamed on (of all things!) faulty teaching methods. However, the day that I quarterbacked the "Devilish Demons" to a smashing 64-0 defeat I, and everybody else on the team realized what was wrong. I protested weakly that the ball had shrunk in the rain or that our opponents had slipped a baseball into play while I was giving the signals, but the fact of the matter remained: I could not see the ball! My teammates reported the situation to my mother, and the next day I stood trembling with fear and trepidation in the office of a formidable optometrist (eye-doctor to my more plebeian readers) who promptly decided that "My right eye was a very good little eye but my left eye loved to



roam;" saddled me with two pint-sized window frames encased in silver (horror of horrors!) rims and enrolled me in the ranks of those suffering from the affliction of the near-sighted, Myopia.

I shall never quite forget the first day that I put on my new glasses. It was a bit disconcerting to survey my face in the mirror now that some light had been thrown on the situation. Never before did I realize the full extent of the myriad freckles that dappled its exterior like the little dots on the population maps in our geography books. Not even Japan with its teeming multitudes could surpass the covered area of my face. My freckles had always appeared to be little brown blotches patched on a face that was commonly so mud-spattered that they would not be noticed anyway but, then, each freckle stood out in its individual and hideous splendor. It was positively revolting and it occurred to me for the first time that other people might think so, too. I would not stand for it. I could not and would not look like that! I would not wear those monstrosities! Ten years old and already my social life was ruined, ruined. Ah! The cruelty of it! Mother listened quite patiently as I ranted and raged, nevertheless I set out for school the next day armed with my new weapon for warding off the onslaughts of Myopia, that insidious disease which forms a veil of mist before the eyes, at any point more than a distance of from five to ten inches from an object.

Life suddenly assumed a fresh interest with the introduction of these optical devices into my existence. Contrary to my most dire expectation I became not the object of scorn but of awe to my classmates. As I look back upon the situation from a more mature angle I realize now that our youth was spent in that period of the dark ages, B. T. (before



Television) and not one of the other fifth graders was lucky enough to be so near sighted as I was. Hopalong Cassidy eyestrain is so prevalent in our day that most children who must wear eye supplements do not experience the triumph that I knew, because their position is so widely shared by their classmates. Of course we of the grammar school had all boasted at one time or another of the magnitude of our swollen chin with the onslaught of the mumps or the redness of our blotches when we were ravaged by scarlet fever, but our vaunting had lost some of its prestige because this quarantine had prevented the exhibition of our state. But I had contracted a peculiar malady, the signs of which, my glasses, were there for all to see and admire. My marks soared to stratospheric heights, and my classmates soon began to suspect a magic power about these strange optical devices. I enjoyed the apotheosis no end until irate parents, plagued by their children's demands for glasses, yielded to their strange pleas and three quarters of the class turned up with shining spectacles to dim my former glory.

The first momentous decision with which life confronted me occurred in my fifteenth year—in the form of my first date. To wear or not to wear the glasses: that was the question! Whether 'twere nobler to keep them on and save my escort the embarrassment of piloting me about, or to leave them at home and satisfy my girlish pride by enhancing my girlish beauty. Numerous trips to the mirror, with and without my instruments of torture, decided the issue—I groped my way to the party minus the glasses. On that occasion I first learned to cherish the hostess who chose an orange dress, or sported a flame-colored scarf for the evening. I have since found that at informal gatherings my eyes, "in a fine frenzy rolling", frantically single out the most startling object in view and I launch out after it like

a ship sailing majestically into port. I once spent half the night conversing with a stuffed parrot until some kind soul informed me of my error. It was the first object that attracted my attention, but I should have suspected something when the discussion was entirely one-sided—but then one never can tell about these college men: they're so acquiescent! I am sure that I lost innumerable friends at that first soiree simply because I failed to acknowledge their greetings, greetings which I could not see. I weathered the evening quite well though, since my escort was much more sensible than I—he wore *his* glasses.

Myopia, the lord of mists and fogs, has compensations for the aesthetic among its citizens. For those who will doff their glasses on a summer's day, it unfolds a panorama, the splendor of which is unrivalled by the art masters of the world. Sapphire, indigo, vermilion, all flower hues blend and commingle in a maze of clustered colors. In Myopia, one learns to identify himself with a great whole rather than to be continually distracted by the parts.

We of the myopic land are not an altogether clannish group: we welcome novices to our midst, and have even been known to chart a course for those who seek refuge in our fuzzy realms. The road is a fairly straight one, and it runs like this.

Finish the five pairs of argyle socks begun over a seven year period, watch television at least seven hours a day, attend the movies at least eight times a week, board a bus for California, and read *Crime and Punishment* (in the original, of course) all the way, and oh yes . . . if all else fails, studying three or four hours a day might prove helpful. Just follow this simple road, and I'll be seeing you in Myopia. Oh! Excuse me—I almost forgot: I won't really be *seeing* you. I won't have my glasses on.



# THOUGHTS OF AN ENGLISH MAJOR: ON COMPREHENSION

*Jeanne Burgeois, '52*

*I watch the birds,  
I smell the flowers,  
I long to waste  
The springtime hours.  
But Dante keeps me  
Close in thrall  
As o'er Ravenna  
Black crows fly,  
And Milton's organ—  
Sounding lines  
To page on page  
Hold fast my eye.  
Browning's duchess  
(Long since dead)  
Strolls in rhythm  
Through my head, and  
Hopkins's poem on  
Springtime beauty  
Makes me crave  
Surcease from duty.  
Chaucer, Shakespeare,  
Every poet  
Keeps out spring  
And don't I know it!*



We, the Ethos editors 1951-1952,  
present a selection of poems taken  
from the college magazine, 1927 to  
1951, as a commemorative tribute  
in honor of the Silver Anniversary  
of The Ethos

## BOOK COVERS

Mary J. Fowler, '27

*The cover's red? I think I'll find  
Within these pages war and strife,  
The heights of love, the depths of hate,  
Not many smiles, but much of life.*

*A cover brown,—this book is bright  
And mellow, like the harvest moon.  
It tells of hearth-fires, autumn woods,  
Of sparkling wine, and witching tune.*

*A cover blue,—this book should tell  
How faith lived on through passing years;  
Of loyalty that's deep and fine  
Of smiles, of love, perhaps of tears.*

## WAYS AND MEANS

Kathleen Morley Rogers, '29

*There's a way that is awkward to do it,  
And a way of breath-taking ease;  
Cities tower upward toward heaven—  
And trees!*

## WAITING

*Anne McNamara, '30*

*When fated France awaited that dread day  
On which an outraged people would be lord,  
When sin-crazed nobles weakly rose to stay  
The lifted blade of rampant freedom's sword,  
When all the world watched fearfully to see  
The wrath of God that surely was to be,  
The smile of God came down to Cuvilly.*

*A little band of black-robed women there  
Saw love entranced, as faith and hope revealed  
A world-wide army, wed to work and prayer,  
Girding fair youth for life's red battlefield.  
Today another world but waits to see  
Another smile of God that is to be—  
The smile of God that names a Saint Julie.*

## SPRING FEVER

*Helen Foley, '31*

*The restless wind is here again  
A-rustling,  
Currying favors with the trees  
By whispering  
Of summer suns, and new green leaves,  
And afternoons to spend at ease  
Beneath a cool grey rain;  
Of flower-scents and slumb'rous bees,  
The ardor of advancing seas  
Of grass, and on a startled breeze  
The flash of butterflies.  
It sets a madness in the trees  
Wind-whispering,  
And mortals catch a dread disease  
By listening.*



# LAUGHTER

*Gertrude Collins, '38*

*There is laughter  
Like silver-colored glass  
Steel-edged and sharp.  
Laughter shattering  
Into a thousand pieces.*

*There is laughter  
Like mellow, golden light,  
Deep-hushed and happy.  
Laughter singing  
Songs by candle flame.*

*There is laughter  
Like a hollow reed  
Brittle with autumn.  
Laughter echoing  
Shrill November winds.*

# DISENCHANTMENT

*Mary Dowcett, '38*

*I love the gleaming treasures of the tide;  
They lie so bright within the pools of jade,  
Some rich rare lace in royal purple dyed  
Some gems of blue on dusted silver laid;  
But I draw near, the shining lights all fade.  
A spray of star-struck ocean splashes the land.  
But my human touch of fairy stuff has made  
The lace mere weeds—the silver dust mere sand,  
And worst of all the gems just pebbles in my hand.*

# OUR LADY

TO AN INARTICULATE POET

*Clare Stanton, '40*

*"Beauty with you must silent be,  
Wedded with still simplicity;  
Silences strange and burning hide  
The beautiful welter of thoughts inside.*

*I, too, have known the still, unheard,  
Exquisite burden of a Word;  
Secret and inward and apart,  
Strange, voiceless Beauty beneath my heart."*

# REVERBERATION

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

*Summer sky shadowed, bright the flame  
Of love, of youth, of song;  
No cloud could linger long  
With unveiled dreams—then lightning came,*

*Gored storm-gloom with flame gash,  
Tore the sky,  
Vanished quicker than the eye  
Could follow the jagged flash.*

*Groan-echo roared from heaven's heart,  
Shook in wrath  
The depths of trembling earth; no path  
Laid bare to sight; soul-shaking part*

*Of tempest agony. The stab of pain  
Short, sharp, swift, but briefly shows the stain—  
Earth-shaking sorrow thoughts unseen remain.*

## WIND MAGIC

Marion C. Drew, '44

*Sculptor of Winter, caresser of Spring,  
Summer's breeze, Autumn's tease . . .*

*Hark while I sing.*

*Leap o'er the mountain, measure the moon,  
Dance by the fountain, there Pan pipes a tune;  
Rush down the hillside, and sing to the sea,  
Come for a mill ride, a jig o'er the lea.*

*It rains: sit and laugh in the boughs of a tree,  
Ripple glass panes with a light melody.*

*It storms: quell your protest, rebellion, disgrace,  
Why flaunt your temper in Dame Nature's face?  
At night, run and hide, softly chat with the stars,  
Go for a ride on comet-tail cars.*

*Lo, day! see it dawn, there's work to be done;  
Rest on a tree-top and welcome the sun.*

*Ab, Aeolus, Aeolus, this query forgive . . .*

*You who blow everywhere—where do you live?*

## CONSTANCY

Irene Gwynn, '44

*When Mars, the bellicose, has blown last post  
And your return, my dear, is near at hand,  
Of all my longing thoughts, the uppermost  
Will be, is he the same. By mute command  
My eager eyes will seek once more the host  
Of notes which linked the miles from land to land,  
And there by words upon each page, your pen  
Will re-create your own dear self again.*



## NOSTALGIC AT TWENTY

*Barbara Foote, '44*

*The morn came swift on russet feet  
Over the marsh  
Dispelling the harsh  
Gray fog, which wisped itself away.*

*I thought of a dawn long ago  
When we stealthily crept  
While everyone slept  
To await the cool dayspring, at shore of the sea.*

*I heard your voice in the whip of the wind,  
I remembered the thrill  
Of your message still,  
And the touch of your hand.*

*Now morning has flown, the day is full-blown.  
Nostalgic at twenty—  
Amidst Autumn beauty  
I'm lonely . . . alone.*

*The sun in his going yet lingered o'er swamps  
Till saffron they turned  
And finally burned  
Dull brown.  
Lo! in panoplied glory, he's gone!*

## LONGING

Mary Ziegler, '45

*Velvet petals, white cascade—  
I dream within the fragrant shade  
Of hawthorne hedge. On darting wings  
An oriole flashes in the sun;  
Now from afar, faint trilling, one  
Lone meadow-lark his matins sings.*

*Wistful I gaze—far hills lift high  
Larch-crested fingers to the sky.  
Oh, I would give the blue above,  
The mead, the songs, the blossomings  
Of countless morns, of countless springs  
Once more to touch your hand, my Love!*

## CONTRASTS

Laure Thibert, '48

*Swiftly  
as fawn will flee  
the stirring  
tree,  
sharply  
as wind will tear  
the ripened bloom,  
softly  
as snow will lie  
muted,  
in sea,  
the heart breaks.  
Slowly  
as sap will flow  
through frozen  
maple-veins,  
the heart heals.*

# LONELINESS

*Laure Thibert, '48*

*I wanted you to see the sunlight  
On the wall. So often  
I had told you of the growing way  
It climbed the hearth at four o'clock.  
"Ivy from an enchanted land; a golden waterfall,  
Perhaps. You'll have to see—"*

*"I'll come for tea."  
You promised faithfully.*

*I spread my whitest cloth,  
And watched the room  
Turn gold; sunlight caught in the cups  
Like shining fish;  
Racing along the slippery spoons; spilling;  
Spreading like golden mercury  
Upon the rug; touching the hearth,  
—And then  
Smoothing and smoothing  
The folds of my green dress,  
I heard my own breath waiting.  
I wanted you to see the sunlight on the wall—*

*The kettle has boiled dry.  
Outside, the crickets cry.*



## DAWN

Miriam R. Hingston, '50

*A bird picks up the overture  
Bugling its melody sudden, clear  
Through the dusky theatre hushed and still,  
And the world leans forward and wills to hear,  
As footlights glow on an eastern hill.*

*The houselights pale, and the waiting wind  
Draws back the tall grey curtain of night,  
Like the swift, tense turning of a page,  
—A rush of music, a flood of light—  
And the dazzling actor bursts on the stage.*

## INARTICULATE

Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51

*So much, so much to say . . .  
So little said.  
Elusive as the sea to childhood pails  
That seek to prison might  
In merest measurings.  
A sweep of sanded coast . . .  
My fingers cup  
That, eager, I may bring  
It all for you  
To see its breadth  
And know its strands.  
But here it lies  
Between my hands . . .  
Still cool, still, mute,  
Still only sand.*

# THE RETURN

*Marjorie Donovan, '53*

IT WAS a windy, rainy November night in the small coastal town of Midville in 18—. The fog was beginning to rise from the marshes, and to overshadow everything with its mist. The fog horn sounded its low, doleful sound far out to sea. It was one of those nights that a person is more content to be in his warm house than abroad in the formidable blackness outside. But there was one person abroad on that misty, gloomy night. From out of the darkness, a figure was seen approaching the town on foot. And if one were closer, one could see that the figure was that of a hunchback.

If anyone of the natives had passed this solitary figure that night, he would have recognized Joe Gascier. After the death of his mother and father, Joe left Midville at the age of twenty, and became a juggler travelling through many towns. The only relative that he had was a sister in Midville. No one had heard from Joe, but he had very few friends anyway. The children called him the "ugly hunchback" when he was growing up, and the older people mostly ignored him. He early formed the habit of stealing which grew worse as he grew older. The name of Joe Gascier is now almost forgotten in the town of Midville. It is fifteen years since he left and Joe is returning in a desperate need for money.

Joe slowly made his way to a small house with a hedgerow in front. The sound of his knock on the door vibrated in the stillness of the night. The door opened, and a rough-looking man stood in the doorway. "Who are you and what

do you want at this time of night?" sounded the gruff voice of the man.

"My name is Joe Gascier, and I'm looking for my sister, Celia. She lives here."

"Not any more," said the man. "She and her husband sold me this house, and left Midville about two years ago." At this last remark he shut the door in Joe's face.

Joe trudged along the wet road. His clothes were dripping, and clung to his ugly body. His face took on a sinister appearance as the thought that so often depressed him came to him again. What good was he in this world? Having miserably plodded along for about a half a mile, he stopped at the sign reading Boar's Head Inn. This was an old inn that Joe knew from his youth. He decided to seek refuge here from the cruel world. He sought a corner out, and sat down to search his pockets for money. He had enough for a cup of coffee. He sat drinking the hot beverage, and soon took note of what the group of men in the inn were talking about.

One of them said, "Well, Bill, when I save enough money I'll buy a farm like yours."

Another said, "I guess that'll take ya quite a while. Ain't it a shame ya don't have money like that Nancy Chase. It would be an invalid's luck to be left so much money and not even usin' it. And she lives in that huge house on Drury Lane all by herself."

Joe had listened to this last conversation very attentively. After he finished his coffee, he got up and left. As he went out the door one of the men at the inn, who had noticed him, remarked, "I wonder where that hunchback came from. It's funny how people are so terrified of hunchbacks, when actually they're as harmless as you or I."



But if Joe had heard this remark, he would not have agreed. Because he had walked for miles, penniless and friendless, he could not help thinking about the cruel things that the world had done to him. And then, he became satisfied with the bad things that he had done during his life. Like a flash the thought came to him of stealing the invalid's money which the men at the inn had been talking about. He thought, I need money badly, and here is an easy way to get it. Stealing is nothing new to me, and an invalid can't do me any harm.

Before he realized it, Joe was at Drury Lane. He saw the big house looming high on top of a hill. He crept stealthily around the grounds, and peered in one of the lower windows. A plain looking living room with a small light burning met his searching eye. The house looked deserted. He turned the knob and the door sprung open. This was too good to be true. The only noise heard was the patter of rain on the windows. Joe immediately started to search the room for money.

"Looking for something?" sounded a voice in the stillness of the house.

Shocked by the voice, the hunchback turned and saw a young woman in a wheelchair in the doorway.

"You might have called when you came in," sounded the voice again. "I always leave the front door open for those who seek shelter."

Joe, too stunned to speak at the moment, just stood and stared. He saw before him a beautiful face, but a body crippled and deformed. Finally regaining his voice, Joe said in a harsh tone, "I'm not making a social call. I came looking for money."

The girl was silent for a moment. Then she added, "You

could have asked me for money. I am always ready to help those in need."

Surprised by this girl before him, Joe did not say anything for a while. He could not help noticing the plainness of the house. He thought to himself, if she is so rich, why doesn't she have beautiful clothes and servants?

The sound of the girl's voice again brought Joe back to the scene. "My name is Nancy Chase. What's yours? Sit down and dry off a bit. You must be wet from the rain. Please put some logs in the fireplace so that we can have a little fire."

Not being able to explain his attraction to this friendly girl, Joe went over and gathered logs for the fireplace. As he gathered logs the reason why he liked and obeyed this girl came to him. Here is the first person who has ever treated him decently. And imagine, a perfect stranger!

After he had started the fire, he sat down in a chair near it and faced Nancy. He knew that he had entered this house in order to commit a crime, but the idea was receding in his mind after meeting such a kind person. She is the first person who has not cringed at the sight of the ugly lump on my back reflected Joe.

"Please tell me about yourself," said Nancy after he was seated. "I get terribly lonesome in this big house, and love to have people talk to me."

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested in such an insignificant person as me," answered Joe curtly.

"Yes I would," insisted Nancy. "Tell me why you need money so much."

Unconscious of it at the time, Joe found himself retelling the unhappy story of his life.



"But haven't you any friends to turn to in your need, Joe?"

"Friends? What friends would a hunchback have? People just shun me. The only friend that I have is my shadow."

Nancy listened attentively to all that Joe said, and told him that his story sounded very much like her own. "We have much in common," she remarked. "You see, I have been an invalid all my life. I never could go out and play with the other children, but always had to stay inside. When I was young, my best friends were my books. But now that I am grownup my best friend is the best one that anyone in this world could have."

Now deeply interested in this frail girl, Joe asked, "Who is this friend?"

"God."

At this reply Joe shrugged his shoulders, and turned facing the fire so that the ugly growth on his back was plainly visible in the light.

"What's the matter, Joe? Don't you believe in God?"

"No, I don't," said Joe turning around again to face her. "Oh yes, I did when I was young, but not now. How could I believe that God knowingly created such an ugly example of humanity as myself?"

"That is the wrong attitude, Joe. You should pray to God to help you in this world."

"What good can prayer do? How can you believe in God when you have lived such a terrible existence in a wheelchair all your life? Nobody helps me; they just make fun of me. Every town that I enter I hear the same refrain: 'Look, there's a hunchback!' I become so angry that I would like to go and hide where no one could see me."

"Oh, Joe, I feel sorry for you. But you mustn't give up



the struggle. Whatever God does, He does for good and not for evil. You can't start feeling sorry for yourself because there are so many who are worse off than you. Just imagine yourself being blind and deaf in this world of so many beauties."

The housekeeper entered at that moment bringing an old faded blue shawl to Nancy. "I thought you might feel chilly, ma'am," she said.

"Thank you, Mirah. That's very kind of you."

Joe noticed the dilapidated clothes that Nancy wore. He could not help adding, "I thought that you were rich. Why don't you have all the fine things that money can buy?"

"Well, you see, Joe, money and the fineries that it can buy are the farthest things from my thoughts. Money can't buy happiness. And besides, what good would it do me to dress up? Nobody would see me. I would rather use my money to help others. That is what gives me real happiness." As she said this, she wheeled herself over to a small cabinet and took out a box. She took out money and offered it to Joe saying, "I know that you are one of those in need."

Joe tried to refuse, but he knew that this noble girl before him would not take no for an answer. "I will take it on one condition," said Joe finally.

"What is the condition?"

"That you will let me pay you back the amount I borrow."

"Well, it isn't necessary, but if it makes you feel better, all right."

Outside, the night grew blacker. The town clock sounded eleven. The night seemed exceptionally long to Joe. He rose from his chair and exclaimed, "My, I must be leaving!" Buttoning his shabby black coat, he added, "I have kept you up too late listening to my troubles."

"Nonsense. I have enjoyed every minute of our little talk. Where will you stay tonight?"

"Oh, I'll find a lodge somewhere. It never bothers me much where I stay."

When he opened the door, Joe felt the cool, brisk air of the night. The rain had stopped, and the fog was beginning to lift. The whistling wind carried many of the leaves from the trees and rustled through the grass. As he turned to say good-bye to Nancy, Joe was struck again by her face. It shone like a bright star in the sky.

Without saying any more, Joe started out into the night. Neither the coldness nor the dampness of the night bothered him. All that he could see was the shining face of Nancy before him, and it seemed to be guiding him onward. He thought, if she is so happy with what she has, why couldn't I be?

\* \* \*

Joe mustered up all the courage that he could during the few weeks following his meeting with Nancy. His facial expression changed from the melancholy almost sinister look to that of calmness and interest in the world around him. He even bought a new suit of clothes, which greatly improved his appearance. His juggling acts brought him to many towns, and presented him before many different people. The people did not run from him now, but stayed to watch and cheer him, and to drop money in his hat at the end of his acts. He was no longer the "ugly hunchback", but was referred to now as the "happy hunchback". While travelling through a town, Joe met a travelling circus and joined them. He found that hunchbacks were not the only freaks in the world, for here there were dwarfs, fat ladies, thin men, and many monstrosities.



Nancy was never out of Joe's mind. He remembered the bargain that he had made with her about paying back the money, and kept a little box with his savings for her. Now that he was working in the circus, it would take him less time to save the money.

After a few weeks had passed, Joe felt a great need of seeing Nancy. In this girl I have a lifelong friend he thought joyfully. Joe left the circus, and set out to see Nancy. He knew that she would be glad to see how changed he was. "And you are the one responsible for everything, Nancy," he spoke aloud. Happiness surged through his whole being at the thought of seeing Nancy again.

\*       \*       \*

It was a sunny, brisk day in November when Joe arrived at Drury Lane. The house on the hill looked the same. The grass was a brownish yellow, and the motley leaves were scattered all around the yard. Joe found the front door open, letting the sunny air circulate through the house.

"Anybody home?" hollered Joe, who was anxiously awaiting to see Nancy.

Mirah, the housekeeper, came scurrying to the door. "What do you want?" Looking again at Joe she added, "Oh, I remember you."

"Is Nancy home?" asked Joe impatiently.

At this, Mirah's eyes filled with tears. "My Miss Nancy died a few days after you saw her," she sobbed. Joe, too startled to speak, just stood there as Mirah continued. "She died with a smile on her face, Mr. Joe. There was never a better person in the world than Miss Nancy. She never complained of the awful suffering that she had to go through on this earth. She even left all her money to build a hospital for the sick in Midville."



Before Mirah could say more, Joe turned away in order to hide the flood of tears that rushed to his eyes. He sadly walked away from the house.

After he had walked dejectedly along the road for what seemed an eternity, he found himself before the town cemetery. He slowly walked among the tombstones, and stopped in front of a newly laid one. Joe stood before Nancy's grave for a long time. On the stone, he read, "All is God's will." He repeated those words over and over to himself. Then, in what seemed a whisper, he said, "I believe." He then left the cemetery, disappearing out of sight, never to be seen in Midville again.

## SAFETY

*Marie Sally, '52*

*"Look," she said to the sunset, "you'd  
Better keep your colors more subdued.  
Sugar pink clouds are fine, but not  
This dazzling green and apricot."*

*And she said to the lion in the zoo,  
"I like my house cat better than you,  
For I have seen your nostrils flick,  
And your tawny male smell leaves me sick."*

*Then she gathered her daughters all around,  
"When the wind strokes your hair with a singing sound,  
Then braid your hair and pin it flat,  
And cover your ears with a pulled-down hat."*

## UPSET PLANS

*Martha Kinneen, '53*

BRIDGID looked down at the tiny white coffin and realized that she was tired. Oh, so very tired. With great effort she moved over to the large wing chair and sank in its plush depths. The stark stillness of the room engulfed her but her thoughts pounded away.

The people had finally left. Hours before they had poured in to look at, even to pray for, Bridgid's little Cathi. I'm terribly sorry! I'm terribly sorry! I'm terribly sorry! Over and over and over the words played in her mind. And then, just as quickly, they had moved on to one of the buzzing cliques. Was that really chinchilla that Maggie had slung so casually across her shoulders?

Bridgid hadn't wanted a wake. She hated them. However, her husband John said they should have one and so they did. It was conventional, you know. She looked about the room. The hired collapsible chairs were huddled in whispering circles. In the library beyond she saw the coffee cups on the mantel. Funny, Bridgid thought, what a somber social hour a wake is. Perhaps she should have sent out little invitations for the affair. We are having a wake for Cathi Carter on August 4th. Please come. Coffee served. Was she getting cynical? No. No. She was just tired. She didn't want to think.

A lifetime ago, Cáthi's lifetime ago, she had been one of these superficial sophisticates. In fact she had been the snobbiest one of them all. She had been the best dressed, the gayest, the liveliest. It was she who started the annual Halloween party. She who had insisted that hayrides weren't



just for teen-agers. What a waste of time. What a waste of energy.

Two whole years ago. Of course, this was logical it must have been two years ago. What had happened? She had planned her life so carefully—so very carefully. Hard as she tried she couldn't snuff out her thoughts. With just a sigh of encouragement the warm coals of her memory stirred, the past flickered up and Bridgid remembered.

Just two years ago. What a blissful chrysalis Bridgid had spun about herself. Bridgid was just beginning to tire of weekly square dances and the indoor golf practices, when she learned that she was going to have a baby. Well here was a novel attempt even for Bridgid Carter.

Each day made her a little happier and it seemed but a wink of an eye when the showers commenced. There was a long pink and blue chain of them. She received satin blankets, knitted suits, doll-sized booties, rattles galore, and a little white mountain of diapers. Bridgid loved showers. She only regretted that she couldn't help decorate the lovely tables or make the multi-shaped sandwiches. She thought, If I could only help, I'd be glad to go out when things were ready and then return wide-eyed with surprise. It was the planning, the anticipation that was half the happiness of this life. But somehow the bubbling laughter had always caught in her throat.

Then there was the nursery. She could see it now. She had done it in yellow, just the color of a morning sunbeam. It was bright and warm and happy. Even the crib was yellow and on the headboard was a little girl frolicking with three lambs—two white and one black. Bridgid didn't like the black one though. But then Bridgid didn't like black in anything. On the bassinet, there sat a huge black and



white Panda with saucy staring button eyes. John had contributed this but Bridgid said it would have to go. It would simply terrify a baby. John knew the baby would not even see the bear for a long time but eventually go it did.

Every night John and Bridgid poured over the book of names that a friend had lent them. Remember now, the name has quite an influence on the child, Mrs. Sampson said. They laughed. How silly. How about Hepzibah, honey? Bridgid groaned. Oh John, can you imagine calling her in to dinner? Hepzibah, O Hepzibah, come home now. The neighbors would probably start a petition to have us move. And when she's in the third grade, how will all the little boys be able to write BILL LOVES HEPZIBAH all over the sidewalk. They wouldn't be able to spell it much less get their tongue around it. That's terrible, John. He grinned; she loved him when he grinned. And then one night they just stumbled on the right names as they read the newspaper. In an article about an explosion up in Springfield, two children had been killed. John agreed with Bridgid that it would be nice to use their names. And so they chose Timothy and Cathleen. Timothy Carter, Cathleen Carter—yes these were nice.

Bridgid must have gone through her daily ritual but somehow none of these actions were in her conscious memory. As usual she must have prepared those delectable meals. She loved to set a picture-pretty table with a little bouquet of flowers and savory food. It was part of Bridgid's way. She loved nice things and she had planned everything so carefully. Every day she heard a little bluebird twitter except once that is, or was it twice, when the bluebird winged away and she felt a cawing crow peck at her little shiny

bubble of contentment. She quickly shooed him away, though. Silly Bridgid.

Suddenly Bridgid's nostrils quivered as she smelt the anti-septic and she saw the sterile white maternity ward. Oh, they could have afforded a private room but Bridgid longed (perhaps just for curiosity's sake) for the jolly companions who knew from many past experiences that having a baby wasn't so bad—after all you were getting a vacation. It was just for laughs anyhow, she assured the arched eyebrows of her friends. In no time at all Bridgid held the precious bundle that she had come to pick up. It was the homeliest, most beautiful baby that Bridgid had ever seen. Coal black hair, a red nose, a rose-bud mouth and clenched fists were visible. Bridgid was sure of one thing immediately, its lungs were in excellent condition.

At home in the nursery were two sunbeams now. The perfect gem had the perfect setting, but then Bridgid had planned everything so carefully. How her life had changed within the past year. She thought of all the teas, fashion shows and book club meetings she had attended. One date after another had been circled on her calendar. She had been very smug about her life in those days and at the time thought that she was happy. Now, neither clothes nor gossip nor the latest plays interested her because Bridgid Carter was finding out about love for the first time. John? Oh yes she loved John very much but it wasn't the same at all. In fact, she loved John now more deeply because of Cathi. Cathi needed Bridgid and Bridgid liked being needed.

Day by day Cathi responded to the looks and sounds and carresses of affection in which she was steeped. In time, she saw and gurgled at her mother and she even seemed to listen to the tender little snatches of lullabies that Bridgid sang.



Bridgid smiled to herself. Not too long ago Bridgid wouldn't have dreamt of singing. It was too vulgar, too plebeian. Such exuberance was not in keeping with the stoical poker-face fashion which was so cosmopolitan. These thoughts made Bridgid sing all the more and she found that the more she loved the more she could love.

How fast Cathi grew. Soon she was picking up a word or two. Ma she would call out vehemently! Da da da da! She was a precious little doll. She would struggle and tumble over everything, pull all the papers from the waste paper basket and put all the ash trays in. They never did find the clothes brush that she hid, hunt as they did.

And then, oh so swiftly, that day—that day—came. Bridgid shuddered. It had been such a lovely afternoon that Bridgid had decided to push Cathi down to the florist and pick up those flowers she had called about. Not that Mr. Belsdon couldn't have delivered them but it was such a lovely afternoon for a walk.

Funny how the whole town turns out on a Saturday afternoon. People were ambling along; others were in a fretful hurry. Bridgid scrutinized them all until she finally came to the shop. Two seconds was all it took. Two short seconds to walk in, say hello to Mr. Belsdon, pick up the flowers and turn to walk out. Two seconds was all it took. Two long seconds to pick up some flowers and to lose her little Cathi.

Bridgid remembered every detail of it. She had turned to leave the shop when she froze in her tracks, paralyzed with fear. Screeching brakes, a crash, shattering glass, screams and then a single moment of deathly silence. Cathi! Cathi! Cathi! Her heart fled to her but Bridgid could not move. There, where she had left the carriage on the side-



walk, a huge dump-truck stood. Are you all right, Mrs. Carter? Mrs. Carter? Mr. Belsdon cried! Cathi, Bridgid whispered. Cathi? Are you all right, Mrs. Carter? Cathi! Cathi! And then he knew.

He helped her over toward the fatal spot and Bridgid's heart shattered into as many pieces as the window had. There, tossed but a short distance away from the carriage wreckage, her harness entwining her body, was Bridgid's little Cathi—broken, crumpled, dead! Bridgid didn't touch her. She couldn't, and yet she knew. Above Cathi's head a whirling carriage wheel spun round and round and round.

Freak accident on Main Street, the newspaper said. Cathi Carter, single fatality. Yes, it had been a freak accident, Bridgid thought. She had planned everything so carefully; not this, certainly not this. Her plans, what had happened to her plans?

Bridgid's eyes never moved from the little white coffin. She hadn't shed a tear. There hadn't been a tear to shed from her parched and scourged heart.

She stirred in the large wing chair and realized that she was cold, yet she did not want to move. Instead, she slipped her hands down beneath the cushion to warm them and struck two hard objects. Automatically she pulled them forth and looked at them. What was this, she puzzled? And then she knew. It was a saucy staring button eye of the banished Panda which John had resurrected from the storage chest—one of Cathi's favorite toys. In her other hand Bridgid held the lost clothes brush, the one Cathi had hid so carefully. Couldn't we play that game again, Cathi? Couldn't you hide it just once more? No, the silent room answered. The searing tears flowed down her cheeks.

## FOG

*Mary McGonagle, '53*

THE last stroke of twelve struck as I, Kitty Callahan, turned down Sea Street to my room at Mrs. Murphy's boarding house. I gave a deep sigh as I approached the rambling old house that had recently become a home for me. Something was wrong. The house was in complete darkness. Believing that Mrs. Murphy had gone to bed earlier than usual, I put my hand on the door-knob to open the door. It wouldn't turn. I gave it a little shove with my shoulder. It still wouldn't give. The door was locked.

"This can't be," I said under my breath.

Again I tried to force open the heavy door, this time using all my strength. It wouldn't budge. I searched under the mat for the key. It was not there.

"That's odd," I said to myself, half aloud. "Mrs. Murphy always left the door unlocked for me because she knew that my job often kept me working late into the night."

I peered through the front window. The night light was out. I remembered that Mrs. Murphy hadn't felt too well this morning. She must be in bed—but why had she locked the door? Mrs. Murphy wouldn't lock the door on her only boarder, would she? Or would she?

This last idea caused a chill to run up and down my spine. If I could not get in, what would I do? I had no place to go. Frantically I began pounding on the door. In vain—not a sound could I hear from within. I stood motionless while the fog which had come in deep and thick blanketed me. The shrubs in the yard became weird images before my tired



eyes. I suddenly had the feeling that I wasn't alone. Someone was watching me.

My hand, that was still clutching the door-knob, dropped to my side. I turned and started down the steps, intent upon retracing my steps back to the bus stop in the hopes that Officer O'Brien would be passing that way before long, when there in the fog ahead of me I glimpsed the outline of a human form. It was coming toward me. I was scared—real scared. So I did what I always do when I'm scared. I pretended my dad was talking to me in that old Irish brogue that he never lost even after emigrating to Nova Scotia some thirty years back.

"Now gal, ye're all upset, ye are. Why, 'tis just a sailor making his way to the tavern dun the street," I whispered to myself.

Another glance proved that my fears were not groundless. The form had stopped. It, too, must have seen me through the fog. The eerie moan of the harbor fog horns only added to the fear that was mounting in my heart. The door was locked. I was alone. Alone with an unknown man.

He moved toward me. Then he stopped. I could feel my legs grow weak. No sound came from my voice. My mind was helpless. What could I do? Turn back to the locked door? Scream? How? My voice was speechless. And the dreadful fog was rolling and creeping through the air giving an air of the unreal to everything.

Who was this man who kept appearing and disappearing in the fog? Should I run down the street to the tavern for help? I had been warned against such places. Yet, I needed help. Yes. I'll go. The man—he was gone! He was nowhere in sight. I kept staring at the spot where I had last seen him. He was not there. He had disappeared just like



the strange images created by the fog disappear. Hysterical with joy, I could even hear my father scolding me.

" 'Tis only your imagination playing trickes on ye. Now, Miss Kitty Callahan, I'll have no more of this nonsense. Imagine! Scaring yerself 'alf to death. The likes of ye. Imagine what the folks back 'ome would say about this. Surely, they'd say 'Kitty, ye're being 'aunted by Mr. McDuffy's ghost.' Look at yer hair. 'Tis as wet as Kevin's duck pond. Now get a hold of yerself."

I tried to pull myself together, but I could not help but think of the events of the past few weeks. What would the folks say if they knew the truth? If they knew that I had been left standing on the pier alone when Tim, my soldier-fiance, had been unable to get the leave he had expected when he had telegraphed for me to come to the States? What would have become of me if Officer O'Brien of the Third Precinct had not come to my rescue? He had taken me to Mrs. Murphy's where I would be cared for until Tim could come for me. And here I was in front of Mrs. Murphy's half scared to death because the door was locked and some strange man was prowling the area.

I must find Officer O'Brien. He would know what to do. I knew he had night duty because he usually met me at the bus stop and walked me to Mrs. Murphy's. Why hadn't he met me tonight? Perhaps he had missed me in this miserable fog and was even now hunting for me. Just as I was about to start back to the bus stop, a pair of hands reached out from the fog and grasped my sleeve. Petrified I broke away and ran down the street not caring where I was going. Escape was my only thought. In the distance a dim light shown. It was from the tavern. I headed in that direction, but as I was about to rush in, a sleepy, unshaven character peered out. He frightened me, and I turned and ran.

My legs felt like pieces of lead. I gasped for breath. Steps sounded behind me. Dumbfounded, I realized to whom those steps belonged. Only this morning in the paper I had read that an escaped maniac was prowling this area and that the police were searching for him. This realization gave me added strength, and it was not until several minutes had passed that I realized that my footsteps were echoing on wood instead of on the cobblestones that covered Sea Street. Too late, I discovered that I had run out onto one of the many wooden piers that jutted out into the harbor. I was trapped. The water in front of me. The footsteps behind me. I could feel myself growing faint, and it seemed as if I could hear a voice faintly calling, "Kitty, Kitty. Where are you? Answer me, Kitty." The ugly unknown ocean in front of me seemed preferable to death at the hands of a maniac.

"Kitty, Kitty."

I could still hear my name being called, but from where? I was going . . . go . . . g . . .

When I came to, a form was bending over me.

"Kitty, Kitty, darling. It's me. It's me. Tim. Everything's all right."

He lifted me to a standing position and holding me close, he whispered again:

"Everything's going to be all right, Kitty. It's me—Tim. I managed to get my leave earlier than I expected. Mrs. Murphy's son was suddenly taken sick, and she went to the hospital to be with him. I promised that I would meet you at the bus stop. I told Officer O'Brien that I would see that you got home all right. But it was so foggy I missed you."

I looked up at him and because at last we were together, I was no longer afraid, and the fog that before had seemed so evil and sinister became a friendly curtain shielding us from the rest of the world as Tim bent to kiss me.



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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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*Any resemblance to actual names or incidents is purely accidental.*

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DECK 5

COMET PLACE, WHIZ  
MARS.

DEAR BETTY,

Isn't it wonderful that the new trans-planet mail line has at last been completed and finally I am able to correspond with a girl from Earth? Your name was first on the pen-pal list, and I hope this will be only the beginning of many letters between us.

I have been writing to girls on several other planets, Jupiter, Uranus, and Saturn to be exact. Of course, we study all about them in school. But, Earth is so small and remote, we never bothered much about it until our spare men discovered that people actually lived there. They began work on the mail chute right away and it has taken them almost three hundred years to complete it. It's too bad your air is



so heavy. For this reason we will never be able to visit you. However, our scientists are working on a non-crushable space suit, and maybe in some future century we will be able to come to earth. For now, I guess, letters will have to do.

I hope you will find a space year in which to answer this, as I will positively shrink until you do. I almost forgot. Perhaps you are curious as to what I look like. I'm 6'11", have blue eyes, and middle class hair. All my friends call me My for short. Please write soon. Until then I remain,

Your expectant friend,

MYRA R.

\* \* \*

FEBRUARY 12, 1952

31 HAVER ROAD

REXHAM, RHODE ISLAND

DEAR MY,

6'11"! Excuse me, but the tallest boy in our class is only 6'3", and I thought he was a giant. Every one down here is simply perishing to know if everyone on Mars is that tall.

I almost forgot my manners, I was so excited about your height, but I'm simply thrilled at having a pen-pal from Mars. I can hardly wait for your next letter.

Everyone on Earth was more than surprised to hear about the completed air chute. It was discovered just by chance when one of our airplanes almost collided with it passing over the Rocky Mountains. The newspapers explained about our air being heavier than yours, and why the space men couldn't come down to Earth. Anyway, our government finished the job, and we now have a trans-planet post office. Do you suppose this air down here has anything to do with my best friend Cora's being stoop-shouldered?

You said your hair was middle class. Pardon me, but does that mean you're a dirty blond like I am? And I don't understand—it took me only a few minutes to write this. If I took a whole year, you'd never be able to read it all. Enclosed is a picture of myself. It's not very good, but it's the only one I have.

Your friend,

BETTY CAMPBELL.

P. S. Do you really shrink?

\* \* \*

DEAR BETTY,

I was thrilled to receive your picture, but I am sorry your hair is so weak. A few barrels of black wine should do the trick. I'm not too sure what a dirty blond is, but by middle class I meant that my hair is not quite so dark as first class, and only about two and a half feet long. First class is blue black, and over four feet long. I'd give my best space suit for hair like that. Low class is anything under two feet, and it's almost brown, it's so weak. All the girls drink black wine to strengthen the roots, and darken their hair.

Yes, we do shrink. All during our youth, and up to middle age we grow, but when we pass the halfway mark, we begin to shrink until we finally pass out of sight. My grandmother is down to 3'8 "already, and my greatgrandfather has only his voice left. We're not sure if greatgrandmother is still with us or not. I'm really looking forward to growing smaller—it gets a little tiring being so tall.

Well, the bell just rang on my chute, so I must be off to class. What's a minute? Our time's in eras.

With fondest affection,

MY.

\* \* \*

DEAR MY,

Eras! Even seconds count down here, especially at Bus stations, when you're trying to make connections. Your hair sounds positively beautiful, but isn't it hard to comb? I'm wearing mine so short, I don't even have to bother. As for the black wine, I don't think my mother would approve. She doesn't allow that sort of thing in the house. Don't tell me you parachute to school? But how do you get back home?

Write soon!

BETTY.

P. S. That's awful about your greatgrandfather. Couldn't you sanforize him?

\* \* \*

DEAR BETTY,

I'm not sure what a parachute is, but my father says they have models of them in Whiz Museum. The chute I mentioned is a bell shaped vehicle, operated by automatic controls, and running on a time system. I set the dial for the time I have to leave, and it takes care of the rest.

I cut all my hair off, just like yours. I can hardly wait to show the girls.

MY.

\* \* \*

DEAR MY,

Things around my house are pretty glum. I did so want hair like yours. I tried a whole bottle of grandmother's wine, but my hair is still blond and short.

This is just a short note to say I'm sorry, but my mother says I can't write any more.

Woefully yours,

BETTY.



## CURRENT BOOKS

*Beyond East and West.* By John C. H. Wu. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1951. 364 pages.

That the Church is truly catholic is one of those principles that Catholics are inclined to assent to without realizing too thoroughly what it may mean. Like the zoologist who can give you all the available data on guppies in the driest manner until he sees some flashing like little rainbows through a tank, until he brings some home to watch closely with glowing appreciation, so we can reel off a quick patter of definition of the catholicity of the Church, until we have watched it in action, until we have read thoroughly a book such as *Beyond East and West*. Then the humility of knowledge overtakes us, as we realize for the first time how little we understand the magnitude of the Church Christ established.

John Wu is a highly educated Chinese lawyer, judge, author, and statesman, familiar with three languages, and with the literature and thought of much of the world. *Beyond East and West* is his spiritual autobiography, written at the request of Catholic friends (among them, Frank Sheed) for the express purpose of doing good. John Wu, therefore, traces the three Chinese streams of Confucius, Tao, and Buddha, as they joined to form one Chinese religious culture; and how their current carried him eventually into the great ocean of Christianity, which is indeed beyond East or West.

One aspect of this book, extraordinary to the Western mind, is the unashamed joy which overtakes Mr. Wu at any happy time. Even when this happiness is purely of the spiritual order, his tendency to cavort, to "chortle" is startlingly strong. Fed on the inaccurate fiction about China that fills

lesser novels and detective works today, we are surprised to learn that here is no race of stoics, but a highly emotional people, inclined to be of the earth earthy, and full of the hearty happiness that goes with such an inclination.

The simplicity with which Mr. Wu treats spiritual things would probably make some typical Westerner protest, "Just as if they were bread, and milk, and shoelaces!" The answer to that is, that they are. Prayer, and work for the love of God feed and warm, and clothe our soul, and it is time they were treated simply as such, instead of as mildly esoteric subjects, fit for inclusion in books written long ago.

*Beyond East and West* is not meant as a textbook of perfect style, or even a work in the classical manner. Nevertheless, the style is far from negligible. John Wu writes with a sprightly facility in English which is always clear, and often lovely. The erudition manifest in the book is not piled on like frosting on a cake. When it is there, it is because a scholar cannot help being well-educated.

*Marion Misch, '52*

*The Tolstoy Home: Diaries of Totiana Sukhotin-Tolstoy.*

Translated by Alec Brown. New York: Columbia University Press, 1951. 339 pp.

The diaries of Leo Tolstoy's eldest daughter are an authentic source of first-hand information concerning a very interesting period in Russian History. They contain descriptions of elaborate parties, lavish balls, and elegant mansions, large families and great numbers of servants and serfs. The Tolstoy Home is seen as a mecca for world-famous artists, musicians, and writers who come to talk with Tolstoy and to pay tribute to his genius. But there are also sympathetic accounts of the miserable conditions of the Russian peasants,



and hints of the secret activities of the "Dark People," Tolstoy's followers, who tried to spread his writings and political doctrines throughout the country. The last few entries were made in Rome where the Countess had gone to escape the turbulent uprisings which followed the Russo-Japanese War. The diaries close fittingly with the death of Tolstoy which also marked the end of the Czarist regime in Russia.

Written with little consideration of the niceties of literary style, the diaries employ the language of conversation, so the sentence structure is rather loose. However, they have gained thereby a simplicity and a spontaneity which are very pleasing. Because they were kept intermittently over a period of thirty-three years, they seem obscure at first, but they grow clearer and more interesting as Countess Tolstoy matures and her opinions become more clearly defined.

Countess Tolstoy kept these diaries in order that she might understand herself better, and profit by the experiences which she had recorded in them. The greater part of her life was a struggle to adhere to her father's teachings with which she agreed wholeheartedly. Noting this development of her life and thought provides us with greater interest than the glimpses of Russian life which are seen in the background.

*Dolores Burton, '53*

*God Goes to Murderer's Row.* By Reverend M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. 211 pages.

Father Raymond's foreword states his purpose in writing *God Goes to Murderer's Row*. He has turned "ghost writer" to tell the story of the rebirth of a man convicted of murder



into the life of grace, the love of God, and profound sanctity.

In his latest book, Father Raymond has brought to life for us, three men pronounced murderers and dangerous criminals by the state of Kentucky. But the story revolves around and is Tom Penney.

From the day of the murder, September 28, 1941, when Marion Miley and her mother were shot in the Lexington Country Club, Father Raymond takes us into the heart and mind of Tom Penney, with the uncontestable documentation of his prison correspondence. We watch Tom's spiritual, psychological, and philosophical regeneration, from the hard man who stated that to him, "God is only a three letter word, and as far as any practical bearing on my life is concerned, those three letters might just as well be x-y-z," to a saint seeking in death, his life in eternity.

When brought face to face with Father George Donnelly, Tom realizes the waste of his life, and seeks truth and consolation in the Catholic Church. From this act of humility, God leads Tom to sanctity in an unbelievably short length of time. In the short months of life remaining to Tom in Eddyville State Prison, Kentucky, God sends every spiritual aid in the persons of Fathers Donnelly and Libs, two Sisters of Nazareth, and the Magdalen Sisters of Detroit, who instruct him in the Catholic religion, and provide him with spiritual reading.

From a Godless criminal, Tom Penney becomes a practising Catholic, a true lover of Christ, and a saint who yearns for death to reach his just judgment before Christ.

Father Raymond says in his foreword that he has broken the Trappist silence to tell the miracle story of Tom Penney's rebirth, and miracle story it is. By the explicit ex-

ample of Tom Penney, Father Raymond gives us a modern saint, a twentieth century Augustine, who proves that God brings good out of evil. If Penney had not been convicted of the murder, he would not have become a Catholic, and would not have attained saintliness and peace.

*God Goes to Murderer's Row*, the story of this American Dismas who stole heaven, is a spiritual biography, as were Augustine's *Confessions*, or Newman's *Apologia*.

The letters of Penney to his spiritual director, his mother, and his "sister friends," and the conversations set down in the book make it more autobiographical than journalistic. Father Raymond has put us into direct contact with Tom Penney, and we are deeply affected by his spiritual change. In his most recent literary offering, Father Raymond does not present an incredible tale of a man who receives a heavenly vision. He reports the authentic story of one who worked hard and fought even harder for his sanctity, but who found peace in the anticipation of a heavenly reward.

*Barbara Spence, '52*

*The Restless Flame*. By Louis De Wohl. Philadelphia: Lipincott, 1951.

Louis De Wohl has rather coyly given the name of "The Restless Flame" to St. Augustine in this biographical novel which is obviously intended to be a companion volume to 1950's *The Quiet Light*. St. Thomas Aquinas, whose life story is told in the earlier novel, shone his way quietly into the very heart of theology; his intellect was a sure and clear light. St. Augustine, on the other hand, had an intellect which burned its way through many beliefs, always dissatisfied, always searching, until it finally found peace, when he was thirty-three years old, in the Catholic religion.



The great *Confessions* of St. Augustine are admittedly De Wohl's chief source for this novel. There are many events which the saint only scantily describes in his *Confessions* about which we are hungry to learn more. Louis De Wohl, who has evidently done much research on the locale of his novel—Carthage, Milan, Rome, in the fourth century, presents imaginative accounts of such happenings as the theft of a neighbor's pears by the young Augustine and his friends in Tagaste, and Augustine's introduction to the Manichean religion. The woman whom Augustine only mentions in *Confessions* as the mother of his son, Adeodatus, is given the name of Melania by De Wohl, and interestingly characterized as a sensitive womanly girl, who appreciates Augustine's mighty mind, and who is willing to leave him and her son in Rome, so that Augustine will not be hampered by her presence in his climb to success.

Of even greater interest are the characterizations of Augustine's mother, Saint Monica, and of his faithful friend, Alypius. Monica, whose prayers and example most certainly helped to lead her son into the Church, is portrayed here as a holy and gifted woman. De Wohl, however, does not allow her a cheerful disposition; throughout the book we meet her tearful and sorrowing. Alypius's character, also, as sketched here, is unevenly balanced at times. Alypius, who was later to become a bishop of the Catholic Church, is seen here to bend always and entirely to the opinions of Augustine. It is true that Augustine's friends were often persuaded by his example to follow the belief which he held, but Alypius is not allowed many opinions of his own by Louis De Wohl.

Perhaps the most memorable passages in *The Restless Flame* are those which have to do with the large metropolises of the time. Carthage becomes very real to us, with



its steaming baths and its thoroughfares, so mobbed that the city governors are considering the plan of having trumpet signals to command the people to stop and go. Milan and its courageous bishop, St. Ambrose, the royalty and court manners of the fourth century, live for us.

*The Restless Flame* is valuable for its interesting sidelights into the life of St. Augustine's times, and as an imaginative account of the facts given to us in the *Confessions*. However, it is no substitute for the real spirit of St. Augustine which we find incorporated in the pages of the *Confessions*.

Marie Sally, '52

## CONCUPISCENCE

Marie Sally, '52

*Why should there be this wriggling  
In every set of toes  
To gaily slide on thinnest ice  
Whence purple drowned men rose?*

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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



## EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY is a much misused word. When our constitution was written, it declared that all men are created equal, and went on to explain that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, among others. But the constitution never said, and our founding fathers never meant that all people are equal in anything else besides their basic humanity which gives them all their basic rights. It never said that men were equal in talents, capabilities, or interests. It did not try to mold the variety in peoples into uniformity of any kind. That sort of work has been left to the totalitarian governments, who fear individuality, and will not let their people have freedom. Where the state controls all, the state sets a pattern of education and ideals, so that no one from within the ranks will have any desire to change the status quo. Freedom has truly been taken away from such nations, because their inhabitants cannot choose good. They cannot choose anything. They may only accept the dicta of their governments.

This is precisely the danger that our constitution was written to avert. Now, and in the name of all incongruous things, in the very name of democracy, we find educators who insist that it is wrong, that it is undemocratic and divisive to teach students any one philosophy, that it is contrary to what is vaguely referred to as "our American way of life" to allow children to go to any but that state's public

schools. For, these educators tell us, private and parochial schools allow the students to mingle only with a certain class of people. This is class distinction. Class distinction is undemocratic. Therefore, any but public schools are against the democratic spirit of our constitution, and should be abolished. The reasoning is slick. It is too bad that the conclusions are wrong.

No matter what school a child attends, he will be with a restricted group. All the youngsters in the United States cannot go to the same institution. In a public school, a child will be with others from various financial classes; others more and others less intelligent than he; with children who will turn out to be doctors, lawyers, barbers, and bartenders. The same thing is true of parochial schools, with this difference: there all are taught the principles of Catholicism, and most of the children are Catholics. But our own laws guarantee us freedom of worship, and that is precisely what is being guarded in a parochial school.

The question, and the error are even more extensive. There are those who object to sectarian colleges as being undemocratic, and unfair since they teach a particular philosophy. The Church is accused of infecting the minds of students with the purples of rituals, and the prejudice of learning only one school of thought. This, we are told, is not scientifically objective. The scientific method is to investigate all schools, and then decide on one. The effect of this neat little theory is obvious in our non-sectarian universities—chaos. Philosophy becomes history of philosophy, and the bewildered undergraduate knows not where to look for truth. One thinker differs from another on such fundamental points as the definition of idea, or of concept. And this is superior to the teaching of one coordinated system?

Whether or not our critics agree with the conclusions of scholasticism, they should be able to see the benefit of an ordered study. After having learned what the various branches are, and what the method is, one can intelligently investigate what other schools have to say. Where in this system is there anything undemocratic or prejudiced?

A thick layer of crass stupidity, ignorance, prejudice is required to deny the advantages of sectarian institutions of learning in a democratic state, provided these institutions are not disobeying any laws. At the moment, educators in some places seem to be rich in all three undesirables.

M. M., '52

## TO EACH HIS OWN

*Marylou Devlin, '52*

*There's a moss-covered house in a shadowy lane  
Where time passes only in dreams,  
The sole intruders—the warm sun, the spring rain,  
The moon with its steel-tipped beams.*

*From here in my tower my thoughts returned  
Over the flaming sky,  
Back to my cottage I'd long since spurned.  
Only dreams lingered there, not I.*



# THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD ANECDOTES

*Marie B. Sally, '52*

IT IS a September morning in 1919. Singly, and in groups of two and three, twenty-nine girls walk up the steps of the large red brick building on the Fenway, hang their coats on the racks inside the door, and go down to the small classroom at the end of the first floor corridor. On a blackboard in the room is written a text from the Advent Antiphons:

Oh Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expected of nations and their Savior, come to save us, oh Lord our God. Before the opening of the meeting, the girls rise and recite these lines, which will be the official prayer of their college. Then a small dynamic nun says a few words to the girls. These thirty people—the speaker and her audience—seem to feel that this is a tremendously important moment, and justifiably so. For the nun is Sister Helen Madeleine of the order of Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur and first dean of New England's first Catholic college for women, and the girls are members of the first class of that college which is called Emmanuel. The name, Emmanuel, had been suggested by the Sisters of Notre Dame as a reminder of the ever-present Blessed Sacrament.

\* \* \*

The building on the Fenway, however, had another name which was given to it in 1916—Notre Dame Academy, Boston. This was the name, in 1919, by which everybody in Boston knew it. But when in that year, Cardinal O'Connell

asked the Notre Dame order to start a college for women, the three-year-old building, which had been the Academy, was chosen to house the new venture. The girls of Emmanuel's first class waged an active campaign with streetcar conductors (there were streetcars, not buses, on Brookline Avenue) and taxi drivers, to publicize the name of their college. An Emmanuel girl would jump into a taxi and say to the driver, "Emmanuel College, please." He would scratch his head and answer, "Where's that?" The girl then replied, "400 the Fenway." When the driver said, "Oh, you mean Notre Dame Academy," the girl politely insisted that she meant Emmanuel College. People were puzzled for a while, but slowly it penetrated the consciousness of Bostonians that there was indeed a college at 400 the Fenway.

Classes, and assemblies (at which attendance was compulsory under the penalty of lightened purses) were held at first in what is now Library Seventeen. Sister Helen Madeleine announced class hours by standing in the corridor and ringing a small bell. The Office of the Dean was located in a small room next to the chapel, which was also put into service as a classroom, and finally as the men professors' room.

Lunchtime was at 11:30. Those who wished to buy their lunches were served excellent meals by waitresses in the dining room (our cafeteria) at tables covered with fine white linen. Those who brought their lunches ate in the annex across the corridor from the dining room. Among the interesting rules and regulations of the first few years was one which stated that no student could leave the campus until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Reverend Joseph Murphy from the Diocesan Seminary was the first priest to teach at the college. He was professor



of Religion and Scripture on the faculty of that first year. Sister Helen Madeleine, as well as taking care of official business as Dean, taught Latin and English; Sister Marie Margarita, French and History; and Sister Laurentine Marie, Logic, Mathematics, and American Literature. Miss Barrossa, who also taught at Simmons College, came in several times a week to teach Spanish. Among the students in the first year's Thursday afternoon Scripture classes, were two young black-capped Notre Dame postulants, one of whom would receive the religious name of Sister Angela Elizabeth and would become Dean of Emmanuel in 1950; the other, Sister Catherine Dorothea, is now President of Trinity College, Washington. Also among the students of the first year were several Sisters of Saint Joseph who were later members of the faculty of Regis, when that college opened in 1927.

The first class, which was the graduating class of 1923, sponsored many enterprising extra-curricular activities. Every holiday was an occasion for a party in the gym, and at the Christmas party every girl received a gift. In the Class History of the 1923 *Epilogue*, we have a timely picture of this gift-giving. The presents, we learn, were planned to "emphasize each one's peculiar trait or failing. A rosy-cheeked girl received a box of familiar vermillion-hued material." Most of these gifts were taken "cum grano salis", however, the historian notes.

Winter nights, when there was snow on the ground, the whole class climbed into a sleigh and went gliding out to the Wellesley Inn for dinner, coming back to Emmanuel at 9:30 to stand outside and serenade the Sisters. The first Junior Prom was held at the Hotel Somerset, the Senior Prom at the Copley Plaza.



The first class, whose Senior President was Miss Elizabeth Logan, also established many enduring traditions, such as the lapis lazuli stone for the Emmanuel (which was ordered from Tiffany's at first), and the yearbook, named in the very beginning the *Epilogue*. This first *Epilogue* is engrossing not only as Emmanuel history but as social history. We learn, for instance, in the Class History, that picnics were among the most important social events. In regard to the class's outing at Nantasket at the end of freshman year, the historian exclaims: "What a grand and glorious feeling it is to romp on the sunny sands, carefree and glad, after two weeks of harrowing exams." At this point it is remarked, *en passant*, that our under-graduates have not followed the precedent (of picnics) with so much vim. In a column in another section of the yearbook, called *Entre Nous*, we find this statement: "How peculiar it would be if the seniors always wore their regulation collars."

In the Class History of 1923, we find also more serious reminders of the beginnings of the college. Cardinal Mercier's visit to the girls in October, 1919, is remembered with reverence. In regard to the Mid-Year Examinations of 1920-1921, we learn that:

An innovation was introduced at this time in the form of the "Honor System." It meant that we should take our exams unsupervised. We felt proud: the honor of earnest college students was recognized. We felt relieved: the relaxation necessary to hard thinking was made possible.

Now, in 1952, if we should stand in Library Seventeen for a few minutes during the day, we can look out the window and see the driveway of the college packed close with automobiles. Girls pour from the Brookline Avenue buses, and hurry up the Fenway to classes at Emmanuel.

Classes are held not only in the Fenway building now, but also in Alumnae Hall on Louis Pasteur Avenue. Library Seventeen and libraries all the way down the corridor are crowded with studying girls. The desk in Library Seventeen is in the same place now as it was thirty-three years ago when the first twenty-nine girls stood and recited the Emmanuel prayer, and then sat down to begin the first class in Emmanuel College.

## THE SEAGULLS

*Barbara E. Devlin, '53*

*When the dark waves rise  
To their crests of snow  
Wheeling, flashing in the skies,  
Winging the seagulls go.*

*Watching, guarding, sailing high  
Over the shore they knew,  
White against the azure sky,  
Floating o'er the tossing blue,*

*Mewing, shrieking, a lonesome cry,  
Like a muted foghorn's blare  
Warning all with mournful sigh  
To approach with care.*

*Circling, dipping, in the sprays,  
Fearless, wandering, and free,  
Seeking coves and quiet bays,  
White gulls soar above the sea.*

## CAREFUL TEACHING

*Beverly Mary Gormley, '53*

THE young heart is not a cold heart and Judy was only fourteen. She was small, light, and pert, and usually running somewhere. Today, however, she was very carefully walking down the street with her eyes lowered as though contemplating every bright leaf on the walk. Anyone who looked into her face would have noticed that it looked careworn and sad, not exactly the way a fourteen year old face should look. She paused a second before opening the door to her home and said to herself, "why?" Straightening her shoulders she entered the sunlit hall and dropped her coat and books on the telephone chair.

"Mom?"

"Yes Judy, I'm in the kitchen."

"I'm home."

"So I gathered dear. Come out here."

"Okay."

Mrs. Rogers looked up from her notebook as Judy came into the kitchen and having surveyed her daughter said,

"Why the frown Judy? You look very upset."

"Something terrible just happened Mother."

"Why what dear? Tell me."

"I was in the Ice Creame Shoppe with all the kids. You know how we usually stop for a soda or something."

"Yes dear, go on."

"Well, there's a new boy at school, Jimmy Johnson. He's awfully nice and real smart. He helped me with my Algebra yesterday. Anyway, the kids began to talk about him and



made fun of him and of me. They said terrible, mean things."

Her voice caught as she tried to keep the sobs back.

"Oh Judy, is that all? My goodness, you never minded being teased before."

"But Mother that isn't all. Then Jimmy came in and sat at a table by himself. The kids started calling him names and finally Mr. Dickson came over. I thought that he was going to tell the kids to stop but instead he went over to Jimmy. He spoke to him a few minutes and then Jimmy got up and left. He looked so sad that I decided to follow him to see what was the matter. When I got up Betty asked me where I was going. I told her and she said,

"'You mean 'cuz your nigger can't stay you're leaving too?'"

"Nigger," exclaimed Mrs. Rogers. "You mean this Johnson boy who helped you is a negro?"

"Why yes, Mother. Mr. Dickson doesn't want him to come into the Ice Creame Shoppe because he's afraid he'll cause trouble."

"Well, I can see that."

"Jimmy didn't do anything. It was the kids that were making the noise."

"Judy, you keep away from that boy. What's the matter with you?"

"He's my friend. He's one of the nicest boys I have ever met."

"Judy he's black and you're white. He lives in a different world and it's not your world. Don't look so sad. It's for his good as well as yours that I'm telling you to stay away from him. His people don't want you any more than we want him. You can't be friends."

"We can too and we are."

Before Mrs. Rogers could reply Judy ran out of the kitchen, picked her coat up from the chair and went out the door. She didn't know where she was going but she had to think; she had to be alone. How could her Mother be that way? Her Mother, whom she had always been able to depend on for help. Why, she was almost as bad as the kids. She walked for a few minutes with these thoughts tumbling around in her head. Suddenly she stopped, saying almost out loud,

"Where's Jimmy? I've got to find him. He must be as mixed up as I am. Maybe he's home. Please God help me to find him. Make him be home; that's the only place I know to look."

Remembering that he had told her that he lived on Bates Street in Rail Row she turned, crossed Grove Street and began the long trudge to that part of town she had never really seen, except from the train window when returning from Mansfield. Having left the well-kept suburb of Chestnut Terrace behind, her vague memories of tall tenements and dark warehouses returned as permanent realities where hundreds of families struggled to live. It was to these families that all her family's old clothes were sent. That was the closest she had ever come to poverty till now and as she walked along streets crowded with children, trucks, and screaming horns, she wondered just how it was decided where a certain child was to be born and live. Why was she born into a comfortable white family and Jimmy into a poor negro family? Why? And where was Jimmy? A plump, placid looking woman sat on the doorstep of a delicatessen; maybe she'd know Jimmy.

"Excuse me but can you tell me where Bates Street is and where the Johnsons live? They just moved in a few days ago."

"The Johnsons—They're niggers ain't they?"

Judy managed to nod and the woman continued,

"Turn at the next corner and keep walkin' till you see a fresh painted white house. It's the only clean painted house on the street so you can't miss it."

"Thank you very much", murmured Judy as she continued to walk down the street, a small figure that was completely out of place amidst the dirt and smoke of Rail Row. Her thoughts were like enormous question marks—Why did God make people different colors? What color was God or did spirits have color? Color made things so difficult. If people were spirits Jimmy and she could be friends and there'd be no problem. Maybe it would be different if she were a Catholic—white and black Catholics went to the same church. Was Jimmy a Catholic? A white house, small and neat, interrupted her unanswered questions and for the first time Judy became fearful with her mother's words shouting in her ears.

"You're white and he's black . . . can't be friends . . . they don't want you. . . ."

What if they didn't? What if they slammed the door in her face? Oh why had she come? She was happy before she met Jimmy. Now she was so mixed up and sad. She wasn't even quite sure why. Was she sad for Jimmy, herself, or maybe for everybody—all the people down here and all the people in Chestnut Terrace? She should never have come but now her feet wouldn't turn around. But Jimmy was her friend. Reassured by this thought she began to walk up to the door of the white house, her knees trembling and the very wind seeming to whisper "they don't want you." Oh but they do; they must. People couldn't just hate each other without any reason, that was silly. The kids



always seem to have to have someone to pick on and Jimmy could win them over in time. But her Mother—why did she say that they lived in different worlds? Just because they were different colors it didn't make them different inside. Why yesterday she found out that autumn was his favorite season too and he liked the Red Sox and Robert Louis Stevenson. Why they were much more alike than she and Steve. Steve, who just because he was a year older tried to boss her. Jimmy didn't try to boss her. Of course she'd only known him a few days but already she knew a lot about him and he wasn't different. As though to emphasize this last thought she pressed the doorbell hard. The door was opened by a tall woman dressed in a pink house-dress that accentuated her darkness. Judy knew she was Jimmy's Mother; they had the same smile. If she was surprised to find a young well dressed white girl on her doorstep there was no evidence of it in her greeting.

"Hello. Did you come to see one of the children?"

"Yes," said Judy, her fears beginning to evaporate before the kind smile of this lady. "Are you Jimmy's Mother?"

"Yes dear I am. Would you like to come in? Jimmy's gone to the store for me."

"If you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not. I'm doing some mending and would like to have you for company."

Why that's what my Mother does in the afternoon sometimes, thought Judy as she walked into a room whose furniture showed much comfort and much use. Once inside the dirt and disorder of the district seemed miles away. As the two sat down Mrs. Johnson said

"What's your name dear?"

"Judy Rogers. I'm a freshman and in most of Jimmy's classes. We were friends—I mean we are friends and I had to see how he was and talk to him."

"See how he was! What do you mean?"

Judy blushed as she realized that perhaps Jimmy hadn't mentioned the Ice Creame Shoppe incident to his Mother.

"Oh nothing important. Just something between us."

Mrs. Johnson respected Judy's embarrassment and did not try to obtain any more information. Sensing that something was bothering the girl and wanting to help her she asked her about herself. After Judy had finished telling Mrs. Johnson about herself and her family and while Mrs. Johnson was saying—

"I know it's going to be hard for Jimmy at the high school but I'm depending on his personality and stubbornness to pull him through. I know you have helped him and I want to thank you."

Judy thought of her Mother and what she would say if she could hear Jimmy's Mother. Her Mother wanted her to stop being friends with Jimmy and he needed her. If she could only tell Mrs. Johnson but she couldn't.

Mrs. Johnson's next words surprised Judy.

"But Judy I realize that a friendship between you and Jimmy may cause, if it has not already, unhappiness for you both. For you because your people may not understand your friendship with a negro and for Jimmy because he will see you are hurt. You're very young and will be hurt quite easily. Jimmy is older; he's had to be and I have tried to teach him how. So it's you that I am most worried about. What are your parents and other friends going to say?"

Mrs. Johnson's wisdom added to Judy's confusion. She understood and her own Mother didn't. That hurt. She liked Mrs. Johnson and wanted to come to see her and be her friend and keep Jimmy from being hurt. But how?

"Mrs. Johnson I don't know how to stay friends with

Jimmy. My Mother said we couldn't be, that we lived in different worlds and you wouldn't want me."

Mrs. Johnson smiled. "Yes Judy, your Mother believes those things in good faith because that's what she's been taught. People don't seem to know how to make those two worlds one as they were intended to be. And youngsters like you are crushed in your efforts by well meaning ideas of people complacent in their belief that negroes aren't like white people. I don't know exactly how to advise you, Judy. It's difficult to compromise with one's ideals when one is young yet it's also difficult to reach up to them. No matter which road you choose the road isn't easy."

Quietly listening to Mrs. Johnson Judy realized that her life could never quite be the same again. This was her first real problem and she didn't know what to do. Right now she was tired of the whole thing and wanted to forget about it for a little while.

"Mrs. Johnson you've been wonderful and I want to please come to see you again. Will you please tell Jimmy that I was here. I've got to go or else I'll be late for supper."

"Of course dear, and Judy my son is very lucky to have someone like you want to be friends with him. You two in a few short days have made a bridge between your two worlds. Please God, your bridge won't be torn down."

At the door Judy impulsively turned and threw her arms around Jimmy's Mother saying, "Thank you so much."

As Mrs. Johnson watched Judy walk down the street she wondered whether she would ever see her again.

They do want me, thought Judy, as she hurried home. Maybe that would help. Mrs. Johnson was so kind and good that her Mother couldn't help but like her. Somehow she had to make her parents understand. As she opened the front door she could hear her Mother and Father talking in



the kitchen. She closed the door but they were too engrossed in their conversation to hear her. She would have gone out but her Father's words stopped her—They were talking about her—

"Liz, you know how Judy is. Leave her alone and she'll get tired of this boy. She's very sensitive and doesn't want to hurt anyone. And he's been nice. He's probably a nice boy."

"Tom he's colored and—"

"And what Liz? We can tell Judy to be nice to the boy but to keep him in his place."

"What place Daddy?" Judy had not been able to keep quiet any longer and her entrance and question left her Father momentarily speechless.

"Why Judy I—a—we didn't realize that you were home. Your Mother has been telling me about the new negro at school. Of course we want you to be nice to the boy but dear they're different from us."

"That's what Mrs. Johnson said that you might say."

"Who is Mrs. Johnson?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Jimmy's Mother."

"What! How did you meet her?" asked Mrs. Rogers as she glanced at her husband to make sure that he realized the seriousness of the situation.

"I went to see Jimmy this afternoon but he wasn't home so I talked to his Mother. She knew that it would be hard for Jimmy and me to be friends and she was afraid that I was going to get hurt."

"She sounds nice Liz."

"Oh Tom, that has nothing to do with the situation. Judy went to see that boy after I told her that they couldn't be friends. What's the matter with you Judy? Don't you

think that we know best. This is the first negro that you've ever known and he's a novelty to you. When the novelty wears off you'll see him differently and by then you will have lost your real friends. I'm going to forbid you to have anything more to do with that boy."

Judy was too stunned to answer her Mother. She had never expected this. Her hopes of winning her parents were broken against the wall of their prejudice. She wished she were back in the Johnson living room again. Her Mother's voice brought her back to the present.

"Do you understand me Judy?"

"Mom, Jimmy is my friend."

"We'll say no more about it. You will be polite to that boy but under no circumstances are you to go to his home again or have anything more to do with him than is absolutely necessary."

Judy went to her room as quickly as possible after dinner. She felt so tired, so lonely. It seemed as though the only one who understood was Mrs. Johnson . . . "no matter which you choose the road isn't easy. . . ." Why did she have to choose? She loved her parents and didn't want to do anything that would make them unhappy and her friends—what was it her mother had said?—" . . . You'll see him differently and by then you will have lost your real friends. . . ." Her Mother couldn't have really meant that. Jimmy could win them over. They'd see him as she did. But her Mother was usually right about things. Was she right about this? After all her friends were very important. Could she be wrong and they right? Judy went and stood by her window trying to capture a little of the night's peace but she couldn't. In her heart she knew that her parents and friends were wrong but what could she do? She got into bed saying, "I've got to stop thinking about it."



She began to think of the coming Friday night dance but Jimmy again ran into her fleeing thoughts. Would he be there?

No matter what the state of mind or heart is the young can usually sleep and Judy was exhausted by the day's events and her own struggles. She just couldn't think any-more. Wrapped in the gentle darkness of the night the day seemed more like a bad dream than anything else. A dream that would be forgotten in a little while if she could only concentrate on forgetting—at least that was what she had read somewhere. Before she could either reflect on this thought or begin to concentrate she fell asleep.

The next morning was like any week day one with the usual mad rushing and searching. Finally dressed and somewhat collected Judy went down to breakfast a little later than usual. Her family had already begun breakfast.

"Good morning everyone."

"Good morning, Judy," answered her Mother. "Will you please put on the radio before you sit down? It's almost time for the news."

"Sure," replied Judy as she obeyed. It was not quite time for the news and as Judy sat down to the breakfast table an early morning crooner sang:

"You've got to be taught to hate,  
You've got to be—carefully taught."

A cup crashed to the floor.

The young heart is not a cold heart and Judy was only fourteen.



# THE WALLED TOWN

Joyce Cooksey, '52

*Against all rude intrusions, and all hurt  
I builded me this town upon the plain,  
Bold banners flying, but with shadows girt,  
To wait your coming o'er some chartless main.*

*But how could you have known this town was one  
Ringed not with stone, but walls of subtle fear,  
Or seen its spires shining in the sun  
Within these walls, not having looked, my dear?*

*I would have bade you come with clarion blast,  
Ride from the West, or storm the Eastern gate;  
Or, if you would, send spies of traitorous caste  
To let you in by night, while I should wait*

*To hear your heavy boot along my street,  
And hear the pavements ringing underneath  
While all these walls are crumbling round your feet.  
Instead, you set your sword back in its sheath*

*With small regret. I, from gaudy citadel  
Must watch you go, (and never dare to call)  
Not seeing in each hollow sentinel  
A death's head, grinning inward from the wall.*

# THE VALLEY OF DEATH

*Mary Eunice Gorman, '53*

"Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die . . ."

—TENNYSON

WE STAND on the threshold of a new and frightening era. We are told of atomic, super-atomic, and hydrogen bombs. Billions are spoken of in the careless tone a child reserves for today's penny in the face of tomorrow's dime. They tell us we live in a nation whose moral decay is well on its way to outstripping that of the brilliant but rotten days of a fading Roman Empire. We can look ahead only to a God-forgetting time of war and a possible return of the Dark Ages.

And yet as we are about to have the cares of such an age foisted upon our young shoulders, as we are about to become the rather timorous heirs of their dubious legacy, our elders turn upon us in a rush of righteousness and tell us that we are not at all the shining youth that was, in bygone days, the pride of its fathers. It has been implied that we are a generation of apathetic spectators, barren of soul and mind. There are even those who claim that we are a particularly immoral generation.

To these last we make no real defense, for immorality has been with the baser part of every young age: be it the immorality of Ovid's Rome, the amorality of Boccaccio's high middle age, or the vivid immorality of the so-called "Jazz Age". We have, as they did, our delinquents; but they are

in no greater numbers than those of other ages; they do not represent the generation as a whole.

Where are the promising young authors, statesmen and thinkers, they ask in indignant magazine articles. Where indeed, echo the youth. Where are your poets, soldiers and artists, moan the ancient sages in print and in the senate. Where indeed, re-echo the youth.

It would seem that in terming us the silent age, in attempting to see us as escapists, our elders are trying to rationalize themselves into the self-satisfied conviction that we are the producers, and not the products of a chaotic age. The irony of the situation is not lost upon us. And if we are voiceless in the face of chaos, it is only that we are robbed of youth's outstanding qualities: hope and confidence in a future age. We are robbed of our tomorrow.

We find ourselves facing a new valley of death, and our elders expect that, like a re-incarnation of the Light Brigade, we should charge ahead enthusiastically to "do and die". They muddle about the peace tables of the world like so many sleep-walkers in a dark room, yet we are not to "reason why" but plunge into "police actions" that stretch out interminably ahead. We can not feel the gay abandon of the twenties "lost generation", nor the blind optimism of a "peace in our time". We have lost the faith that led them "onward, onward"; for we face not one but a hundred valleys.

It is true that we lack some initiative, that we tend to put material security above the more abstract and essential principles of liberty and brotherhood, that we are in no great hurry to shoulder the burdens of the world. But we would remind the elder generation who are prone to criticize severely, that we, not they, are in this instance the injured.



We would ask them to bear with us in a confused world if we stop to reason why. We would ask *them* why we can not find a voice. And as we ride "into the jaws of death," "into the mouth of hell," . . . we seek not the "glory" that Tennyson was so quick to lavish on blind obedience, but the promise that we may not be overly criticized for our wondering, our seeking, or our silence.

## JOY

*Ione Malloy, '53*

*As I walked, the wind came skipping along,  
Whistling a merry song.  
Glad eyes dancing, his long legs weave  
A rainbow from red, green, and golden leaves;  
Whistling and singing a merry tune,  
Singing a merry tune.*

*He stops to shake the chestnut trees,  
And roll in heaps of leaves,  
Heaps of golden wealth piled high  
Up to the clear blue sky;  
While I came merrily after,  
Singing a joyous tune.*

# THE MARKET PLACE

*Dolores Burton, '53*

TONY trundled his pushcart past the Customs House, past Faneuil Hall, and into the bustling Market District where the hoarse cries of the vendors, and the mingled odors of their wares greeted him from every side, and filled him with intense delight. He walked along, his eye on the rows of carts and wagons which lined the crowded street.

A burly young man in a horse-drawn wagon hailed him.

"Hey, Tony! I'm goin' over the Produce House to get a load of spinach, wanna come along?"

"Sure, Joe. I have to get a cartload of apples. Grandfather's pretty sick with the grippe, so I'm takin' over for today. Good thing it's Saturday and I don't have to go to school. It's my first time out alone, though, and I'm kind of scared."

"Don't worry about a thing, kid. I'll help you out, and teach you a few tricks of the trade besides. Look, instead of you comin' with me, supposin' you park the cart here, and mind this spot for us, and I'll get the apples for you. I know where I can get 'em real cheap."

"Gee, will you? Gee, thanks a million, Joe, that'll be swell."

Tony's dark eyes shone with admiration. He watched Joe until the wagon was out of sight, then turned his attention to the amazing assortment of wares piled high on wagons, carts, and stands.

In addition to the fruits and vegetables commonly seen

in neighborhood markets, there were special commodities, some of which could be found only in Haymarket Square. One stand was piled high with baskets of assorted nuts, dried apricots, dates, fresh tapioca, small white mushrooms, and herbs known as St. John's Bread. Another counter was covered with great wheels of cheddar cheese, triangular wedges of blue cheese, and round, flat-bottomed edam and gouda cheeses gay with red cellophane wrappings. Above them hung long pieces of bologna, liverwurst, and salami, strings of frankfurters, and rings of light and dark sausages. There was a pushcart filled with fresh boiled crabs, and another one containing wooden buckets of pickles, olives, pimentos, and pickled peppers.

Looking up the street where the flower stands were located, Tony could see Joe returning, his wagon filled with boxes of spinach which drooped over the edges like moss on a tree. He could also discern several baskets of apples strapped to the back of the wagon. Joe had come through as he had promised.

"Here you are, Tony. I'll snap these bands and we'll unload these baskets in no time."

As Joe handed down the boxes, Tony dumped the large, bright apples into the pushcart which was quickly filled.

"Say, Joe," said Tony as he arranged the fruit in a pyramid. "These apples are sort of soft. In fact, some of them have bad spots, even."

"So what? You sell 'em five pounds for a quarter, and you'll make a profit."

"But, gee, Joe, I can't sell these apples for that price; they aren't worth it. Besides, people won't want them when they see what they look like, and I wouldn't feel right selling them."



"You gone crazy, kid? Look, shine up them big red ones, an' put 'em in front, on the outside. Push them others to the back where nobody can't see 'em, an' when you sell 'em, shove 'em in the bag, quick, before they get a chance to look at 'em."

"Well, all right, but, I'm going to make them six—no, seven pounds for a quarter."

Joe shook his head, adjusted his cap, chewed his gum, and stared at Tony.

"You ain't never gonna make no money that way, kid. Go ahead, take some bags, make a sign, and sell your apples, but don't ask me for no more help."

With these ominous words, Joe jumped down from the wagon where he had been arranging his spinach, and set up a vociferous clamor which was barely intelligible.

"Spinacheer, three poundsa quarter,  
Three poundsa quarter, spinach!  
Come on, lady, buy!  
Hey, lady, don't be shy!"

Tony said nothing. He stood carefully polishing an apple on the sleeve of his sweater. He wished that his grandfather were there, or that he were home with his grandfather, or anywhere but here with that cartload of rotten apples. He wished that he could yell like Joe, but the words wouldn't come. Joe was a successful business man. He had his own car, several sharp suits, and money in the bank. He'd have plenty more some day.

Joe, who had been watching the silent boy from the corner of his eye, could ignore him no longer.

"Kid, you don't know from nothin', but if you'll go along with me, I'll show the ropes. You gotta yell, like me, see? G'wan, try it."

Tony knew that he had to yell to attract customers, and he had never minded it before. But when he helped his grandfather, he felt that he was doing people a service when he asked them to buy any of his merchandise. It had always been excellent in quality and reasonably priced.

Now he took a deep breath and opened his mouth to shout, but the words stuck in his throat. He colored and looked at Joe.

"What's the matter? You shy, kid? Don't be shy. Look, here comes a customer. Watch me go into action. Say, lady, just look at these apples—cheapest and best on the market."

"Well, they're cheap enough. Are they really good?"

"Are they good? Lady, look at 'em! Here, you wanna taste of one?"

"No, thank you. I won't need to sample them. I can see that they're good. I'll take seven pounds, please."

"Tony, give the lady seven pounds of apples, and keep your thumb off of the scale. We don't wanna gyp no one. Here you are, lady. Now, how about some nice, fresh spinach? Only a quarter for three pounds."

Tony laughed at Joe's chatter. He admired the way in which he made the customers feel that they were getting a real bargain. Well, after all, it wasn't so bad. Mostly everyone else was getting a quarter for only five pounds, and some even charged twenty-nine cents. And their apples probably weren't much better. No, they were probably no better at all. Why not sell these apples six pounds for a quarter? They'd still be quite a bargain. He could bring the price down again later, when the other prices came down. There was nothing wrong with doing that, nothing at all.

It wasn't as if he were doing some of the things that

Joe did. Joe would sprinkle the withered spinach with water to freshen it, with the result that some of it was slimy from continued treatment. Then, when he weighed it, he would put his hand on the scales—"just to steady it" he would say.

Since these thoughts still could not ease Tony's conscience entirely, in order to make up for it, he would throw in an extra apple or two whenever he made a sale, and he always tried to mix the few good ones in with the bad.

At this rate, Tony had sold almost three cartloads of apples by late afternoon. Joe had been successful also. He always was.

"Well, kid, ain't done bad, have you? I told you we'd go places if you'd take my advice. Now that all this spinach is gone, I think I'll go home an' get some sleep. Then, I'll stock up for tonight. It's gonna be pretty busy. You want me to pick you up a few more bushels of apples?"

"I don't think so, Joe, but thanks just the same. When I finish selling these, I'm going home and see how Grandfather is, and I may not come out again."

"Okay, see you around."

"So long, Joe."

As Joe was pulling out, the wagon swerved sharply into the narrow lane between the rows of carts. An old woman who was approaching Tony's cart was caught between it and the wagon. Tony caught her as she was about to fall, and called out angrily to Joe, to watch what he was doing, but Joe laughed and kept going.

"Well of all the nerve! He didn't even stop to see if you were hurt."

The little woman straightened up and smiled in an embarrassed manner.



"I just scared a bit. I'm all right now, I was comin' to buy some apples, they look so good."

Tony reddened. He couldn't sell her those apples after Joe had almost knocked her over.

"They're really not very good at all. Maybe you'd better get them some place else."

"You Tony Cagliano's grandson, hunh?"

She spoke with an Italian accent. Tony recognized her as the old woman who sold shopping bags on the corner of Blackstone St.

"Yes, I'm his grandson."

"Well, whatta you do sellin' rotten apples? Your grandfather know 'bout this?"

"Grandfather's sick today. I'm helping him out."

"He don' like your help much if he know you hangin' around with that Joe, an' sellin' rotten apples, just as bad as him. You keep away from him an' I don' tell your grandfather on you."

Before Tony could reply, she had turned away, and disappeared in the crowd.

He shrugged his shoulders, pulled his woolen cap down over his ears, and thrust his hands into his pockets. The sun had gone down, and the sharp wind pierced even his heavy sweater.

He had no desire to sell the rest of the apples, and he did not wish to go home. He knew that his grandfather would be there waiting anxiously and proudly to see how well he'd done. He'd done very well. He'd made more money than his grandfather usually made. Grandfather would say that it was because Tony was young and so smart. He would never suspect that Tony would do anything mean or low.

These thoughts about his grandfather made Tony feel miserable. To his complete surprise, his eyes grew hot, and he felt a lump gather in his throat.

"Don't tell me I'm going to cry!!" he muttered, and kicked the wheel of the cart.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and someone said, "Go ahead and cry, Tony. Everything will be all right then, and you can come home and have your supper."

Tony wheeled around.

"Oh, Grandfather," he sobbed, "I'm so glad you're here!"

## MEMORY

*Helen Docherty, '53*

*Oh, ask me not if I've forgotten you  
In struggle against the tide's diurnal flow.  
Do honey bees enthralled by roses's hue  
Neglect to garner nectar, homeward go?  
Do robins basking in fair southern clime  
Refuse to heed the vernal northern call,  
Or scampering squirrels in a race with time  
Forget to store provisions in the fall?  
As flaming suns dip into flaming seas  
And shadowy spectres glide through sound-bushed night,  
The silver-spangled skies, the sighing breeze  
Awaken thoughts less painful in the light.  
To throb with pain whenever I hear your name,  
To forgetting, dear, can be my only claim.*

# LUNCH ROOM INCIDENT

*Margaret McCarthy, '53*

BARNEY'S LUNCH and Delicatessen was host to an average number of customers when Bette and Bill entered. They took their usual booth in the corner, secluded but with a good view of the rest of the room. They talked little. It wasn't a time for animated conversation.

The juke-box, rooted in the center of the room, blared the mournful story of the "Birth of the Blues." The trumpet's sad-sweet wail was strangely akin to Bette's inner feelings. How could she ever tell him?

"Hi, kids! How're yadoin'?"

Barney appeared behind the long, shiny counter. His balding head offered strong competition to the gleam of the chrome faucets and fixtures.

"Hullo, Barney. Fine." Bill was brief in his answer, unusually brief.

"So, this is it, huh, kid?" Barney deserted his post and approached the couple's booth. "Well, don't let it get ya. Sure, I know, it seems an awful long time now but, I'm tellin' ya, it's nothin'. Goes by just like dat."

A snap of the fingers demonstrated Barney's point.

"Before ya know it, boy, you'll be back in the old hometown—for good! Believe me, I know. Wasn't I in the last one? Twen'y-four months is nothin'. Why, I kin remember da time when . . ." "Hey Barney, my muthar wants ta know if ya got any hamburg—fresh."

A youngster in dirty playclothes shouted from the meat counter at the back of the store.



"Okay, okay, kid. Mind the way ya talk. I'll come when I'm ready.—'Scuse me, folks."

He wiped sweaty hands on his soiled apron and walked away.

"Lucky thing that little fellow came when he did. Barney was starting to bother me." Bill seemed upset.

Until today, he had made light of the situation. Okay, so he was drafted. So he'd have a change. He was getting tired of this sooty old town, anyway, jammed with dirty kids, noisy traffic, cheap amusements, and cheaper characters. So he'd go off for two years, see the world, save thousands, and come back in glory as a general; well, at least a major. Today his feelings betrayed him.

He was in love. He knew it before and told her; but he never knew how much, until today.

"Lord, I'm going to miss you, Bette!" His hand instinctively sought hers across the table.

Bill was not handsome. His features were chiseled and angular, now more sharpened by his display of emotion. His eyes, like his hair, were dark brown, very average. He had a masculine appeal that attracted Bette from the very beginning of their young romance.

"I'll miss you, too, Bill." Her voice was soft, warm, caressing.

That wasn't the thing to say. Why did I have to use that tone? I didn't mean to, I didn't intend to. How can I tell him? Not now. Later. I'll find an opening later on, at least to drop a few hints. I couldn't say anything now when he's looking at me like that. But definitely later.

"Hey, Barney, two sundaes, please. With everythin'!" The bobby-soxers scrambled up on the stools at the soda fountain.

"Awright, little ladies, just hang on a minute. I'm busy now." Barney was not extremely courteous.

"Okay, so we wait. We ain't in any hurry. Got a nickel, Babs? Let's play somethin' dreamy!"

"Yeah, but I'm pickin' it out. It's my money."

Bill still held her hand. He pressed it gently when the music flowed from the juke-box and a throaty voice crooned low, "Because of you, there's a song in my heart . . ."

"Let's keep it this way, Bette. Just the two of us, always."

His voice was a whisper, hushed by emotion rather than concern for the interested observers seated again at the fountain.

Oh, dear God!, don't let it be so hard. Help me to let him know, in some way, that things have changed. I can't make any promises. They wouldn't be true or fair. But how to say it? How can you tell a guy going away to camp, God knows how far or for how long, that you've suddenly had a change of heart. You don't think he's the one, after all?

It wouldn't be so bad if he were less devoted. If only he'd meet someone while he's away—that might solve the whole miserable problem. But he won't, though. I know he won't, because he's too loyal, too good. Unless I tell him now. Even suggest that we both try going out with other fellows. Maybe that would be a good opening to . . . Oh, good heavens!, what is he saying? School? 1953?

Bette's face revealed none of the turmoil within her. It was a pretty face, not beautiful, but pretty. Her nose was too pug to have Grecian beauty and her mouth a little too wide. Her best feature was her blue eyes, sometimes very expressive, but now hiding a great deal.

"I'm sorry, Bill. I'm afraid I wasn't listening. What did you say?"



He smiled. Poor kid, she feels as bad as I do, he thought. "Just making plans, honey." I was saying that you'll be finished with school by the time I get out. If we sort of look ahead, we can be saving now, and then, when I'm home for good, we'd be ready to get married."

Oh, Bill, don't, please don't. I can't answer. I don't want to hurt you.

"Well, kids, what'll it be. On the house today, account a' Bill's leavin'."

Barney was holding forth behind the counter. With a majestic sweep of his huge hand, he indicated the stores of the fountain.

"He's a swell guy but he always picks the wrong time to be generous. . . What'll you have, hon?"

"Oh, just the usual, I guess." Louder, "Thanks, Barney!"

Yes, thanks a thousand times, Barney! In the nick of time! But if I had any courage at all, I would have told Bill then. Really, it would have been simple to just say something like, "Gee, Bill, I'm not so sure. Things happen sometimes, you know. Maybe we shouldn't plan on anything till you do get out." Even that would have been enough to start him thinking, anyway.

Bill walked to the counter with his familiar firm, determined gait. He did make an impressive figure, and Bette was again aware of it. The young teen-agers dug into hills of ice cream topped with syrup, marshmallow, nuts, and cherries. They stared at Bill, nudged each other, and giggled annoyingly. They wrapped their legs around the metal bars of the stool and, between gulps of gooey sundae, made comments to themselves about Bill, about boys in general. Bette squirmed in her place, uncomfortably aware that she, too, would be discussed. She hated the thought.



"Thanks a lot, Barney. I guess we'll have the usual cheeseburgers and coffee. You don't change just because you're leaving for a while, you know."

Bill laughed, leaned on the counter. His attitude was a curious mixture of joy, restlessness, and dissatisfaction. He turned to look at the girl, winked, and with a sly smile, approached the juke-box.

Bette's heart sank with the noisy dropping of the coin in the machine. She knew what was played.

"And then, along came Bill, an ordinary guy . . .", the dreamy voice warbled softly.

Our song! Oh, Bill, I'm so sorry, so very sorry. If only things could be the way they were. If I could still smile with you on hearing that song and share its secret meanings with the same warmth and happiness. Good Lord! I've got to tell you. It's not fair to let you go on thinking I care. Come back, quickly, while I have the courage, Bill.

She smiled warmly at him as he waited for the order.

"Almost ready, Bill. Extra special today. You're gettin' meat in 'em." Barney's laugh boomed.

"Hey, mister, got any funny books?" A little boy stood just inside the store, too shy to come forward.

"I'll show them to him, Barn . . . Sure, fella, right over here. What kind do you want, Batman, Superman, Donald Duck, Gene Autry?"

The youngster looked eagerly through the pile of comics and finally chose two—Hopalong Cassidy and Dick Tracy.

"I want these ones." He smiled shyly.

"Okay, fella, Barney'll ring it up. Let's see—oh, 'Hoppy', huh? He's quite a guy. Did you ever see him in the movies? Say, he can ride though. And always gets his man."

Bill lifted the child onto one of the stools while Barney wrapped the books.

"Yeah, an' he kin shoot, too, boy!" The youngster's eyes shone with remembered excitement.

"There y'are, Butch. All yours." Barney passed the parcel across the counter. The child clutched it, grinned confidently at Bill, and scurried out.

"And your stuff's all set. Hope Bette ain't dead a' hunger frum waitin' so long."

You'll never change, Bill. You'll always be good, kind, loving, making friends with everyone. Why have I changed? I suppose it just wasn't meant to be for us. How does that line go, something about "star-cross'd lovers?" The only thing is we're not even lovers, and you don't know it. I'll tell you now, though, when you come back to the booth. Hurry, Bill, please hurry.

He put the tray on the table, placed the cheeseburger and coffee before her, and smiled lovingly down on her.

"You know, Bette, I was just thinking." He sat opposite her. "It won't be bad after all. I mean, the time will pass pretty quickly since I have so many wonderful things to remember."

He looked at her intently, his deep love glowing in his eyes, in his youthful face.

"Knowing you're waiting will keep me going."

I should have spoken first, before he had a chance, while I had the courage. How could I ever answer those words with what I must say? I can't, I just can't.

I'll write it in a letter when he's away. That'll be the best way, really because then I can think the whole thing out and tell him in a nice way. It'll be easier, too. I won't have to see his face and watch his reaction when he finally knows.

She sighed: "No, Bill, it won't be long at all. You'll be back soon."

Not to me, but you'll come back.

"Hey, Barney, how much are the eclairs? My mother wants four, if they ain't 'sensive."

"Comin' right up, kid. Just hold your horses."

## WINDSONG

MARY EUNICE GORMAN, '53

*The wind sings softly to the searching heart,  
A song of whispered longing and desire,  
That holds the seeking soul in worlds apart.  
It is the Siren song that roused Ulysses' fire,  
The haunting music of the Hebrew lyre,  
The universal song of wandering men,  
In murmurs to their souls of unbuilt empire.  
Adventure anthem crying in the glen,  
The wind sings softly, strongly, to all wandering men.*

## QUI NON AMAVERUNT

Marion Misch, '52

*We sink in sin. Now soon  
Harsh knives that nick the flesh  
Will hack our bones to splinters,  
And finding death not harsh,  
Thrust all our sons to Satan  
In the bloody glow of fires  
That know to rise at night,  
Since all our rotten lyres  
Sang not with God; and blithe,  
We build our funeral altars,  
Impaled with sickened flowers  
To flame unholy martyrs.*



## PASTORAL

*(Translated from the Georgics, IV:127-143)*

*I saw an old farmer; a few abandoned fields  
Unyielding to the plow, for the grazing herd unfertile,  
As for the growing vine, were his to till.*

*Yet, as he planted few-seeded poppies, lilies white,  
And sacred shrubs at random 'mid the thorns,  
He thought himself a king; late at night,  
On coming home, with unbought goods his table he'd adorn.*

*First was he to pluck Spring's rose and Autumn's fruit;  
And while sad Winter was yet causing rocks to crack  
With cold, and with ice the river's flow to check,*

*He was cutting, then, the hyacinth's sweet bloom,  
Chiding Summer's lateness and the delaying breeze.  
First, too, was he to draw foaming honey from the comb  
Close-knit; having many swarms of new-born bees.*

*He had linden trees, and thick-grown pines;  
As many trees as would adorn themselves in new dress  
Of fertile fruit, he in their ripeness would possess.*

Mary E. Murphy, '52

# THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY

*Ione Malloy, '53*

ELIZABETH LOHR took off her blue and white tweed coat, held out her new spring hat at a distance from her, and gave a pleased tweak at the cocky feather that adorned its crown and announced the glad tidings of the arrival of spring.

Tommy Richards, one of Miss Casey's fourth-graders, passed the door and peered in, his grey eyes opened in wonder, "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken."

Elizabeth cautiously quenched the merry light in her eyes, as shades of little Jimmy Merton, the black-sheep of the seventh grade, swooped in upon her mind. Last week a young substitute, fresh from her salad days at college, with little or no practice in teaching, had made the mistake of primping behind a book in front of the class. Before she realized what had happened, the whole class of seventh graders, led by Jimmy, were mock primping and pirouetting before imaginary mirrors. When asked to give an explanation for his conduct, Jimmy had insolently and smoothly replied that they were debs, preparing for their coming-out party.

Elizabeth wasn't afraid that anything like that would happen to her, though. She had been teaching at the Blackwell School thirty years ago when Rockwell was only an embryo city, an upstart shoot from the already world-famous Brockton. She knew all the children in the grammar and junior high schools by name. The town's quirks and idio-



syncracies were as familiar to her as the well-worn furnishings of her own bedroom,—from Doctor Frost, the town doctor, who couldn't force himself out on a call without first having his two cups of coffee, to the Irish train-starter, whose ultimatum to all weather reports was: "If there's enough blue in the sky to make a man a pair of pants, it won't rain."

"I wonder what makes seventh-grade boys so troublesome," Elizabeth asked Miss Walsh, as they hurried down the corridor to their classrooms. The principal had asked her to take over the seventh grade to forestall any more obstreperous uprisings, and placed Miss Walsh, the new substitute, in her stead over the ninth grade.

"My mother said that children just go to pieces in the adolescent stage. She had seven of us, four boys and three girls; and from the time we were thirteen to nineteen, she said she just couldn't figure us out."

"Yes, I think it's the hardest time for youngsters, too." Elizabeth's voice was warm with understanding. "They're standing with their feet in childhood and their heads in manhood, and they just have to feel their way out."

"It does sound terrible, doesn't it?" Miss Walsh laughed.

"You know, this is the first time I've taught ninth-graders, and, confidentially, I'm rather scared."

"You'll do very well, I'm sure." Elizabeth smiled, and patted her on the arm as she left.

It was very warm in her own classroom. Elizabeth went to the windows and opened them. The dank, musky odors of green growth breaking through the black soil, the faint perfumes of the budding trees, rushed into the room. Spring had really come.

Not yet twenty minutes of nine, Elizabeth mused. Good!



She was early, and if any of the children had had difficulties with their homework, they'd have time to settle them before school began. She sat down at her desk and began to correct the previous day's composition papers. Jimmy's was the first on the pile. It was a real surprise. He had chosen to expound on his mischievous pranks, and apparently took a great deal of delight in them, juicily expatiating on the climax of his notorious career, the sixth grade, when he was unanimously elected the worst boy in the class. The incidents were humorous, though, and the style was smooth and unlabored. Elizabeth marked it B+ and wrote "well done" at the top of the page, beside the portentous title, "Jinxed."

It was beginning to get noisy now out in the school-yard. The children would soon be coming in. She took out the math book, and looked over the lesson. There was nothing difficult: just elementary equations.

"Miss Lohr."

Elizabeth, startled by the plaintive, questioning intonation of her name, looked up. It was Jimmy. He was standing close beside her desk, watching her with eager, intense eyes.

"Well, Jimmy! What can I do for you?"

"I've brought you some flowers," he said, in a thin, broken, pained voice, and held out his hands overflowing with lilies of the valley. His hands trembled slightly, and he steadied them against the desk.

Elizabeth flushed. She started to say something, but her voice choked. Jimmy just stood there, his eyes burning with pain and love, waiting for her to say something.

And then, suddenly, she was spinning back, back through the dizzy vortex of time. She was young again. A little boy was skipping about the classroom, singing out to her:

"Oh, I love you, Miss Lohr, I love you, I love you, I love you." But she didn't like bad boys,—just those who sat in their seats with their hands folded; so she'd sent Mark back to the orphanage.

Sometimes now, even, the sharp look of pain that darted to Mark's eyes when she told him that he had to leave, came back to her mind like a frightful, relentless nightmare.

But Jimmy was waiting, watching her with those deep, trusting eyes. She wanted so much to show him that she really appreciated the flowers.

"Would you like to fill this green vase for me, Jimmy?"

Jimmy disappeared with the vase, and came back, wiping the wet bottom on his shirt sleeve.

"You did very well in your composition exercise yesterday," Elizabeth said, smiling.

Jimmy looked at her with eyes that burned with love. Miss Lohr always said such kind things. Nothing in the world really mattered much, but she always made everything, even little things, seem important.

The bell rang.

Jimmy started. "I wish I could stay here with you, but I have to go before the kids come," he said.

Elizabeth patted him on the arm, and he darted away.

Alone once more, she dropped her head into her hands. Jimmy had just entrusted to her the most precious treasure in the world, a child's love. She knew she should feel bogged down with the tremendous trust, but instead, she felt warm and happy, as if,—as if she had been washed by a spring rain.



## CHAUCER'S KNIGHT

*Nancy Foster, '53*

HE RIDES at the head of the band of pilgrims, and he is introduced first, as befitting a person of his rank, and ancestry. He is a quiet man, dressed quietly, and he quietly tells a quiet tale. He is the Knight in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales". His character and characterization have appealed to me always, from the very first time I read the Prologue. It seems to me that Chaucer treated him gently and with more refinement than any other of his pilgrims, even the Prioress. Chaucer seemed to have a sort of affection in his handling of the Prioress, but much of her mannerisms, and culture is affectation. There is none of this, however, in the Knight. Chaucer has pictured an ideal knight for us. He is handled with a care and gentleness that seems foreign in the subtle, and at times rollicking Chaucer. Perhaps because knighthood and all the ideals affiliated with it were just about breathing their last, Chaucer, regretting a bit the old order giving way to the new, desired to write a little eulogy and requiem for the last of the spirit that animated the knights of old. That he succeeded is obvious from one careful reading of the comparatively few lines that introduce the Knight. Besides manifesting the characteristics of the ideal knight, the lines in the Prologue serve to display the superb artistry of the poet.

The very first thing that Chaucer has to say about the Knight is, "A Knight there was, and that a worthy man". In the late fourteenth century, when the "Canterbury



Tales" was written, knighthood, all that was left of it, had a very sordid side. But Chaucer chose to present the ideal, and immediately allayed all thoughts of a satire by the word "worthy". Our Knight was, first and foremost, deserving of all homage and rank that would be given to him by the other pilgrims, because from the very first time he began to ride, presumably as a squire, he "loved chivalrie, trouthe and honour, freedom and courtesie". These are the ideals, together with the protection of women, that each true Knight held as his standard. First came chivalry. Then followed, logically, and wholesomely in our Knight, truth. From truth springs honor; then freedom and courtesy succeed truth, to make up the ideal.

Chaucer again employs the word "worthy" in regard to the Knight, when he says that he was "worthy in his lordes werre, and therto had he riden, no man ferre, As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse, And evere honoured for his worthynesse". This use of the word connotes capability, and virtue much desired and honored. He had shown his capability in his lord's war, at home, and abroad, and has ever been honored for his "worthynesse"—capability.

In this picture of the Knight which we are gradually piecing together, the form of a man not unlike the late King George VI is emerging. Here is a man who possesses all the good qualities that are desirable in a man, yet he will never achieve any brilliance, or great distinction. He will go, and has gone through life, a dependable, courageous, virtuous man. However, he is not to be confused with a mere plodder. Possessing prudence, he is neither a dreamer, nor an excessive world-beater. He mixes speculation and practicality, and forms maturity. In order that we won't think of our Knight as a plodder, Chaucer recounts for us

a list of his heroic exploits, and the outstanding acts he has committed. He was at Alexandris when it was won; and then, at this very point in a line typical of the simplicity which Chaucer very often achieves with no effort whatsoever, he writes as much as to say, "Oh, I almost forgot—", "ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord begonne". Very often he had sat at the head of the table. Just one or two simple, clever lines like this make the whole of the "Canterbury Tales" an incomparable reading experience.

Continuing with the relation of his exploits, Chaucer goes on to say that the Knight had been at Lettow—Lithuania; Ruce—Russia; at Granada during the siege; and had also ridden in Africa. He had been in the Mediterranean with many a noble army, and in fifteen mortal battles, "And foughten for oure feith at Tramussene, in lystes thries, and ay slayn his foe."

Once more the adjective "worthy" is employed. This time it is used in the most famous line from the Prologue that is remembered as applied to the Knight; "And though that he were worthy, he was wise". And though he was brave, he was prudent, "and of his port as meeke as is a mayde". From what we have seen of our Knight already, we are not surprised to hear that he was prudent as well as brave. But here we are being reassured. We mustn't think that our Knight ever acted rashly simply for the glory of battle.

Finally, Chaucer has come to the end of his artistic, poetic enumeration of characteristics, and before going on to the array of the Knight says, "that never in his life has he said any villainy to any man". "He was a verray, parfit gentil knight". He was a true, manly, gentle knight. It is this word "gentle" that permeated the essence of the knight. Externally, the predominant virtue is worth,



worthy, worthiness. Internally it is gentle; this gentle characteristic is witnessed to a more intense degree in the "Knight's Tale" which is exactly the kind of tale an ideal knight ought to tell. It is a story of a courtly romance and knightly combat. It is told in very dignified, beautiful poetry that is detailed and leisurely.

"But", says Chaucer, "for to tellen yow of his array, His horse were goode, but he was nat gay. Of fustian he wered a gypon (a tunic), For he was late come from his viage (voyage), And wente for to doon his pilgrymage".

In the very last lines, describing the knight's appearance, the characterization is sustained. He had a good horse, but it was not gay, or in this context, wanton. It was no mad, raging, lively horse, but a good, stable steady mount befitting a middle-aged knight. Fustian is a thick cotton cloth. The Knight as we are told in the next two lines, had just come home from his voyage, straight to the pilgrimage. As we definitely know that he would not stop to change his tunic. So he rides in his tunic of fustian, a good, gentle, worthy knight, and "though that he were worthy, he was wys".

Thus Chaucer introduces his first character, revealing in few lines both his own artistry, and the whole life, and characteristics, and virtues of a man. The Knight is, in many respects, Chaucer's best character. It is evident that Chaucer liked him, too, from his clever word-usage. So at the head of the pilgrim band rides a quiet man, acknowledged by the entire company to be superior of all, from the coarse wife, to the refined nun. Slowly, the parade rides by, led by "a verray, parfit gentil knight".



## INVITATION

Rosemary Seibert, '53

*Don't court me in the summer,  
When breezes softly blow  
And singing birds lend music  
To the rosy afterglow,*

*But come to me in winter  
When trees stand stiff and bare,  
And snappy winds are masters  
Of the chilly atmosphere.*

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

Marie B. Sally, '52

*Oh, Pertelote, I would not be you  
For all the grain of summer or a perch  
Hung from the moon. However high you flew  
The atmosphere would bear a barnyard smirch,  
And you would talk of Chauntecleer's new ills  
And remedies gleaned from forgotten hens,  
And shudder and forget the things that kill,  
The Reynards creeping from their feathered dens.*

---

## THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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*Meditations on:* (Symphony in A Flat Minor)

It's Spring, and the city is shouting its name; The air  
breathes each symphonic call, The beat of the drum as the  
band marches by, And the growl of the umpire's, "Play  
ball;" The traffic's loud roar, the soft pigeon's coo, The sigh  
of the leaves in the sun, And all through the campus, the  
echoing shout—The old standby: "Bridge, anyone?"

\* \* \*

*Kaleidoscope:*

There are all sorts of wallpapers here in the book, The  
plaids and the stripes and the checks, And, oh, here's a lovely  
one, just take a look—But what are those little red specks?  
Here is another, how perfectly charming, I think it's the  
nicest I've seen; The colors are dashing, a little alarming, But  
why is the lady's hair green? They all are so beautiful, how  
can I tell? Oh, help me—I'm weak in the knees, Not that  
one, or that one, Ah me, very well. A gallon of your Kem-  
tone, please.

Parody on *Down in the Carolina Flat Lands*:

Up in Boston's mud lands The Fenway is the place For  
many a weary student. Listen, I'll state my case. Studying,  
always studying, Longing for the day, When we'll get a  
"position" Plus a vacation—with pay. Here, with profs and  
lectures, It's enough to make one weep, Trying hard to  
listen, And not to fall asleep. Everyone knows we're living,  
We can never cut a class. They say it's for our benefit—  
You come, or you won't pass. As term papers keep on com-  
ing It's more than a girl can stand. Definitely I am a convict  
With a withered writing hand. We're the girls of the stu-  
dent body, Drawing not a cent of pay. Protecting ourselves  
against The terrors of the day. But sometime when we  
graduate (Soon, you wait and see) An employer will look  
aghast and say, "What! no Master's Degree?"

Marylou Devlin, '52

\* \* \*

From *A Window In Beth Israel*:

I'm a stranger here in Boston myself. Just got here to  
Beth Israel from Soslo. Got a compound fracture of the  
pomoloi with complications, they tell me. Well, I can't  
complain. My bed is near a window and I have a fine view  
of the nearest building. With my limited knowledge of  
architecture I might hazard a wild guess that it is slightly  
on the English collegiate Gothic side. But I can't for the life  
of me figure out what kind of a place it is. Some patients  
play tic-tac-toe on their plaster casts, others pass the time  
away looking at X-ray plates, (seen some pretty good action  
shots lately) but me, I just try to figure out that place  
across the way.



It can't be a factory, because there's no smoke from the main building, although there seems to be plenty from the vehicles parked nearby. Maybe they do piece-work in them. Those who frequent this ivy-covered hive of activity seem predominantly of the weaker sex, but now and then a stalwart young man sidles up to the building like a soldier reconnoitering hostile territory.

\* \* \*

It occurred to me a while back that the mystery-structure might be some kind of college but I abandoned that hypothesis after observing the activity around the building. The weather has been sunny and warm for the last few days and I've had a good chance to study the behavior pattern of the occupants. I'm certain the building in question couldn't possibly be a school because the crowds of young women sunbathing on the lawn never have to move to go to classes. I did see a few girls walk out onto the grass carrying books, but the college theory died a quick death when they used the books only to prop up their heads when they stretched out on the lawn. Despite its large size, there's an outside chance that the building is the club house of a women's sunbathing and physical culture society.

\* \* \*

My pomoloi is mending pretty well. I'll be home in Soslo in no time now, but you know, I think I'll sort of miss seeing that brick building across the way from Beth Israel, whatever it is.

*Joan Butler, '52*

## EXAMINATION TIME AT EMMANUEL

*(With formal apologies to Lewis Carrol)*

'T WAS MAYTIME. AND THE SLITHY TESTS  
DID GYRE AND GAMBOL THROUGH THE SCHOOL.  
ALL FLIMSY WERE THE STUDENTS' MINDS,  
AND EXAMINATIONS LOOMED CRUEL.

Beware Examinations, my girl,  
The page that bites, the thoughts that catch,  
Beware the Question-bird, and shun  
The furious fill-ins, and match.  
She took her thinking sword in hand,  
Long time Examination she sought,  
Then rested she by Room 33,  
And stood a while in thought.  
And as in stulted thought she stood,  
Examination with eyes of flame  
Came whiffling through the corridors,  
And burbled as it came.  
One-two, one-two, and through and through,  
The study blade went snicker-snack!  
She left Exam dead, and with its head,  
She went galumphing back.  
And hast thou slain Examination?  
Come to my arms, my beamish girl!  
O frabjous day! Calloo, callay!  
We chortle in a whirl.

'T WAS MAYTIME, AND THE SLITHY TESTS  
DID GYRE AND GAMBOL THROUGH THE SCHOOL,  
ALL FLIMSY WERE THE STUDENTS MINDS,  
AND EXAMINATION LOOMED CRUEL.

MARION MISCH, '52

## CURRENT BOOKS

*Catholicism and the World Today.* By Aelred Graham.  
New York: David McKay Company, Inc. 234 pages.

How has Catholicism influenced Western civilization? What is the position of Catholicism in the modern world? What is Catholicism's solution to the perplexities of our time? Answers to these vital questions can be found in Aelred Graham's new book, *Catholicism and the World Today*. That Catholicism should provide the answer to these questions is evident from the recent appearance of Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. However, Dom Graham has not attempted a polemical task; instead of dogmatizing on the validity of Catholicism, he elucidates its position in relation to the modern world. The book, therefore, is neither an apologetic for Catholicism nor an exposition of its teaching. The purpose of the book is "to explore those regions of thought where Catholicism impinges on Western civilization, influences it, and is in turn acted on by it."

Lucidly and thoughtfully, Dom Graham has approached the problems that preoccupy both Catholics and Protestants. He discusses the conflict between freedom and authority, the individual and society, faith and reason; the relation between science and religion; Christ and Catholicism; Catholicism and the union of Churches; Catholicism and modern democracy. The failure of economic and political measures to stem the tide of Communism, has forced modern man to search for positive religious principle which would negate Communistic thought in the West. Where are these positive principles to be found if not in Catholicism? Yet the fear



and distrust of so-called Catholic authoritarianism holds millions of our separated brethren from accepting the leadership of Catholicism. The problem of paramount importance, therefore, is that of Christian reunion.

That the world has divided itself into two camps is evident. Dom Graham points out that this division can be likened to the words of St. Augustine: "Two loves made two cities—the earthy, built up by the love of self to the contempt of God, and the heavenly, built up by the love of God to the contempt of self." He suggests the solution for the citizens of the city of God is generous unself-regarding charity.

Dom Graham's serious endeavor to present the Catholic position in modern times is an important work for both Catholics and Protestants. In these times of error and confusion clear thinking based on positive principles is essential to effective policy. Catholicism has within it the fullness of truth which alone can save the principles on which Western civilization is founded. Aelred Graham's *Catholicism and the World Today* is an important contribution to contemporary thought on the perplexities which are the realities of our time.

MARILYN JARVIS, '52

*I Led Three Lives.* By Herbert A. Philbrick. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1952.

It is characteristic of the American nature to take things for granted. High on the list of such things is our American way of life, our democracy, our security, and our freedom. The word Communism is considered a shibboleth used by the hysterical, the cynical, and the troublemaker. It is pushed aside with "It can't happen here." To such Ameri-

cans does Herbert Philbrick address his *I Led Three Lives*. This is the inside story of Communism, not only throughout the United States in general, but in our own Boston. Mr. Philbrick was for nine years a respectable family and business man, a top Communist, and an agent for the F. B. I.

The story begins when a young salesman knocks on a door marked MASSACHUSETTS YOUTH COUNCIL. For it was here that Herbert Philbrick became interested in the youth movement, and was appointed to organize the YOUTH COUNCIL in Cambridge, where he lived at the time. All went smoothly until Philbrick noticed that policies were being dictated to him by a certain group. These policies were not his own nor were they the policies of the organization. Philbrick watched this on different issues, and fearing Communist infiltration, contacted the F. B. I. They asked him to remain in the Council, and set up contacts with the Communists. Thus Philbrick began his nine years of three-sided life.

Philbrick rose higher and higher in the Communist Party, and so is well qualified in his explanations of Communist infiltration into organizations and industry. How they use organizations as fronts; how they spread their doctrines through political campaigns. The American Youth for Democracy, was the Young Communist League re-named to attract non-Communist members, so that the organization might not look Communistic. At meetings, motions would come only from persons carefully picked beforehand. Speakers were always screened. Anyone who wished to speak could write his name on a card and hand it in, but he stood no chance of being called on, since "time would always run out." One member was ready to motion for adjournment at any time should anything go wrong. All



Communist front organizations worked in this manner.

The purpose of *I Led Three Lives*, as is now obvious, is to give the truth about Communist organizations in this country to every American. This purpose has been well carried out in a flowing narrative about nine exciting years.

The question arises, after the reading of such a book as *I Led Three Lives* just what the average American can do about Communism? Mr. Philbrick says: "The most important single thing is to avoid behaving the way a Communist says the individual must behave in a capitalist society. . . ." If we adhere to our traditional American dream of a society of freedom, or personal rather than state responsibility, of individual as well as collective intelligence, and of civil rights rather than civil controls, then we will have disproved the Communist theory of the inevitability of capitalist deterioration.

Marie Connors, '52

*The Forrestal Diaries*, edited by Walter Millis and E. S. Duffield. New York: Viking Press, 1951. 555 pages.

Two years ago May twenty-second, James J. Forrestal plunged to his death from the sixteenth floor of a naval hospital where he had been recuperating from a nervous breakdown suffered after his resignation as Secretary of Defense. Mystery shrouded his death and many speculated as to the reason for it. Yet few knew of the immense problems or of the great responsibilities that James Forrestal had borne as Secretary of Defense. In an effort to give the reading public an insight into these problems Walter Millis has edited Forrestal's diaries.

Mr. Millis has not attempted to write Forrestal's life as reflected in his diaries; he has attempted to edit the diaries



into a readable coherent whole. He accomplishes this admirably. The words of Forrestal have been left to speak for themselves—his opinion of universal military training, his plans for a post-war military policy, his reorganization of the Armed Services and his awareness of Russia's growing power. Mr. Millis has been obliged to supplement the diaries with an explanation of Forrestal's various duties and of the conferences which Forrestal attended. Since Forrestal was the key man in connecting relations between the military and civilian elements, his diaries show the various problems which this position entailed.

The diaries reveal that Forrestal was an extremely sensitive man, a man of tremendous energy, a man, aware of his immense responsibilities, scrupulous in the execution of every minor detail. He never wanted his office, nor did he enjoy his position; but he felt that he owed it to his country to accept the position and to execute his office to the best of his ability. Finally, when the strain and worry, his far-reaching problems which he saw and strove to solve, wore him out, he was forced to resign. In his own words he was "a victim of the Washington scene." Two months after his resignation he was dead, his great career tragically ended. He left behind him the solidly built Office of Defense, a memorial of his tireless efforts. The last words he wrote were those of Sophocles:

Worn by the waste of time—  
Comfortless, nameless, hopeless soul  
In the dark prospect of the grave.

On the whole, Mr. Millis with the help of Mr. Duffield has accomplished an admirable piece of work. The diaries would have been easier to read if some of the factual ma-

terial, such as the budget problem or military statistical problems, had been omitted.

Rosemary Seibert, '53

*Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era.* By John Morton Blum. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1951.

In an author's "Foreword" John Morton Blum states that the focus of his biography will be on Joseph Tumulty's public career. It is soon evident that, through an exposé of Tumulty's political service during the Wilson Era, the reader gathers enlightening facts about the intriguing figure of Wilson himself, and the intricate workings of the Democratic National Machine during the critical years 1914-1920.

When Woodrow Wilson finished his gubernatorial campaign speech in Jersey City in 1910, he had won the support of his audience. But perhaps of equal importance to his later career was the stamp of approval that the young, peppery, good-natured politician, Joe Tumulty, placed upon Wilson's earnest plea. In the years following this first encounter Tumulty was to interpolate the vague platitudinous speeches of Wilson with pointed political "stump" tirades and to work tirelessly to insure the professor's election as Governor of New Jersey and finally as President of the United States. Tumulty, inspired by the idealism, the impressive dignity and unwavering adherence to the principle of the President readily accepted the taxing post of his personal secretary. He remained Wilsons' indefatigable aide and loyal friend, through the years of triumph and defeat. Tumulty's frankness was the root of his valuable counsel, his knowledge of human nature, the foundation for his

gauge of public opinion, his innate sense of tact, the basis for his successful handling of the important Fourth Estate. If Wilson's mandates were at times too rigid, his attitude too aloof, his sentiments uncompromisingly stern, it fell to Tumulty to temper his severity either through personal memoranda to the President or in the numerous official capacities then delegated to the secretary. Tumulty realized his own limitations when Wilson stepped into international affairs but he kept his Chief well informed on developments at home while Wilson was in Paris. Though the spotlight is always on Tumulty, interesting reflections are cast also on the controversies of Wilson's administration and upon such outstanding Democratic leaders as Lansing, McAdoo, Burleson, and Bryan.

Mr. Blum is primarily the historian and secondarily the writer. In his zeal to record the facts as fully and accurately as possible, he sometimes burdens the biography with a minute cataloguing of names and dates. His realistic, objective treatment of Tumulty's life, however, is a welcome relief from the romanticized fanciful biographies of modern literature. Blum's style, his skillful phrasing, terse sentences, scholarly choice of clear, cogent words, raises his work above the standard of mediocrity to the ranks of an enjoyable illuminating story of the only man close to Wilson during his political career. The detailed footnotes and bibliography will be of great value to the historian. Mr. Blum has accomplished his purpose well in depicting the public life of Joe Tumulty, but the reviewer would now welcome a more intimate personal account of this aggressive, dynamic force in the White House during the rule of Wilson.

*Helen Docherty, '53*



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# EMMANUEL COLLEGE

## ETHOS

November, 1952



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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



## INSIDE OUT

TWO months of school have now passed, and with them have gone Cap and Gown Day, dinner dates with Junior Sisters, the Freshman Tea Dance, and Sophomore Class Day. Between activities, we have managed to squeeze in a couple of term papers, one or two tests, a few hours of outside work, and a modicum of study. Now, it is a sad but jubilant, a troubled but triumphant ETHOS that has risen from this turmoil with a brand new cover designed by Julia Miller, Senior.

The Staff, smelling, of course, of the midnight oil, has risen above the current of emotions which surges furiously around mid-semester time, and presents this issue of your magazine. Special mention is due to Rosemary Seibert for her delightful posters, to the Business Staff for the encouraging returns in advertisements, and to the Literary Staff for helpful suggestions and stimulating reviews of current books.

We are especially grateful to Sister Alice Gertrude, our popular, new President, who has inaugurated our series of contributions from the Faculty with her inspiring message to the ETHOS.

"*Here it is*" —the news you've all been waiting for—Helen Docherty has won first prize in the ETHOS Essay Contest with an essay which embodies every student's attitude toward A.A. Be sure to read it together with the entries of Katherine Gill, Barbara Raftery, and Caroline Perry. Because space did not permit, we could not print all the essays submitted, but we would like to thank Sister Mary Noel, Agatha Sicari, Carole McInnis, and Helen Hennessy for their encouraging response and enthusiastic co-operation.

If, however, the pursuit of St. Thomas and metaphysics, Aristotle and Horace, has so sobered your mind that you are unable to concentrate on them, we suggest that you turn to our unusual and interesting short stories. Whether you are on the subway, or in the mead-hall, in Boston, Worcester, Providence, or in any one of the far-flung countries travelled by our magazine, we know that you will find in them a deep source of entertainment.

Among the selections of poetry scattered throughout the pages, we offer you some first fruits, along with poems from one of our most facile and versatile contributors, Helen Hennessy. Even the Freshman have caught the air of erudition at Emmanuel as you will see when you read the Pack.

And finally, in case you're wondering, we have reversed the usual order of our editorials in honor of Helen Docherty's campaign against Alphabetical Arrangement, so that M precedes B for a change.

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## ETHOS — FLAME OF EMMANUEL

*Sister Alice Gertrude, S.N.D.  
President, Emmanuel College*

*GO FORTH, O Flame, into a world that needs you! Lift by your gleaming brightness hearts heavy with care; cheer with your comforting warmth souls chilled by the winds of doubt and depression; and by your mounting radiance inspire to noble endeavor those who seek the lofty heights.*

*You are the torch of Emmanuel, carrying far and wide the message that God is with us—whispering His love to us, in the soft murmur of the gentle zephyr; painting His beauty for us on the shimmering wings of the butterfly and in the blazing glory of the autumn woods; looking out at us through the lovely eyes of a child; weaving the pattern of our lives with the bright threads of happiness and the sombre shades of chastening sorrow; abiding with us and for us in the Sacrament of Life.*

*If, through you, a smile breaks over a tired countenance, a joyous laugh rings out in a world-weary atmosphere, a thought is engendered that enriches life for even one heaven-bound traveller, then your mission has not been in vain.*

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# THE BROAD MIND

J. CALVET concludes his edition of the life of Bossuet, the famous priestly orator of the nineteenth century, with the painful and startling comment: "But this honest man was not a saint. He was attached to his ideas and defended them with bitterness, whence arose in him pride and sometimes even outbursts of passion."

This comment on Bossuet is a criticism of most men. The average man is a settled man, complacent in his family life, his ideas, his religion. A statement of views contrary to his own is felt to be an attack on his pride; and his immediate reaction is to beat down the new ideas into the pattern of his own views, to eradicate everything that does not reflect his own image. The result is an emotional conflict of antagonism and contempt.



All ideas deserve respectful consideration because they are the reflections of human souls. The great mind, the broad mind, will wait, and listen, and watch. Ideas that are the fretful expostulations of youth, ideas that are the exasperations of a moment will weary and fall with their own thrashing, while ideas that are great in themselves will germinate and grow.

Reason is the foe of ideas contrary to the natural law. Counsel is the minister to corrosions of the soul. Both should be used with great tact and circumspection.

To foster and correct the growth of a soul in truth and beauty by a warm and generous exchange of ideas is an essential object of communication. The truth is important for it helps man to a fuller realization of himself and his destiny. Yet truth in the abstract is as valueless to man as socks with no shoes. It is this that the average man fails to see when he waves aside and denounces the absurd or radical or unusual ideas of his fellow men. He is seeking himself, not the truth, and as the Anglo-Saxon *Ancren Riwele* warns, "Men should pour both oil and wine into a wound as God said, but more of the soft oil than of the biting wine, that is, more of gentle words than of loud, for of this comes the best thing: that is love-fear."

I. M. M. '53

## NEWMAN, THE MODERN

IMPRESSIONS of Newman are apt to be images of a gentle, scholarly old man, but as a preacher he burned with the zeal and ardor of an apostle. Living and thinking, as he did, in terms of the invisible, spiritual world, he was, nevertheless, aware of the irreconcilable differences



between it and the world around him, and acutely conscious of the conflict between them. They are at war with each other; there can be no possible truce between them, no hint of compromise, no attempt at reconciliation. This theme recurs constantly in his sermons, and it is with this in mind that he fought the corrosive spirit of religious liberalism which he regarded as the primary source of the intellectual confusion and spiritual misery of his era. His solution to its troubles was a return to the teachings of the Church with an emphasis on the dark side of religion: "... I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction, that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be."

To his contemporaries, whose headlong, feverish pursuit of progress plunged the world into the devastating wars of our time, these words were a challenge and a warning. Unheeded then, they remain as an admonition to look within ourselves, and to strengthen our inner fortresses against the onslaught of the totalitarianism and materialism, which are the consequences of nineteenth century liberalism and idealism, and which daily threaten to engulf us. "You must either conquer the world, or the world will conquer you."

D. T. B. '53



## “ . . . . FROM SOUP TO NUTS ”

*Helen A. Docherty '53*

THE campaign is on. It will surpass in vehemence the fight of the suffragettes, in vigor, the cause of the prohibitionists, in violence, the political battle of the day. Students in colleges and universities the world over will rally to my call. We have but one issue, one platform, one slogan. The old order of “Liberty, Fraternity, Equality” changeth, yielding place to the new. The verbal triad, “Abolish Alphabetical Arrangement” will ring through the vestibule of Time, resound through the corridors of Space, and shatter the battlements of scholastic history. Translated into plain English, this high-sounding prose means that I am against (to put it mildly) alphabetical arrangement.

The alphabet has consistently haunted me down through the maze of my school years. I can recall skipping rope, jumping over cracks in the sidewalk, flying kites to the rhythmical strains of:

A is for apple  
B is for ball  
C is for cookie  
D is for doll

With each new letter that we learned, teacher glued a bright, sticky star on our foreheads. My mother's despair grew in intensity as I staunchly refused to wash my face, resplendent as it was with two, four, six, eight, and even sixteen stars at once. By the time I had mastered the whole alphabet my forehead outshone the Milky Way in stars of the first magnitude. I used to wonder why Mother sent my teacher a dozen roses when we started to work out

arithmetic problems on paper. I think I know the answer now: stars on paper are much less troublesome than stars on foreheads.

Looking back, I honestly cannot say that I felt any deep antipathy toward the letters of the alphabet, singly or in general. The letters slowly yielded their individuality and became identified with the personality of a word. I was so fascinated by the "Oh see Dick run" adventures that I never noticed the A, B, C's making up Dick, Jane, see, funny, run. Perhaps Dickens expressed my sentiments in these words of the "Pickwick Papers",

. . . but vether it's worth goin' through so much to learn so little,  
as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is  
all a matter o' taste.

I ploughed laboriously through eight years of pre-primers, primers, and post-primers and four years of *Prose and Poetry*, I, II, III, IV. It was with dry eyes that I bade farewell to weekly themes, monthly book reports, and to the twenty-six letters of which someone wrote:

Many thanks to old Cadmus  
Who made us his debtors,  
By inventing one day  
The Capital Letters.

College days exacted a transition, but a welcome one from the tiresome routine of five class hours and two study periods daily, to a glorious melange of trips to class, the library, auditorium, and of course, too-frequent excursions to the Caf. In time I might have learned to like college life—but then *it* happened. Two weeks of delightful academic freedom faded into oblivion as my English teacher, grinning like a Cheshire Cat, weighted down with lists, lists, and more lists, stalked into Room 36 and heralded the dawn of a new era in my scholastic career. Teachers of history,



French, biology, hygiene, and music followed suit. After a week of hectic confusion, of being lined up against the wall and assigned to a special seat, I decided that it was all part of an insidious plot to drive me mad. In four years my opinion has not changed. As an underclassman I was silent but now I have the courage to attack the bane of my existence, the scourge of my studies, the poison of the pedagogical system—alphabetical arrangement.

Before I pursue my objective further, I wish to make it clear that I have made a complete study of the points in favor of A.A. (Please do not confuse the initials with another illustrious society bearing the same abbreviation). For purposes of clarity I have reduced them to two main categories: first, A.A. tends to produce an ordered, peaceful classroom; and secondly, A.A. aids teachers in becoming acquainted with their pupils.

In answer to the first premise, let me conjure up a little scene. The time is three minutes past nine on Monday morning. The professor is placidly taking the attendance. Agatha Abercrombie and Zenobia Zylophon, fearful of a "cut," dash up to the third floor, fling open the door and the battle begins. Agatha fights, fumbles, falls due South to the first seat on the right. Zenobia stumbles, staggers, spins, due North to the last seat on the left. Result: confusion, clamor, chaos, exasperated Agatha, exhausted Zenobia. Said teacher at said desk is losing said mind and giving said students said "cut" anyway. This happens in a class alphabetically arranged across the rows. The turmoil in a class vertically arranged up and down the rows belies description. So much for the ordered, peaceful classroom.

There is something to be said for the teacher-pupil acquaintance argument. I believe that teachers should know the students and vice-versa. Painful experience proves that

alphabetical arrangement is more of a hindrance than a help to this objective. How many bewildered students have been greeted by a well-meaning professor with: "Good morning Miss—" (the girl behind, beside or before her). The teacher who has a class of two students and arranges them alphabetically, we shall pass over without comment.

Now for the opposite views of the case. Primarily, alphabetical arrangement is more decidedly anti-social than the Indian caste or the feudal arrangements of medieval Europe. Why should the A's always take the first place, the Z's the last? Why must some teachers place the Mc's before the Mac's or the Mc's and Mac's before or after the M's? A.A. fosters superiority among the A's, inferiority among the Mc's, Mac's and M's. A.A. fails to promote a genial spirit of social relations. I know of students who go through four years of college with only three people fixed clearly in their memory: the girl before, the girl to the right, the girl to the left of them. The average college student is in a rut, thanks to alphabetical arrangement.

I have always held the deepest admiration for the Boston and Albany Railroad. Somewhere in the colossal system is a man, or more probably a woman, of stamina and revolutionary principles, who labels everything B. and A. No slave to convention, have we here! How silly it would be to commute on the A. and B. line everyday. Yet teachers would have it so!

I cannot bear to watch "T" formation at a football game. I run the whole gamut from A to B in frenzied suspense awaiting the "S" that should precede and the "U" that should follow the "T." The same is true at a Tea Dance, and I absolutely refuse to travel on the new "B" Liner between Worcester and Boston. Everytime I hear the song "Ten Little Indians Sitting On A Fence" I automatically arrange them



alphabetically. Even Cervantes is worthy of censure in "Don Quixote" when he lists alphabetically the qualities "required in every good husband: agreeable, bountiful, constant," etc. Any girl can reduce the twenty-six to three: Rich, Young, and Easy, (in order of importance). I would walk a mile for a you-know-what rather than buy an A B Chesterfield. Through all of these alphabetical wanderings I have learned what men have yearned to know throughout the ages. I have solved the riddle of the Sphinx. Of course, I cannot reveal the secret until I have it coyprighted and patented, but I can give you a hint—the Sphinxes are laid out in a certain order.

Something constructive must be done about alphabetical arrangement. I suggest fixing students according to the color of their hair, the color of their eyes, the size of their shoes, their favorite singer or actor. All of these attributes are more closely related to the individual personality, and with common traits than the initials of our names. If these proposals fail, then more drastic measures will ensue. I have a plan to put before the student party of the world. We could line up college and university professors across the globe (in alphabetical order of course). This will serve to acquaint them with the misery of being separated from life-long friends. To complete the punishment we could pass out bowls of vegetable soup and force the teachers to arrange the noodle letters in order. We must give to this "Abolish Alphabetical Arrangement" campaign everything that we have—everything from A to —oops—soup to nuts.



## PRECIOUS OF ALL TREES

*Marian J. Connor '54*

I DON'T know why it was that Ma took me into the hospital with her that day. We went in to see Uncle Russ. He had never been my favorite relative. I was used to seeing him only on holidays when he'd drop into our house with Aunt Jess. He'd always say in a booming voice, "Well now, what's the trouble, Edwin? You haven't grown much since Christmas."

And now, we were going into a hospital to see him. It didn't seem right somehow. We took an elevator to the third floor and walked down a dim corridor to his room.

I didn't like it in there. Everything was too neat and straight. There were two windows each opened exactly as far as the other as if someone had measured the distance. I almost didn't recognize Aunt Jess, I suppose because I didn't expect to see her there. She was sitting by the bed with a round green hat on and a green coat with the two top buttons opened, as though she felt warm with a coat on but was afraid to take it off. In the bed was Uncle Russ. He wasn't looking at anyone; he was just lying there. I didn't know what to say. Ma gave me a little push toward the bed, so I went over and said, "Hi, Aunt Jess." I didn't know why I felt so funny. I was standing there trying to decide whether or not to say "Hi" to Uncle Russ too when my mother pointed me over to the chair on the other side of the bed and then sat down beside Aunt Jess.

For a long while no one said anything. We just sat. Then Ma leaned toward Aunt Jess and whispered something. Aunt Jess just shook her head. That was all Ma seemed to expect, and she settled back and sat some more.

Finally, after we had sat there for a long time, a nurse came over and asked Ma if she didn't think I'd like to visit a boy across the hall. I knew what she meant. It's easy to see when grown-ups don't want kids around.

We went across the corridor to a little white room. There was a small, pointed-faced boy in the bed. The nurse said he was about my age, but he certainly wasn't very big, and he couldn't move his legs at all. This was the first time I had ever seen anyone young who was sick, I mean really sick. We had all had chicken-pox and measles, but it was nothing like this. When we were what we called "sick," I can remember that it was all Ma could do to keep us in bed. But this kid looked as though he was too tired even to think of getting up. His arms were skinny and as white as those of an old woman who always wore long sleeves. He had on a johnnie, but he was so frail that he seemed almost naked lying there.

"Frannie has been with us a long time," the nurse said, and smiled at him as she went out.

"She's nice," he said. His voice was high and very young, much like a girl's voice.

"Are they all nice?" I asked him.

"Well, no," he admitted. "They all mean to be, but I guess some of them just don't know how."

"Yuh, I know what you mean," I said. "We have some teachers like that at school. I hate school, you know that?" I said confidentially. I really didn't hate it but I always said so.

"I don't think I'd mind it much if I could go," he said.

"Oh it isn't too bad sometimes," I told him. "Recess is pretty good. The kids play red-light and kick-the-stick and releevo, and in the winter we build forts and play snow-tag. I like the winter the best, don't you?"

"I guess so; sure I like it the best," he said. "What do you do in school?" he asked me.

"Oh, nothing much," I said breezily. "Most of the girls have long hair and sometimes we tie it to the chair or stick it in the ink wells."

"There was a girl in here once who had long hair," Frannie said.

"Do you mean in here to—to—sleep?" I asked him. I wished that I hadn't said it, but he didn't seem to mind.

"No. She came in to see a man who was in your uncle's room before he came. Not right before," he added. "It was quite a while ago. He died though," he said after a pause.

"I had a dog once that died," I said. "I felt awful. I really felt rotten. But that was when I was real young," I added quickly.

"I wish I had a dog," he said.

"Look," I said suddenly, "my sister has a cat that's going to have kittens pretty soon, and when he does, I'll bring you in one, all right? I mean a cat isn't as good as a dog, but it's pretty good sometimes." He began to look sort of funny so I said, "Well if you don't like cats at all, I'll try and see if I can get you a dog someplace."

"No, it isn't that." He sort of hunched up his shoulders. "I like cats fine. It's just that they don't let us have pets in here," he finished quietly.

Neither one of us said anything for a couple of minutes. Then I leaned over and said, "You'll be out of here pretty soon anyway, won't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess so," he murmured. He didn't look too certain.

"Sure you will," I said. "And when you do, I can get you on our baseball team because I'm the sub-captain and what I say goes with those kids."



"I don't think I know how to play baseball," he said hesitantly.

"Listen, there's nothing to it," I told him. "Anyway, I'll teach you all kinds of things like that." I talked on eagerly. I wanted him on our team. I wanted him to want to be on it. After a while he started to take an interest in it. We began to make all kinds of plans.

"And even if you don't live in Ashton, you can get special permission to go to the school," I said. "And you can come to my house, and I'll show you all my stuff."

We talked and talked, and Frannie's face started to get a lot of color and his breath was coming fast. I was glad that he was excited about the idea of getting out and doing all kinds of things with me. I guess we were laughing pretty loudly about something when the nurse came in.

"Well," she exclaimed, "you boys certainly have found a great deal to talk about. I'm afraid Eddie will have to be going now, Francis."

I hated to leave, but I didn't think it would do any good to argue. I promised Frannie that I'd come in and see him again and we'd make more plans for when he got better. He lifted one thin hand and sort of waved as I left.

Uncle Russ's room seemed deadly quiet. I felt funny again. Ma and Aunt Jess were speaking in whispers, and when we went out, Ma walked on tiptoes.

We took a cab, and on the way home, Ma was very quiet. After a while she remembered that I was there and asked if I'd had a nice talk with the little boy across the corridor. I started to tell her about how we were going to play baseball together when he got out, but she said, "Don't be silly, Eddie; he'll never be able to walk."

I didn't believe her, but I didn't say anything.

The next day I didn't come home right after school. One

of the kids had brought in a football, and on the way home we started a game. It had rained the night before and the dirt was still wet enough to stick all over our shoes. I knew Ma would be awfully mad because they were my school shoes. I scraped off most of the mud, but the rest of my clothes were still a mess.

I started for home trying not to think about what Ma would say when she saw me. Idly I wondered if Frannie would be able to stay clean playing football. I hoped not. I remembered how white he'd looked lying there, as white as the johnnie and the bed spread and the walls. It was such an orange and yellow day that the memory of all that whiteness was feeble and phantom-like.

I trudged up the walk, hoping I could get in the house without anyone's seeing me, but Ma was right there. I don't remember exactly what she said. I'd heard the same thing before. As I went up the stairs, I heard her say to Dad, "That boy is so irresponsible. Sometimes I think he hasn't one feeling bone in his whole body."

I didn't hear any more after that. Ma certainly seemed upset. She called me into the living room after I got cleaned up. Dad was there, and so were my two sisters. I thought Ma was going to say something more about not coming right home from school. She was quiet for a while though, and then she looked up and said, "Eddie, I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but your Uncle Russ died last night."

I didn't know what to say. I felt guilty that I wasn't able to be sorry. I could see that Ma felt as uncomfortable as I did. She was trying to think of something to change the subject. Suddenly she said, "Oh, by the way, that little boy you were visiting with died too."

I couldn't move. I knew they were talking, but I couldn't hear them. The first thing I heard was a strangling sound in

my own throat. As I ran out of the room, I heard Ma say, "Isn't that remarkable? I never knew he was so attached to Russ."

## SONNET CCXXXIV

*(Translation from Petrarch)*

*Whenever the storm-clouds darkened in the sky,  
My little room was harbor to my heart.  
But now it shares my tempests, when, apart,  
I weep the tears that day-long hidden lie.  
My little bed, my comfort long ago,  
Is rain-soaked now when love-clouds break and burst  
In deluge greater surely than the First;  
Grief that my well-beloved would leave me so.  
O room, O little bed, that once I sought,  
I flee you now, I flee myself, my thought,  
That once, in days of bliss, had heavenward flown.  
And (who could think it?) the staring human faces,  
That once I hated, I seek, and hated places,  
Such fear I have to find myself alone.*

Helen M. Hennessy '54



# THE MAGI AND THE QUEEN

*Mary Eunice Gorman '53*

SNOW was sifting gently and silently down outside St. Anne's, its filmy whiteness enclosing the brightly lit classroom in a little world all its own. The quiet of the moment inside and out was broken only by the soft, liquid voice of Sister Mary Gemma as she told her wide-eyed class the story of Christmas.

When the story of the Christ, the shepherds, and the far-travelled Magi was finished at last, the mood shattered and the children broke into excited buzzing. Sister pressed her small brown wooden clicker, and the children turned to her again. At that moment the hour bell rang. The sister rose from her seat, rosary beads clicking one against the other, and intoned solemnly, "Let us remember the Holy Presence of God!"

And twenty-eight childish voices chirped in unison, "We adore His Divine Majesty."

The clicker clacked. "Be seated boys and girls. Now we have heard the story of Jesus' birthday. We know that it is coming in two weeks. All of us have been preparing our Christmas cribs of prayers for the Baby. And so I thought it would be nice to have a birthday party for the Infant Jesus. We could all dress up as someone who was there at the first party—the shepherds, angels, village people, the kings—and Mary and Joseph can be drawn for. We can have our own little Bethlehem; only this time everyone will welcome Him. No one will close the door of the inn. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes, Sister," chorused the twenty-eight voices. In the back of the room, one little hand strained to be noticed.

"Yes, Jeanne?"

"Sister, were there queens with the kings?" asked the little girl, blond curls bobbing as she stood in the center of the aisle.

"Well no, dear, there weren't," responded Sister a little nonplussed.

Jeanne was indignant. "Sister, there should have been, 'cause if there were only the kings for the men, then no girls were there to tell Him that we love Him, too."

Sister Mary Gemma carefully explained to Jeanne that the Kings represented all people, not only the men. Jeanne was not convinced at all; it just wasn't right.

As the class was dismissed, three of the little girls broke the file and skipped off into the new-fallen snow. The cheerful noisiness of children just out of school echoed and re-echoed about them in the fading afternoon. It was cold out, but a nice crisp, biting cold like chilled cider at Thanksgiving. On the corner, a manufactured Kris Kringle was ringing a tiny bell for the widows and orphans of Spanish War Veterans.

But the faces of the little girls did not reflect the merriment around them, as they earnestly discussed the coming Christmas party. Jeanne was convinced that there should be a queen; Marylou agreed in principle but thought maybe that Sister wouldn't like their coming as something that wasn't there, and Beth was hoping to be drawn off as Our Lady. In fact, she was even going to make a novena to St. Joseph that it would happen.

Jeanne was all alone, and very unhappy, but she was also very determined. Maybe there wasn't any queen at the real Bethlehem, but there was sure enough going to be one in the Fourth Grade stable.

It was beginning to get dark when Jeanne came running breathlessly into the kitchen. "Mama, Mama, guess what,



Sister said we could get dressed up as someone at Bethlehem, and we are going to give presents and everything."

Mrs. Kent smiled as she looked up from scraping the carrots to the rosy, excited little girl. "Why, that's wonderful, honey. Sister Mary Gemma is very good to let you plan it. Who are you going to be?" She had visions of her only daughter in white wings and a gold band on her gold curls. "There is something essentially ethereal about Jeanne," she thought. "Not just her softly molded features and great grey eyes, but something else . . . a sort of spiritual quality for all her little girl merriness and mischief. So suitable to an angel," she decided. It was, therefore, with surprise not unmixed with wonder that she heard the child's words.

"I'm going as the queen."

"What queen?" asked her mother; then immediately answered her own question. "Oh, you mean as the Queen of the Angels—how lovely." Mrs. Kent's picture immediately shifted to a blue and white Madonna. Yes, she would be lovely as Our Lady, so nice that she was chosen. Mrs. Kent decided to send Sister Mary Gemma a very nice Christmas gift.

"No, Mummy, Beth is making a novena for that. I want to be the queen that came with the three kings."

"But, Jeanne, there was no queen with the Magi. They were the wise *men*. Didn't Sister explain to you? Oh hello, Jeff, you're home early." She broke off to greet her husband as he came in, snowy and red.

"Yup. Old man Skinner decided he wanted to get into his cave and hibernate before the snow got worse. So I took off, too. What's for supper?" Jeff Kent sniffed appreciatively.

"Daddy, we're going to have a birthday party in school."

"Hi Muffin, give Daddy a big hug." Geoffrey Kent enfolded his youngest child in a gigantic bear hug that left her breathless and giggling . . . "What's for supper, Kitty?"



"Steak, carrots, creamed potatoes, and apple pie." The oven door snapped softly.

"Umm, good. Lord, it's freezing out. Where are the boys?"

"Jackie's making a model airplane, and Jeffie is out shoveling walks. That Jeffie is getting more like you everyday. Out making money at only twelve years old." She caught his smiling eyes.

"Daddy, we're going to have presents and everything." Jeanne broke in.

"Sure we're going to have presents, honey, lots of 'em."

"She means at school," explained Mrs. Kent. "The nun is having a pageant for a Christmas party, and Jeanne wants to go as some kind of queen. I think she should be an angel, don't you?"

"She is an angel, all pink and gold and beautiful. Aren't you Daddy's angel, Muffin?" He grinned at his baby and ruffled her curls affectionately. "Now what's all this business about a Christmas party?"

Jeanne began at the beginning and recounted in glowing terms the advent of the birthday party; then more seriously told of her desire to be the representative of all women at the stable.

"Let the kid do what she wants, Kitty. What difference does it make anyway? It's kind of silly to fill their heads with this kind of stuff though. Santa Claus is O.K., and trees, but who do they think they're kidding about this stable business anyway?"

Kitty Kent sighed. She loved her husband very much. He was handsome, and full of fun, a good father; but sometimes she would have given almost anything just to have him kneel at one Mass with her. "Please be careful, in front of the child, Jeff."

"O.K., hon, sorry; it's just that it's all so corny to me. But

I suppose it's good for kids and women. You dress her up nice and we'll take pictures for posterity. Only let's not have a family crisis over nothing. Why don't you do what Mummy wants, Muffin, to make her happy at Christmas." For Jeff Kent the matter was closed. He went in to read the *Evening Gazette*. "Supper soon, huh, Kitty? I'm starved."

"Yes, dear. Look Jeanne, it's a very nice thought about the queen, but you can say a special prayer for the women and God will take care of it. You'd be such a sweet angel," and Kitty Kent hoped the issue was closed.

"But, Mummy, I've already explained; there's never been anyone to really speak to Jesus and be the . . . (she searched for Sister's word) . . . the symbol for the women. This is something important."

Mrs. Kent was growing tired of the argument and there was something so insistent about the child's wish that it disturbed her. "I'll tell you what, you ask Sister. If she thinks you should go as the queen, then you can."

Children got so upset over the silliest things. She was so sure Sister Mary Gemma would want Jeanne as an angel, that she was already mentally sticking gold paper stars on white gauze. . . .

It was a bright sunshiny morning. The snow glittered like a million tiny diamonds. The sky was so blue it hurt to look at it. Jeanne was late for school; and she knew she would have to stay after. But she didn't really care, she would have a chance to speak to Sister Mary Gemma alone. As she ran along in the snow, her breath coming out like steam from an iron, she murmured a little prayer. "Please, Sweet Baby Jesus, make it all right. Make there be a queen. Blessed Mother, speak to your Child."

Late that afternoon, watching the little girl clean the erasers, Sister smiled inwardly. So much energy, so much

determination, she thought. Of course, Sister Mary Gemma didn't have favorites; but if she did, Jeanne would head the list.

Sister was painting in the last of the window decorations when Jeanne finally approached her.

"Sister," she asked in a timid voice, "would it be all right if I come to the birthday party as a queen instead of an angel?"

Sister Mary Gemma looked at the little girl, and asked thoughtfully, "Jeanne, do you think that because there wasn't a woman among the Magi, that God doesn't know we love Him? Why there were many women who came to the stable and each in her own way spoke for us all. And Our Lady was there. Do we need anyone more?"

"No Sister, not exactly. It's just that I thought that the Blessed Mother and the Baby were special. And of all the women that came, not one was a . . ." (the word escaped her).

"Gentile?"

"Yes Sister. There were kings to bow before the King. I think there should be a queen, too, to bow before the King—and the Queen!" she added triumphantly.

Sister Mary realized what the child meant. She knew that to the little girl this was something very important, but she felt that Jeanne should obey her mother, and besides, she needed another angel. She began, in her gentle voice, to talk the little girl into the angelic choir. . . .

It was dark and quiet in the Chapel, except for one light on the altar and an old sister murmuring her rosary. Jeanne liked chapel like this.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed, "they don't seem to know what I mean about the queen, or how long it's been since Bethlehem. Someone should be there just to show You that *everyone* loves



You. Let me come, Jesus. Amen." She crossed herself carefully, genuflected reverently, and tiptoed out into the sunlit afternoon. . . .

No one really knew what happened, it was over so quickly. A car, a screech, blond curls all muddied in the slush.

Even the driver couldn't believe it, "She ran out of nowhere. I couldn't stop in time. Dear God."

Three days later, all the school children went to the funeral with Sister Mary Gemma.

Mrs. Kent kept saying over and over, "She was such a beautiful girl."

Mr. Kent only asked, "Why?"

And Sister Mary Gemma echoed it in her heart, "Why, why, why?"

It was Marylou who said it, with the startling clarity of the young, "God really must have wanted a queen after all."

\* \* \*

And so God spoke through a child: to Kent who finally faced his God because he remembered the knowing beauty of his little girl. And God said to him, "Be not faithless, but believing." The bitterness of myrrh.

To Kitty Kent who realized that God is not found in material goods but in the wisdom of the young heart. And God said to her, "Seek ye first, the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you." The real worth of gold.

To Sister Mary Gemma who found that authority is a gift that must be used carefully and wisely. And God said to her, "And a little child shall lead them." The sweet odor of frankincense.

But to little Jeanne He gave the privilege of being the representative of Gentile women before the throne of God. The Queen really went to the birthday party.



## THE EARTHQUAKE

*Jean M. Stuart '54*

*The trembling earth is tearing wide;  
Who dares to split my world in two?  
I stand, one foot on either side,  
And weakly say, "I cannot choose."*

*Soon now the rift will be too great  
For me to span; it groans and gapes,  
While helplessly, and far too late,  
I beg that I may bridge the break.*

# DEATH OF A BABY

*Nancy A. Foster, '53*

THE revolving doors swished, and a cold draught swept through the lobby. Elizabeth Owens looked over to the door and saw a young man, she guessed he was about forty-five, walk over to the main desk. The other people looked up, too, from their faded red plush chairs, and watched the man walk through the lobby. It was just fifteen minutes before the dinner, now, and the permanent guests of the hotel were waiting to go into the dining-room. They were all old, not one any younger than sixty-five. They were withered and dry. They resented the draught. Perhaps they were afraid of being blown away into the bits of dust they were all waiting to have overtake them.

Elizabeth Owens was the oldest, the smallest, and the most withered up. She was under five feet tall. Her black dress hung to her ankles, where it met her black shoes. A lorgnette drooped from her neck almost to her knees. Her grey hair was piled on the nape of her neck in an untidy bun. Her hands were a mass of transparent wrinkles, the blue veins almost white with age, the knuckles standing out like knobs on a dresser drawer.

Right now she was sitting in her favorite chair in a large corner of the lobby, behind a rubber plant, unobserved, but always watching. The other guests knew she was there. They never dared to sit in her chair. They learned years ago that she would harangue them unmercifully. So would Charles, who sat in the one next to it. Elizabeth was waiting for him now. She had watched the indicator above the door, as the elevator took him to their suite on the fourth floor. She was watching it again, waiting for him to come back. Her beady



black eyes were darting swiftly back and forth. Her hands were restless, toying with the lorgnette. From somewhere inside her, the interminable humming began. It was low, monotonous, dirge-like. The other guests' hands were white as they clutched at the newspapers behind which they were hiding. They hated that humming, and they hated Elizabeth and Charles. Nobody spoke to either of them.

The elevator door swung open, and Charles stepped out. His cane tapped along the marble part of the floor not covered by the old rug. He nodded coldly to Elizabeth, who got up to go to him. When she stood, the hump on her back accentuated her extreme age, and her smallness. She shuffled over to Charles, and together they walked slowly into the dining-room not saying a word to each other.

"Don't just stand there, get our appetizers, man. You're not paid to stand and look at us."

"Yes, sir. No, sir." The colored waiter moved toward the kitchen, muttering as he went.

Not until he had brought the clear, hot bouillon which they both insisted on, did one of them break the silence.

"What were you doing up there?" Her beady eyes glinted.

"I don't know what you mean," he parried.

"Oh, yes you do. You know you're always scheming, looking for some way to get back at me." Her voice shook with the emotion with which she spat out the words.

"Elizabeth, dear, I wouldn't hurt you. I'm not trying to get back at you! Whatever do you mean?" His voice, smooth and innocent, matched the look he sent across the table to his sister, and he smiled.

"I loathe him," she thought.

"Why, I just went up to feed your cat. I thought he might be hungry." He smiled again as he lifted his spoon to his mouth.

Elizabeth was silent, but as soon as she finished her soup, she rose, and tried to hurry from the room, into the lobby, and into the elevator. The door shut her in with the operator.

"Stop wasting time, young man. Take me to the fourth floor."

The humming started fast and furiously, low, like a drill, drill, drill. The operator swore quietly to himself, and thought, "Lady, some day you're going to go right down this shaft."

She got out on the fourth floor, and went into the suite. She passed through the living room which lay in shadows, and went out into the kitchenette they used for light snacks.

She was calling the cat all this time, "Here, Baby! Baby, where are you? Come to mama." She switched on the lights. "Baby, here Ba—."

Her voice cracked, and broke, ending on a low sob. Baby was lying on the floor, near her supper. She lay stiff and cold. Elizabeth dropped to the floor, and picked her up, her gnarled fingers stroking the lifeless fur. She cried.

"Baby, Baby. Why did he do it? What did you ever do to him? I'm the one he hates, and he took it out on you. I knew he would some day. Poor Baby, he was jealous of you. You were the only thing in life I loved. Now you're gone, and only Charles is left."

She broke off her loud crying, and her little body shook with sobs. She got up and walked slowly over to the cat's dish. Most of the food was still there. She sniffed it. Intermingled, was cat-poison, just enough so Baby wouldn't smell it, and just enough to poison her. Elizabeth was very sad, in fact, she could not remember ever feeling sadder, as she threw away the remains of the food.

She thought of the quarrel she and Charles had had that morning. And this was the way he paid her back. He had



been furious. She had won the argument, as she always did. Ever since she could remember, Charles had never out-witted her, even though he scoffed at her for being a woman. He should know by now that she always won. She dried her eyes, and sniffed once more. She did not feel like going back to the dining-room. She stayed in the suite until about seven-thirty. Then she set out Charles' evening bowl of corn-flakes. He always liked corn-flakes before he went to bed. After all these years, not even the murder of Baby could stop her routine. As she thought of what he had done to the cat, she began the infernal hum, hum, hum. She poured the corn-flakes into a bowl, and then went to a closet for another box.

She went back to the lobby. Charles was sitting in his chair reading the newspaper. He held it up in front of him so that she could not see his face. His shiny black shoes peeped out from under his grey spats. His bald head just barely showed over the top of the paper. As Elizabeth sat next to him she glanced over once. He did not look at her. just his profile, jutting out above his wing collar and black tie told her that he was very much aware of her sitting next to him. They stayed in the lobby until nine-thirty, when they arose together, crossed to the elevator, and went up to bed.

The next morning, the man on the desk in the lobby heard a buzz on the switch board. The number showed 405.

"Please come up. I can't wake my brother."

It was Elizabeth Owens.

Twenty minutes later, the house doctor, straightened up, stood by the bed of Charles Owens.

"Heart, Doctor?" asked the manager.

"It has all the marks of a heart attack, Mr. Standon. He knew he was dying, though. There are evidences of his having struggled. Probably to breathe. His eyes look sort of accusing, don't they?"



"Too bad. How's the sister?"

They walked from the bed-room through the kitchen, where they saw an unwashed cereal bowl on the table, into the living room. Elizabeth was sitting in a chair, a little smile marring her features. She was humming in a tone of satisfaction, not quite so drone-like. She did not say a word to them, nor they to her. They opened the door and went into the corridor. Half-way to the elevator, the doctor said, "Funny, though. I've been his physician for years, and I *know* he had no heart condition."

## THE PATTERN

*Marian J. Connor '54*

*Reptile love with emerald hide  
Lures each Eve to the poison tree,  
Acts the mild and artless guide,  
Shows the fruit for all to see.*

*Reptile love bids each one taste,  
Fangs contort to mask a titter;  
Shiny serpent, double-faced,  
Knows the fruit is bitter, bitter.*

# THE AMATEUR FRANCOPHILE

Katherine Gill '54

I READ French. I do not speak French. There is a difference. Reading may be a quite different art from speaking, in any language; in reference to a foreign language, the difference is of casts. To the situation prevailing between speakers and readers of foreign languages applies G. B. Harrison's explanation of the professional literary critic versus the ordinary reader of literature: one belongs to the esoteric, while the other pursues a more obvious kind of pleasure. I hold that amateurs have the better pleasure—or rather, they can have, once they recognize their own worth; and, despite a not inconsiderable lack of authority, since French is the only foreign language with which I am acquainted, I must object to the mistaken values indicated in the behavior of speaking linguists to their reading kin. It seems to me a great mistake to disparage the amateur, always a general practitioner of his art. The speaker is specialized; but superiority does not necessarily follow from that. The linguist's choice for concentration should be determined by personal temperament. Reading, while preferable to the unscientific and meandering-minded, requires tenacity, and is worth the effort. It is no small thing to be solely a lover. Its connotations in English prohibit my encouraging use of the word *amateur* to describe the reader. *Dilettante* is not nearly so good, but it is the only acceptable alternative—and, sad for the francophile to admit, it has power to quell the speaker. I counsel the tyro reader to reply demurely to the aggressive speaker, "I am a dilettante." There comes a time to reveal oneself.



Despite the speaker's unconcealed horror, with satisfaction, I, as a professed reader, still term French a foreign language. French will always be to me a foreign language. Its usage will never become second nature, and my vocabulary will never be such that I will not keep a French-English dictionary beside whatever I happen to be reading. I would not have it otherwise. It was Gertrude Stein who wrote that there is no language so beautiful to listen to as that which is perfectly incomprehensible to the listener; and William Saroyan once made a fine story about his predilection for meditating on the possibilities of a page of the German he could not read. In my opinion these two strange and appreciative people have come as near as possible to explicating the allurements of language for its own sake. I can say only that I take a very special pleasure in the grammatical construction of French. It has long been a fancy of mine that the French grammar is in its way as much an artistic monument to the orderly and exacting French mind as the great literary works of which it is the integral medium. As for the French dictionary—if there can be anything more delightful than the English dictionary, it is the French dictionary. Is *chuchoter*, I wonder, as onomatopoetic to the French as *whisper* is to us? Every new word presents a problem in auditory suggestion. . . . And how dearly I love the French figure of speech, so unaffectedly apt! Could one again say that someone has imprudently undertaken something, knowing the French peasant would put it, "He has gone to sea without biscuit"? Here my pleasure is rudimentary, but it is rudimentarily aesthetic, too.

That I love my foreign language genuinely mystifies the speaker, perhaps because his pleasure lies chiefly in the achievement of his retention and skill, and a kind of physical



identification in exhibiting it. I should not deny him the manifestation from his usually New England personality of an aspect of him alien to home; only my pleasure is not so personal, not so self-centered. Reading, like watching a drama, is participation in a literally vulgar art. French is to me not an object in itself, but rather the means of my having permanently available the company of genius, in all the richness of context which would be to some extent lost in translation. The reason I read French is that I love what may be called the French spirit.

As my concept of the French spirit is very fragmentary, I should not try to define it. Instead, I offer a little catalogue of things the term brings to my mind, with a reminder that all these result from my reading, either directly or by way of introduction, or even by an awakening of my consciousness of what is French in spirit around me.

I should at this time say that the French spirit is epitomized in the writing of Guy de Maupassant whose perfection positively worries me. It vitalizes the drama of men so far apart in time and thought as Firaudoux and Molière, being in itself the compassion of *The Madwoman of Chaillet* and the satire of *The Pious Hypocrite*; as it does the happy painting of my dearest friend among all the French in the world, Henri Matisse, and the works of Degas and Rouault, with their same integrity in respective fields of profane and sacred art. It is in the music of Lully and Berlioz and Bizet and Debussy, and the ballet, which but for the French would never have been more than gymnastics; the ideals of courtly love, and political revolution, and romanticism; and it is also in a new ceramic Infant molded in gothic style from the rusty-flecked greenish clay of the Pyrenees, and the mansard gables of the S. S. Pierce building in Copley Square, and the singing of

"Ma Normandie" by old ladies on Marlborough Street. It is, in short, in our art and our environment. If illustration can constitute apology, I say that I am an amateur francophile because French has given me so much, with so much yet to give.

## LADY OF THE HARVEST

*Helen A. Docherty '53*

*Skimming heaps of moth-white clouds,  
Swinging on a melon slice of moon,  
Skipping over grain lands reaping-ripe,  
Shaming silent thrushes into tune,  
Breathless, beauty-smitten, wonder-dumb,  
Across the golden-dowered years I come.*

*Harvest-sheaves I place before your shrine,  
Bound with ribboned hours of laughing days;  
Baskets filled with tawny ruddy fruits  
I bring you, gleaned from youthful, joy-drenched ways.  
Mother, store my yield for barren years  
When I shall reap a harvest sown in tears.*



# OBJECTIVITY

*Barbara A. Raftery '54*

I NEVER quite understood the word "objective" until two days ago when I had a rather amusing experience. This experience caused me to think about the exact meaning of the word and to appreciate how unobjective most human beings are.

It was precisely seventeen minutes past five o'clock, I remember looking at the subway clock with the red and white striped dial, when I was rudely pushed from behind by a huge, clumsily built woman whom I immediately associated with my wife—that is, I had been introduced to her at my wife's garden club party. But at the same moment a tall woman with distinctive gold earrings stumbled into us too. And it seems that the lady that I knew, knew this lady as well as she knew me, so that I was introduced to the new lady who then knew me. At any rate, we got acquainted, and had an interesting car ride home.

But to return to the point, the lady of my first acquaintance was carrying in her arms a child of perhaps two. And this child, as far as the gold-eared lady was concerned, was the subject of conversation for our complete run. It started with his china-blue eyes, which did not at all remind me of china-blue, much less bear resemblance to his mother's eyes which were hazel brown. But the lady insisted that they were exactly his mother's eyes, down to the tiniest crease in one corner. "He looks exactly like you," she said for the fifth time and to prove her statement she proceeded to discuss his mouth, which she admitted might resemble his father's but which she ceded overwhelmingly to his mother. The monotonous hum of the car hitting against the rails



kept tune with her chatter for four or five stations, when she graciously deprived us of her presence.

The incident made little impression upon me until I was walking alone up my street, when I suddenly remembered my wife's mentioning that this same child was adopted. Then I realized how completely unobjective the woman had been in comparing the child to a person who was not even its real mother.

The thought so hounded me at supper, that true to the creative urge, I retired early to my room to "have it out" on paper. I wrote and erased, and wrote and calculated, and took census of all my friends, and I finally arrived at what I consider the five most grievous sins against the virtue of objectivity. They are enumerated as follows:

1. Drawing imaginary likenesses between children and their parents, particularly when the children are only several hours old at which age resemblance is impossible;

2. Lavishly praising some piece of clothing or furniture, and withdrawing statement after being informed that the article was purchased in a bargain basement;

3. Thoroughly enjoying a play or opera and then cooling to it after reading the adverse criticism in the morning paper;

4. Pleading innocent to all auto accidents at all times and in all places;

5. Insisting that every Republican is corrupt and every Democrat inspired, or vice-versa, depending upon party membership.

I was about to arrange the ideas thus formulated into an essay of creative perspicacity, but my wife rudely interrupted to ask where I had left a red and black argyle sock. The mood was shattered, and my anger simmered dangerously.

However, my wife apologized, and I began presently to

consider how much more charming she was than the wives of my business acquaintances. For perhaps fifteen minutes I went over in my mind the tasks which I supposed she had worked at slavishly since morning, putting myself in her place. I reviewed the aptitudes of my children in order, and eventually I forgot my annoyance. Sometimes I think that I am the most unobjective man in the world.

## DECORUM

M. F. X. Moloney '54

*I think I shall gather long strips of wind  
To plait them within my hair,  
And sleep the dark nights in a lilac tree,  
And live from the blossoms there.*

*I'll net the bright sunlight to bathe my face,  
And glittering gold I'll come  
To make you forget all my pale, blue words,  
My gloves folded thumb to thumb.*

# REGRESSION

Caroline M. Perry '55

FOURSCORE and nine years ago, Abraham Lincoln looked out over the bleak stretch of battlefield known simply as Gettysburg, and voiced the hope that succeeding generations would learn the lesson it so painfully taught.

It does seem, doesn't it, that eighty-nine years should have made a difference? Oh yes! jet planes zoom through our skies; television sets occupy prominent places in living rooms; "wonder drugs" have taken many names off the danger lists. But such progress is almost to be expected in a civilization that is not static. Where, however, is there any *real* progress in the replacement of cannons by atomic bombs? A page in a newspaper may herald a new discovery or tell of cultural and industrial achievements, but when the same page announces hundreds of Korean war dead being shipped home, all our efforts at progress have failed dismally. A world overrun by Communism has little use for television sets; there is no wonder drug to restore life to the soldier who has lost it.

We boast of progress, of advancement, of "great strides forward." There are a few million graves marked only by white crosses whose occupants did not get very far.

The only real progress is progress towards God. It is in guiding ourselves to this Goal that we shall achieve the peace which so many frenzied efforts have failed to bring.

"That these dead shall not have died in vain" was the plea that came from the sorrowing heart of a great president. "Pray for peace, my children," are the words that fall almost daily from the lips of our Holy Father. And most urgently should we pray, "O Mary, Morning Star, illumine this night called day!"



# THE PLAY-OFF

*Martha F. Kinneen '53*

THE antique clock seemed to hold its breath as it watched the card sharks plotting their next move. The room was so quiet you could have heard an ant sneeze, but the air was so charged with tension that he wouldn't have dared to. The score was even—four to four—and this was *the* game.

"Well?" he clicked.

"W-e-l-l," he mused, "have you got a two, Gramp?"

"Nn-nope."

"Ya haven't?"

"Nope. Fish, son."

"Shucks, my luck's running ou—"

"Tim? Tim! Will you come here for a minute? Right away!"

Now I ask you, can you beat that? Here was the play-off of the week being conducted in the Parsons' household. Timothy Parsons, aged eight, master of the art of bluffing, versus Gram Parsons, aged, well we won't go into that, but he was as young as his gruff, old, tender heart, with plenty of experience in Poker, Cribbage, Chess, Slap-Jack, Old Maid, and Fish. Well, as I was saying, right at this crucial moment Tim's mother calls him. What's the matter with grown-ups these days anyhow? Don't they have any sense of values? Don't they appreciate the finer things of life?

Well, the professionals looked at each other with understanding and common sympathy and they shrugged their shoulders, realizing that you just have to put up with these trials. That's life you know. Reluctantly, but ever so carefully, they laid their cards down.

"Sounds like we need milk or something for supper, Gramp. I'll put on the T. V. and be back in a jiff! Hmn, six o'clock."

By this time the antique clock had regained its composure and was ticking complacently away.

"Don't put it on just on my account, Tim," Gramp clicked, and with his tongue pushed his uppers back in place. "If you get me the paper off the front stoop I'll look at that while you're gone and see what Adlai's doing for excitement these days."

"Aw, something good might come on, Gramp. I'll turn it on for a little while."

Tim bent low to adjust the dial and to hide the grin which he couldn't resist. Gramp always pretended to hate these "new-fangled contraptions." He always said that it'd be fine if one eye could read the newspaper while the other idled away on a who-done-it, but "ifs don't count." This was what Gramp always said, but Tim knew different.

He first found it out one afternoon when he was cautiously edging his way into the den. He was balancing two brimming glasses of milk capped with sugar cookies that "we growing boys need to fuel up on every now and again." (When it was a case of sugar cookies these two became "growing boys," but other times it was "we men.")

Gramp hadn't seen Tim creep in, but Tim saw Gramp all right. He was leaning forward watching a western even though "they're all the same." Tim could hardly resist warning him to be careful he didn't catch a stray bullet when Gramp suddenly leaned forward and fumbled with his shoelace because he sensed Tim was there. Of course there are some things that "we men" don't notice or mention. Tim might miss a trick or two in cards once in a while, but outside of that he didn't miss too much.



Well, as I was saying before my tongue went gallivanting, Tim had to go to the store.

"Charge it, Tim, and hurry back. It's getting a little dark out," called Mrs. Parsons.

Tim didn't mind the dark at all now. He used to, you know. You didn't know? Oh my yes, he'd even hate to go to bed alone. Every time he'd go to the store his mother would tell him to hurry back because it was getting dark. It was almost as if he was supposed to be afraid of the dark.

Well, Gramp soon took care of that. He told Tim that Pinnochio was never afraid of the dark because he always had Jiminy Criçket with him. Everybody has a conscience, so why didn't Tim find his Jiminy. Well, Tim did, and after that he took Con with him everywhere. Unfortunately, Con was a little afraid of the dark at times.

Con was a great help as far as Tim's dreams were concerned too. Ma used to say that if his dreams were anything like the masterpieces that he used to crayon, and had half as many colors in them, they sure must be something.

Well, anyhow, it was about six-thirty and the antique clock as well as Ma Parsons were clasping their hands in anxiety because Tim still hadn't come back. Ma called Perry's store and learned that Tim had been there twenty minutes ago.

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Parsons? Mrs. Parsons?"

These words kept echoing loudly, yet unheard, through Ma's mind. She had slammed the receiver down and was pacing the floor, wearing out the carpet. Every now and again she would pull back the parlor curtains and peer out. Well now, you could tell from this that Ma was real upset, because if anyone dared even to breathe too close to her curtains, she'd all but tar and feather them, and here she was actually pulling them back.



Gramp eyed Ma's agitation with equal concern, as he leaned against the door frame puffing on his corncob. He couldn't understand where that boy was. Tim was usually like a little squirrel. He'd scurry hither and yon, so busy and quick, that he'd have any errand done in jig time.

"Well, I don't know what you're getting so worried about, Meg. Tim's just taking his time." Gramp clicked.

"Worried! Who's worried? I just need that milk for some—some tapioca pudding. A three minute job, and he's gone thirty. I should have gone myself. I hope you're not smelling up my parlor with that tobacco. It's so dark out now, and with all these accidents lately—Oh the telephone."

"Well, are you going to answer it?" Gramp asked finally as they stood motionless looking at each other.

"Hello? Yes, this is Mrs. Parsons. Dr. Curry? What's the matter, Doctor? Please Mrs. Anderson, will you get off the line? Dr. Curry is calling me. No! I mean yes, I'd like to get that recipe, but not now. . . . What's that you say Dr. Curry? Tim's over your house. Appendix out? Oh! Mrs. Shaw had her appendix out you say, Mrs. Anderson! That's nice, I mean that's too bad—would you please hang up, Mrs. Anderson? I'll call you later. Yes, hang up! No, not you, Dr. Curry. Is Tim all right?"

Doctor Curry laughed, "Well, it seems Tim scooted down the alley in back of Perry's store after a cat that had been stunned by a car. It was dark and he took quite a tumble over some tin cans. Andronski, you know him don't you? The new cop, lives over by Bailey's place? Well, he brought Tim over to get a tetanus shot, just in case, you know, because he had a gash on his leg and was a bit shaken up. I guess he'd better spend the night at my place."

Well, poor Ma, as the wave of anxiety washed up, a wave

of relief broke in, and Gramp heard her clucking away, as he shuffled out to see the ruffled chick.

"Well, what happened to you?" Gramp jeered.

"Gramp! Hi!"

"What's the matter with you these days?" he clicked, "don't you watch where you're going? I suppose poor Con had to have a shot too."

"Poor Con is right. I must have left him standing with the milk and cornflakes on the sidewalk."

"Well, what I'd like to know is, are we going to have this play-off or not?" Gramp queried, as he pulled the chair closer and tossed the clothes on the foot of the bed. As he did, a storm of black licorice drops and some bubble gum fell on the white coverlet.

"Well, I can see you didn't leave your loot on the sidewalk. What did you do, bust your bank?"

"Aw Gramp, now you saw it!" Tim cried.

"It? What?"

"Your birthday present. Gee whiz. I got you some bubble gum so your teeth wouldn't slip anymore, and some licorice for your sweet teeth." Tim was nearly crying.

You see Gramp used to have quite a sweet tooth when he was Tim's age, but now he had a set of them, twenty-four, in fact.

"Well, that's very nice. Every tooth sends its thanks," he clucked as he pulled the cards out of his pocket.

"O. K., Gramp, already! An eight? Hmn, lemme see."

## WIND-SONG

*Dolores T. Burton '53*

*I heard my lover whistling mournfully  
Outside my window in the driving rain.  
Through shutters barred I heard him solemnly  
Profess his love undying, and again  
My heart beat wildly listening to his song:  
"Come with me," it said, "I've waited so long."*

*I hear my lover, whispering sweetly,  
Shake the shutters, and tremble with delight.  
Madly my head whirls, I obey meekly,  
And hurry forth into the chill, black night.  
Now he clasps me in his arms again  
And I walk with the wind in the driving rain.*

## AUTUMN ARTISTRY

*Barbara J. Heard '53*

*Good Autumn daubs her chosen paints,  
Her reds and golds with lavish hand,  
To sprinkle the earth with a leafy dress,  
And cover gaily the bleak, brown land.*

*The tangy smell of autumn fires  
She steals to scent the frosty air;  
She thwarts my gloom and sends aloft  
In billowing smoke my trivial care.*

*She fills my breath with crisp, cool air,  
Which plunges sharply like a knife  
To carve within my barren soul  
Awareness of the joy in life.*



# THE END OF THE ROAD

*Maureen C. Manning '54*

IT WAS a rainy, wintry evening; the shades of night had fallen, and darkness was setting in.

I was driving slowly along the barren, deserted highway; not a car was in sight. In the velvet blackness, the only source of light was the beams from my dimmed headlights. The road seemed endless, like one you would see in an oil painting—a continuous path. I pulled up my collar, and turned on the radio to ease the loneliness and tension. I was just enjoying the softly played music when the cheerful melody ceased abruptly. A harsh, steady voice was heard.

“We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important announcement. An inmate from the Bellview State Hospital has escaped according to hospital authorities. Be on the lookout for him. He is dangerous and may be armed. He was last seen wearing a gray gabardine raincoat and a brown felt hat. He is a man of medium height and has a noticeable scar on his left cheek. The third finger of his left hand is missing. His name is Joseph Pino. Please report if you know of him or his whereabouts.”

I snapped the radio off sharply. The only tone audible was the noisy hum-drum of the motor as I increased my speed. The black blanket seemed to close in and hover about me. My eyes grew tired and my head felt like a vessel at sea during a heavy storm. Would I ever reach my destination?

Up ahead my headlights cast their beams on a drenched figure in the middle of the road. The ray of hope in the man's eye and my desire for company urged me to use the brake. The fellow simply replied, “Thanks a lot,” and entered my vehicle. He was very quiet. “Would you like the heater on?” I tried.

"Naw, I'm used to this drizzly weather," he answered rather dryly.

The windshield wipers had acquired a steady squeak, the four wheels sounded like the movement of heavy machinery. The fall of rain on the glass was like a whip cracking. Everything seemed extra loud and frightful.

To relieve the monotony and fill the quiet, I snapped the radio back on. The man beside me seemed more relaxed. He leaned his head back and his eyes closed. The soothing music played straight for fifteen minutes. Then, the news was reported. "Flash—Bellview State Hospital—." I opened my window and just caught the description again. I looked at my companion. He had a gray gabardine raincoat and a brown felt hat on. But his gaze was fixed on the steering wheel. I quickly glanced—the third finger of my left hand was missing. In a perplexed manner I turned, his gun was pointing toward me. "Okay Joe," he exclaimed, "the game's up. I'm Detective Carlson. I'll take over from here."

At last, I was found. My long journey was over and was I relieved!



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## THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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### *Orientation*

Because we consider the contents of past Packs to be altogether too light and frivolous, and therefore, unworthy of this section of our magazine, we, the editors, have seen fit to include in this issue some learned and thought-provoking essays which our readers may peruse in an idle moment that might otherwise be given over to frivolity and vain chatter in the cafeteria while they are engaged in the extremely necessary but entirely unprofitable task of eating lunch.

In addition, we have provided three riddles wherewith our Saxon forefathers were wont to cudgel their brains in lieu of something better to cudgel, and with which they were accustomed to pass many a pleasant hour by the great fire in the mead-hall, and although we have no such hall, yet have we a lounge which gives somewhat of a fire-side atmosphere, for it hath much smoke therein.

We trust, therefore, that our readers will find great mental stimulus, and an excellent source of amiable discussion in these pages which, we sincerely trust, will set for them an example of how they should think and write in future days.

\* \* \*



from *THE SATURDAY EVENING PEST*

SOME NEW LIGHTS ON A NURSERY RHYME

by T. S. Schmeliot

Modern scholarship has shown a deplorable tendency to overlook the true value of the nursery rhyme, although much has been said of its political significance. I am speaking, however, of its psychological structure in which lies a wealth of profundity as yet unsounded.

As an example, let us analyze the famous lullaby "Rock-a-bye Baby". Who would suspect that this simple quatrain, this time-honored cradle-song, used by mothers the world over as a means of putting their children to sleep, is actually the hysterical outburst of a mind tortured by jealousy and insecurity? Incredible as it may seem, this extraordinary statement can be proven by a brief analysis.

In the first place, it is not a mother who is speaking, for no mother could be so heartless as to delight in the thought of her child's making a perilous and unceremonious descent from the top of a tree like a coconut, as it were, yet the tone is one of suppressed glee.

Perhaps it is the father? Well and good, but is it not elsewhere<sup>1</sup> stated in this collection of poems<sup>2</sup> that the child's father is not at home?<sup>3</sup> It can not be a sitter because a family which needs must clothe its offspring in rabbit skins is probably too poor to afford one. Nor is the child's elder sister (should he have one) responsible for the composition of this diabolical ditty, for the cradle is placed on a treetop, and girls of the fifteenth century did not climb trees. Ergo, by a process of elimination we have reached our ultimate goal, which is the discovery of the author's identity.

He, who is, as it were, the protagonist in this soul-scorching drama, is the wretched, unfortunate elder brother, who for some seven<sup>4</sup> years and more had been happy and assured, the pampered darling, the scion of his family until the advent of this infamous sibling.

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<sup>1</sup>"Bye baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting to fetch a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in."

<sup>2</sup>Mother Goose, *Nursery Rhymes*, Watertown: Fowl and Foul Co., 1491.

<sup>3</sup>All documentation is according to Turabian.

<sup>4</sup>That the child, the boy, that is, is at least seven years old is abundantly clear from internal evidence; the poem contains a perfect syllogism which no one who is not seven or older could have produced, viz.:

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall  
(The baby is in the cradle)  
Ergo, down will come baby, cradle and all

Having thus established jealousy as the cause of the writing of this song, let us analyze the structure thereof:

"Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top." This line shows how cleverly the boy has prepared for any emergency which might arise. If the wind does not blow and accomplish the death of the child, then the young fiend intends to hit him with a rock.

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock." Worthy of notice is the whistling sound produced by the "w's," showing the boy to be happy at the approaching demise of this alienator of affections. Again, note the repetition of the word rock. Is not this sinister?

"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall"—The inexorable logic of it! The crackling of the "r's" in "break" and "cradle" anticipate the downfall of the branch.

"And down will come baby cradle and all!" One can feel the triumph with which this line was said, one can experience the freedom connoted by the last word, ending as it does in the joyousness of the liquid consonants. The plan will be executed, we feel, and so, incidentally, will the baby. How diabolically clever, yet how admirably reasoned, how grand in its conception; how perfect in form and in context, I mean, how true in its structure of sound and of meaning.

DTB '53

\* \* \*

from *THE READER'S REGRESS*

"DO YOU NEED A LIGHT TO SEE A LIGHT?"

by *Sigmund Feud*

It seems to me that my dear T. S. Schmeliot is floundering in a distinction without a difference, in that most puerile and cowardly of mental perversions, subjectivism.

Dr. Schmeliot bases his entire thesis on the false and misleading intention of the poet. But it is obvious that Mr. Schmeliot's problem is a simple one of voice and address. Let us look at the lullaby, "Rock-A-Bye-Baby" objectively, in a detached manner thus: first, lay the printed rhyme on the table at once, being careful not to touch it any more than is necessary. Withdraw the hand to a distance from the table, as far as you can, while yet being able to see this insidious piece of writing. Now, suspend all your energies and senses to what will be a half-sleep, or a state of quietism, and NOW, we are ready to begin an *objective* analysis.



The renowned Mr. Schmeliot has said that the baby's older brother was the author of the crime. This is, however, very unlikely for many reasons. Notice the lilting feminine sway of the meter, and the cuddling, affectionate effect produced by the succession of soft b's and i's in the first line, and of the w's in the following lines.

Mr. Schmeliot bases his assertion of the masculinity of the murderer on the fact that a boy alone could climb the tree. Is it not surprising, however, that a man of Dr. Schmeliot's literary stature is unfamiliar with the poem of Robert Frosting, his contemporary, in which the birch tree figures so predominantly? Ah! Is this affected ignorance of an excellence in the poetry of Robert Frosting which my good friend is unwilling to recognize? I hope not. *Sed*, only a few lines of his poetry will suffice to establish our point—a woman was capable of placing the cradle on the birch tree, because it was probably bent over:

You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.

There is, autem,<sup>1</sup> an implication felt in Mr. Schmeliot's treatise that no mother would be capable of such a heinous crime. Yet there is no evidence for believing that such cruelty in a mother is unprecedented. With such a lullaby, no doubt, Jocasta left Oedipus to die on the wintry hills of Thebes.<sup>2</sup> Not to be outdone by their contemporaries, the Spartans established the custom of trying the manhood or worth of their babies by exposing them to the wolves for the night. Even in the literature of modern times there is the diabolical example of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland* who sings tenderly to her child suffering from the sniffles:

"Speak softly to your little boy  
And beat him when he sneezes."

"No mother would be capable of such a heinous crime," did you say, my dear Mr. Schmeliot? I am surprised that a man of your age and cultural background should make such a flagrant error. What of Euripides' Medea? What about Goethe's Marguerite who went mad and murdered her child?

I am surprised, indeed, Mr. Schmeliot.

IMM '53

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<sup>1</sup>Cf. Latin Dictionary.

<sup>2</sup>Buck, Philo M. (editor), "Oedipus Rex," *Anthology of World Literature*. New York: Macmillan Company, 1947.



## PARODY OF "THE ANCHOR"

Grace F. Nuttall, '56

*Oft have we watched with wistfulest sigh,  
Our well-knowledged sisters who artlessly speed  
Through corridors strange—a foreign land.  
'Though bells ever clamor bewildered we stand;  
New duties have met us and left us alarmed  
At what fate awaits us, what rigors unknown.  
Lowest of all we must serve for a year.  
And then we in turn shall wield a stern hand  
O'er hapless successors. Now ask us our name!*

## PARODY OF "HONEY-MEAD"

Patricia Minehane, '56

*I am valued by seniors, longed for for years,  
Gleaned in October, travelled from class  
To assembly and hall. All day through the school  
Girls wear me around, and bring me with pride—  
A mark of success. I am steeped in tradition.  
Now I have power to humble the freshman,  
Make envious the juniors, the sophomore class.  
Soon she shall find who reaches to seize me,  
Pits mark against mark, that she's now reached her goal,  
Steeped in her glory though she cease not to study,  
Gay in her thoughts, but of sorrow repined,  
To be leaving Emmanuel, her home and her school.  
Now ask me my name, who can lift Seniors' spirits,  
Make them feel June is not far away.*

## PARODY OF "A SONGBIRD"

Rosemarie Murphy, '56

*I serve my fair mistress in many a caper,  
Acceleration and change of pace.  
Willing I go, during the action,  
An old faithful stand-by ready in need.  
In field and on floor I bring great fun;  
After she uses me in varying sport,  
She sits me in lockers—wrinkled and still.  
Say what I am who effect so clearly  
The loss of free periods, but mean to the "Frosh"  
Capital exercise welcome to them.*

Answers:  
1. Freshmen  
2. Senior's Academic Gown  
3. Gym Suit

## IN TWO SEASONS

Helen M. Hennessy, '54

*Some people's souls are summer pools  
That liquid lie all year.  
When pebbles drop the ripples run  
And peter out, as one by one  
The pebbles disappear.*

*But when the pool is frozen over,  
Drop a pebble then!  
The crystal armament will splinter;  
Look; all through my careful winter  
The crack splits deeper in.*

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Christmas Book.* By Francis X. Weiser, S.J. New York: Harcourt, Brace, & Company, 1952.

Father Weiser has made a new fabric from the oldest pieces of tradition. A pleasing pattern results from his weaving of the traditional with the contemporary, the familiar with the unusual. "The Christmas Book" begins with St. Luke's account of the Nativity since the Christ-child is the center of true Christmas festivity. Religious and secular celebrations and customs have a value proportionate to the spiritual significance of the feast. The author tells us simply the story and history of Christmas without categorical or ponderous statement.

The clinical, conventional method of detailing Christmas customs is happily absent in this small volume. An ardent scholarship, rather than cold pedantry, traces the growth of our customs, their origin, and their meaning. New facts and legends spotlight the historical background. Few know, perhaps, that the celebration of three Masses on Christmas Eve began in the fifth century although many may have heard the beautiful Irish legend that the child who is born on Christmas will be especially blessed during his lifetime. The traditions we enjoy are undeniably handed down from our European ancestors, yet no single country lays claim to all of them. Germany gave us the Christmas tree; Italy, the creche; Ireland, the custom of lighted candles in our windows. Yet many little countries, like Poland, have brought beautiful songs and symbolic legends to our shores.

Old English, French, and German carols, seldom seen in a popular Christmas collection, have been included. Not only the lyrics, but the music for many of them appears in the text. How soon "Rudolf" would be supplanted if children were taught these real Christmas songs! How much more meaningful would be our family celebrations of the feast with the singing of real Christmas carols!

The familiar details of the Christmas story are embellished by the singular facts and legends which Father Weiser has collected and interpreted. Who would guess that the first American Christmas card was the work of an early Jesuit martyr, Father Jean de Breboeuf? Who could give the real reason for exchanging gifts, for mince pie, or for the Yule log? Throughout the presentation of customs in many countries,



one is struck with the heritage of European traditions which we Americans have appropriated. The significance of *The Christmas Book* will be appreciated by all Christians, especially by Americans who have, for the most part, found that Christ is not a part of our Christmas festivities.

Unity amid variety may be considered the keynote of Father Weiser's small but complete work. The simplicity of his style is attuned to the sublimity of matter: the very birth of Our Lord. There is devotion and scholarship, joy and appreciation in *The Christmas Book*. Great Truths are reaffirmed on every page of his book: Christmas is an occasion of real happiness. May our celebrations reflect our joy and gratitude in a special way this year because this little book has brought the spirit of Christmas closer to our homes, nearer to our hearts.

MARY CORNWALL, '53

*My Hay Ain't In.* By Eddie Doherty. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company, 1952.

When the Baroness de Hueck first referred to the author as "the great Eddie Doherty", she must have had in mind all those qualities by which others have judged him a great newspaperman, a great "kidder", a great storyteller, and a great sport. That he is all of these and more, is most evident in Mr. Doherty's foreword to his book, *My Hay Ain't In*.

An ace reporter for forty years, Eddie Doherty led an extraordinary life, traveling over the world, covering floods, crimes, disasters, and tragedies of all kinds, getting news wherever it might be. Now, broken in health, the retired reporter tells of life in a new atmosphere, Madonna House, at Combermere in Ontario, Canada, which is one of the Friendship Houses founded by his wife, the former Baroness Catherine de Hueck, a dynamic proponent of social justice. It is in this atmosphere and from the wealth of his background in dealing with human nature that he unfolds such dramas as that of the mystic street sweeper, the death of his eighty-year-old mother, and of the poor man, Slug, who called up to hear a joke when his pain became unbearable.

These dramas from everyday life, which have gained a greater significance for the author in his new world, are coupled with picturesque accounts of Madonna House. Against the natural beauty of the country he tells of people who come from offices, universities, and factories to find both the fullness of their Faith and the techniques of Catholic Action in this "school for saints."

In *My Hay Ain't In* Eddie Doherty proves how much hay he is making even though broken in health. He is still enlarging his hayfield, still trying to sow good seed—with plenty of sweet clove in it.

He does not want the rest of us to miss the beauty and peace that he missed in his travels in the capitals of the world, only to find it in a life with God on the Canadian frontier. It is now that he notices the crows in their black satin, the spring blossoms of the wintergreen, the smooth pink flowers with purple wings, and the fuzzy faces of the pussy willows.

Mr. Doherty shows us that the jewels of life are sparkling all around us in our everyday contacts, and encourages us to enjoy them and share them with our neighbors. This book is well worth reading for its exposition of a great man's philosophy in life which can be an inspiration to every Catholic living in the modern world.

MARY L. FANNING '53

*Witness.* By Whittaker Chambers. New York: Random House, 1952.

One of the most controversial books to appear in recent years is Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* which deals with the most prominent issue of our time: atheistic Communism versus the powers of God. The book traces in precise and graphic details the events that had a direct influence on Chambers: his conversion to Communism, his realization that the goals of Communism were not what they seemed to be, his flight from its false gods, and his acceptance of God.

Despite the many advantages Chambers had as a member of a cultured middle-class family, there was a missing link in his life through the exclusion of God. This link seemed trivial to him at the time, yet it was a major cause of this descent into a realm of despair. Gradually, his purely materialistic outlook was changed from one of extreme pessimism to an optimistic belief that there was a means of bettering mankind.

Communism seemed to him the panacea for the world's problems, and he began to devote much of his time to the two divisions in the American Communist party.

At first he was a member of the open party and then he became an agent for the underground division. His direct contact with the ideas and methods of the Party made him realize that there was a great dis-



crepancy between his beliefs and those endorsed by his fellow party-members.

Chambers began to realize that there was something more powerful than man and concluded that this something must be God. After much preparation, he broke away from Communism and began to follow a new philosophy which eventually brought him to Quakerism.

The name Whittaker Chambers, was brought into focus during the famous Hiss Case. Chambers felt that he was not simply a witness against Alger Hiss, but a witness testifying for God and against Communism. The detailed description of the Congressional Committee and the Grand Jury is only a minor part of the story of Chambers' life.

Superfluous description and excessive details make the book lengthy. But, in spite of this, it is worth reading for its presentation of the crucial issues of the day. *Witness* is more than just an autobiography of a soul's descent into the realization of evil and the ascent of that soul back to happiness with a strong determination to seek Eternal Happiness in God. It is a story containing a pedagogic meaning that one must grasp and meditate upon because it reveals the situation of the present world juggled between two faiths: Communism, in which the proud man is placed above his Creator and accepts the belief that he is a god, and Christianity, in which the spiritual man humbles himself in worship before his Creator-God.

MARY J. MCGONAGLE '53



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